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Win Christmas presents from the stars

★ PHOTOPLAY

JANUARY 25¢

*Debbie answers
her daughter's question:*

**WON'T
ADDY
BE WITH US
ALL
THE TIME?**



page 50

MRS C SLOSBERG 081
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE 46 MASS
JAN 20/69 BY R A



NEW...
revives hair
surely as
moisture
refreshes
a flower

Ever watch a drooping rose revive after a summer rain? Now you can see the same sort of miracle happen in your hair, thanks to fabulous new Suave Creme. Just a touch a day actually moisturizes hair problems away! Dryness disappears, drabness goes. Highlights sparkle and shimmer. Suddenly your hair obeys perfectly, takes any hairstyle easily. Not a sticky jelly, but a delicate beauty creme for hair.

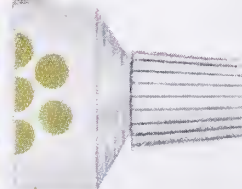
New moisturizing
miracle by
HELENE CURTIS

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CREME

CONDITIONER &
HAIRDRESSING



Try New Suave Creme in a tube by *Helene Curtis* makers of Suave Lotion

Don't try to brush bad breath away—reach for Listerine!



**Listerine stops bad breath
4 times better
than tooth paste!**

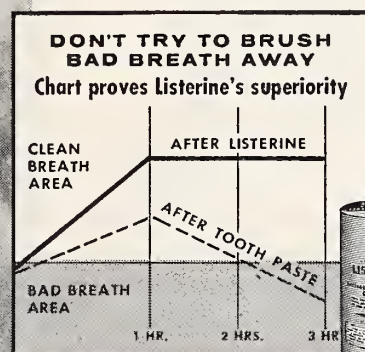
**Almost everybody uses tooth
paste, but almost everybody has
bad breath now and then!**

Germ in the mouth cause most bad
breath, and no tooth paste kills
germs the way Listerine Antiseptic
does . . . on contact, by millions.

**Listerine Antiseptic stops bad
breath four times better than
tooth paste**

—nothing stops bad breath as
effectively as The Listerine Way:

**Always reach for Listerine
after you brush your teeth.**



Reach **for Listerine**

**. . . your No. 1 protection
against bad breath**

OF CURRENT PICTURES

BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE—Columbia. Directed by Richard Quine: *Shepherd Henderson*, James Stewart; *Gilhan Holroyd*, Kim Novak; *Nicky Holroyd*, Jack Lemmon; *Sidney Redditch*, Ernie Kovacs; *Mrs. De Pass*, Hermione Gingold; *Queenie*, Elsa Lanchester; *Merle Kitt-ridge*, Janice Rule; *French Singer*, Phillippe Clay.

HOME BEFORE DARK—Warners. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy: *Charlotte Bronn*, Jean Simmons; *Arnold Bronn*, Dan O'Herlihy; *Joan Carlisle*, Rhonda Fleming; *Jake Diamond*, Efrem Zimbalist Jr.; *Inez Winthrop*, Mabel Albertson; *Hamilton Gregory*, Steve Dunne; *Frances Barrett*, Joan Weldon; *Cathy Berger*, Joanna Barnes; *Mattie*, Kathryn Card; *Hazel Evans*, Marjorie Bennett; *Malcolm Southey*, Johnstone White; *Mrs. Hathaway*, Eleanor Audley.

I WANT TO LIVE!—U.A. Directed by Robert Wise: *Barbara Graham*, Susan Hayward; *Ed Montgomery*, Simon Oakland; *Peg*, Virginia Vincent; *Palmberg*, Theodore Bikel; *Henry Graham*, Wesley Lau; *Warden*, Raymond Bailey; *Tibrow*, Gage Clark; *Perkins*, Philip Coolidge; *Santo*, Lou Krugman; *Matthews*, Joe De Santis; *Capt. Guard*, Dabbs Greer; *Lieutenant*, Gavin Macleod; *Father Devers*, John Marley; *Bruce King*, James Philbrook; *Sergeant*, Stafford Repp; *D.A. Milton*, Bartlett Robinson; *Sergeant (San Quentin)*, Russell Thorson.

INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS, THE—20th. Directed by Mark Robson: *Gladys Aylward*, Ingrid Bergman; *Linnam*, Curt Jurgens; *Mandarin*, Robert Donat; *Hok-A*, Michael David; *Mrs. Lawson*, Athene Seyler; *Sir Francis*, Ronald Squire; *Dr. Robinson*, Moultrie Kelsall; *Mr. Murfin*, Richard Wattis; *Yang*, Peter Chong; *Sui Lan*, Tsai Chin; *Secretary*, Edith Sharp; *Cook*, Joan Young; *Woman with Baby*, Lian-Shin Yang.

LAST HURRAH, THE—Columbia. Directed by John Ford: *Skeffington*, Spencer Tracy; *Adam Caulfield*, Jeffrey Hunter; *Maeve Caulfield*, Dianne Foster; *John Gorman*, Pat O'Brien; *Norman Cass Sr.*, Basil Rathbone; *The Cardinal*, Donald Crisp; *Cuke Gillen*, James Gleason; *Ditto Roland*, Edward Brophy; *Amos Force*, John Carradine; *Roger Sugrue*, Willis Bouche; *Bishop Gardiner*, Basil Ruysdael; *Sam Weinberg*, Ricardo Cortez; *Hennessey*, Wallace Ford; *Festus Garvey*, Frank McHugh; *Mr. Winslow*, Carleton Young; *Jack Mangan*, Frank Albertson; *Degnan*, Bob Sweeney; *Dan Herlihy*, William Leslie; *Gert*, Anna Lee; *Monsignor Killian*, Ken Curtis; *Orlia*, Jane Darwell; *Norman Cass Jr.*, O.Z. Whitehead; *Frank Skeffington Jr.*, Arthur Walsh; *Kevin McCluskey*, Charles Fitzsimmons; *Mrs. McCluskey*, Helen Westcott.

MY UNCLE MR. HULOT—Continental. Directed by Jacques Tati: *Mr. Hulot*, Jacques Tati; *M. Arbel*, Jean-Pierre Zola; *Mme. Arbel*, Adrienne Servantie; *Geyard*, Alain Bacourt; *M. Pichard*, Lucien Fregis; *Betty*, Betty Schneider; *Georgette*, Yvonne Arnaud.

PARTY GIRL—M-G-M. Directed by Nicholas Ray: *Thomas Farrell*, Robert Taylor; *Vicki Gaye*, Cyd Charisse; *Rice Angelo*, Lee J. Cobb; *Louis Ganetto*, John Ireland; *Jeffrey Stewart*, Kent Smith; *Genevieve*, Claire Kelly; *Cookie*, Corey Allen; *Danny Rimett*, Lewis Charles; *Lou Forbes*, David Opatoshu; *Jocelyn Vulture*, Kem Dibles; *O'Malley*, Patrick McVey; *party girls*, Barbara Lang, Myrna Hansen, Betty Utey.

RESTLESS YEARS, THE—U-I. Directed by Delmut Kautner: *Will Henderson*, John Saxon; *Melinda Grant*, Sandra Dee; *Polly Fisher*, Luana Patten; *Dorothy Henderson*, Margaret Lindsay; *Miss Robson*, Virginia Grey; *Elizabeth Grant*, Teresa Wright; *Ed Henderson*, James Whitmore; *Alex Fisher*, Alan Baxter; *Laura Fisher*, Dorothy Green; *Bruce Mitchell*, Jody McCrea; *Tom Mitchell*, Russ Bender; *Mr. Booth*, Hayden Rorke.

ROOTS OF HEAVEN, THE—20th. Directed by John Huston: *Forsythe*, Errol Flynn; *Minna*, Ingrid Bergman; *Morel*, Trevor Howard; *Abe Fields*, Eddie Albert; *Cy Sedgewick*, Orson Welles; *Saint Denis*, Paul Lukas; *Orsini*, Herbert Lom; *Habib*, Gregoire Aslan; *Governor Andre Lugeet*, Peer Qvist; *Friedrich Ledebur*, Waitari; *Eddie Connor*, Baron; *Olivier Hussenot*, Major Scholscher; *Pierre Dudan*.

SEPARATE TABLES—U.A. Directed by Delbert Mann: *Ann Shankland*, Rita Hayworth; *Sibyl Railton-Bell*, Deborah Kerr; *Major Pollock*, David Niven; *Miss Cooper*, Wendy Hiller; *John Malcolm*, Burt Lancaster; *Mrs. Railton-Bell*, Gladys Cooper; *Lady Matheson*, Cathleen Nesbitt; *Mr. Fowler*, Felix Aylmer; *Charles*, Rod Taylor; *Jean*, Audrey Dalton; *Miss Meacham*, May Hallatt; *Dareen*, Priscilla Morgan; *Mabel*, Hilda Plowright.

TORPEDO RUN—M-G-M. Directed by Joseph Pevney: *Barney*, Glenn Ford; *Arch*, Ernest Borgnine; *Jane*, Dianne Brewster; *Jake "Fuzz" Foley*, Dean Jones; *"Hash" Benson*, L.Q. Jones; *Adm. Setton*, Philip Ober; *Comdr. Don Adams*, Richard Carlyle; *Orville "Goldie" Goldstein*, Fred Wayne; *Ens. Ron Milligan*, Don Keefer; *Lt. Redley*, Robert Hardy; *Lt. Burl Fisher*, Paul Picerni.

JANUARY, 1959

VOL. 55, NO. 1

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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EVERLYN PAIN, Editor

KENNETH CUNNINGHAM, Art Director

NORMAN SIEGEL, West Coast Editor

CLAIRE SAFRAN, Managing Editor

PAMELA LAW, Fashion Editor

JOAN GUERIN, Assistant Editor

HARRIET SEGMAN, Beauty Editor

DICK CLARK, Contributing Editor

ROGER MARSHUTZ, Staff Photographer

ILM HOFFMAN, Contributing Editor

RICHARD ADELSON, Art Assistant

MAXINE ARNOLD, MARCIA BORIE, West Coast Contributors

Your February issue will be on sale at your newsstand on January 6th



Photoplay is Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. Executive, Advertising and Editorial Offices at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Lee Andrews, Vice-President; S. N. Himmelman, Vice-President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer.

Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco. Subscription Rates: \$2.50 one year, \$4.00 two years, \$5.50 three years in U. S., its possessions and Canada. \$5.00 per year all other countries.

Change of Address: 6 weeks notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Manuscripts, Drawings and Photographs will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only material accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned.

Foreign editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President.

Re-entered as Second Class Matter May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and other post offices. Authorized as Second Class Mail P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1958 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun La Convencion Pan-Americana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U.S.A. by Art Color Printing Company. Member of True Story Women's Group.

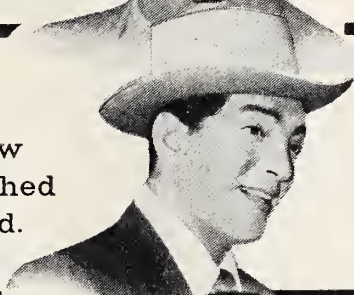
FRANK SINATRA



THIS IS DAVE

who met life with his hands
in his pockets and an angry
look in his eyes.

THIS IS BAMA
who knew the game and knew
the odds but sometimes pushed
his luck too hard.



DEAN MARTIN

SHIRLEY Mac LAIN



THIS IS GINNY

whom men always liked
but never in the right way
and never enough.

*M-G-M PRESENTS
A SOL C. SIEGEL PRODUCTION*

...SOME CAME RUNNING"

*BY JAMES JONES, THE AUTHOR OF
"FROM HERE TO ETERNITY"*



Co-starring

MARTHA HYER



ARTHUR KENNEDY



NANCY GATES • With LEORA DANA • Screen Play by JOHN PATRICK and ARTHUR SHEEKMAN

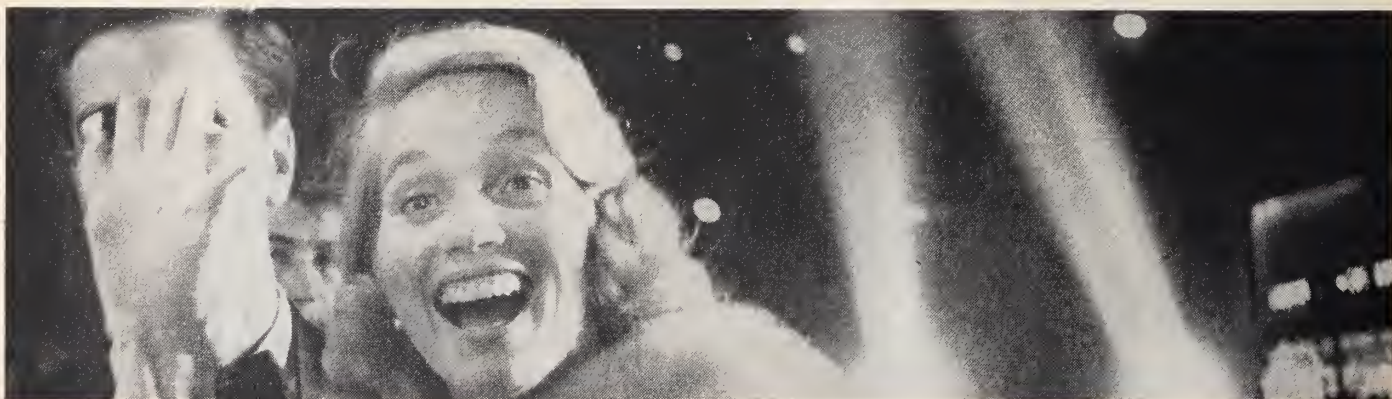
Based on the Novel by JAMES JONES • In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by SOL C. SIEGEL

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



A young fan might wait hours to glimpse a star.



The premiere's thrills begin with the first limousine. Even Method actresses like Eva Marie Saint dress up.



Always cheers for the Clark Gables.

Premieres, I love 'em. All the stars turn out, and all of them really look like stars just this once. Spotlights play through the night, limousines honk, and the sidewalks are jammed with teens and graybeards, all straining for a look. The show outside's always a good one, even when the show inside is a flop.

Mai Britt, the Stockholm siren, blushes so red her freckles disappear. . . . Frank Sinatra's Capitol album "Only the Lonely" is only the greatest, from the cover of Sinatra the clown to the last torchy note. . . . Gary Crosby reminds me of his dad, of course; but also, Jimmy Cagney, and Gary. He's got a personality strictly his own and it's winning fans for him. Include me. . . . Ingrid Goude, a Miss Sweden, looks better without makeup than most glamour girls do with. . . . "If Brigitte Bardot is such a big foreign star," asks starlet Googie Schwab, "how come she's still in Europe?" . . . Tony (Continued)



TOPS THE
BEST SELLER!
TOPS THE PLAY!
NOW! THE ONE
AND ONLY

*They're
all
here!
That
mad
marvelous
'Auntie
Mame'
mob!*

*Vera
The Duchess
from
Pittsburgh...
Babcock
The Heckling
Banker...
Burnside
The Pride
of Dixie...
O'Bannon
The Hairy
Lover...
The
Gruesome
Miss Gooch...*

AUNTIE MAME

IS ON THE SCREEN!



Starring the original Auntie Mame of the stage show!

ROSALIND RUSSELL

FILMED IN **TECHNIRAMA**® · COLOR BY **TECHNICOLOR**® · PRESENTED BY **WARNER BROS.**

co-starring

**FORREST
TUCKER**

FRED CLARK with CORAL BROWNE · PATRIC KNOWLES · LEE PATRICK · WILLARD WATERMAN · ROBIN HUGHES
Screenplay by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN · From the novel "Auntie Mame" by Patrick Dennis · As adapted
for the stage by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee · Directed by MORTON DA COSTA

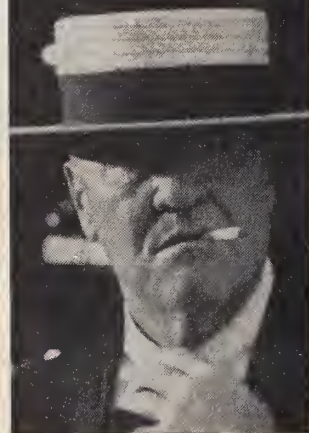


HOLLYWOOD

continued

Perkins adores the word adore. . . . I knew Tommy Sands wasn't torching for Dottie Harmony when he asked for Pat Mitchell's phone number. . . . I'm going to ignore Tuesday Weld every day but Tuesday till she changes the name. . . . Sandra Dee told me, "Funny, but as I keep getting older Clark Gable seems to keep getting younger." . . . Kim Novak cancelled "The Beach Boys," didn't want "bad girl" role. . . . I never thought Jayne Mansfield would turn into an actress. . . . Still wonder what Tina Louise meant when she told me that sometimes two and two make four. . . . Sammy Davis Jr. turns off an old movie on TV to run an oldie on his own home screen. . . . I like Hugh O'Brian better since he started steady-dating Joan (Miss Nevada) Adams. . . . If you're up till 2 a.m. and want to see Hollywood celebrities, then the Gaiety Delly on the Sunset Strip is the place for you. . . . Often, Ida Lupino gives me the impression that she's ready to explode. . . . Errol Flynn knows that Hollywood is a place where you can have a good time without enjoying yourself. . . . In reply to many letters, let me tell you that Betty Wand did the singing for Leslie Caron in "Gigi." . . . My favorite explanation of The Method is Peter Finch's: "Stanislavski says what any good actor does." . . . Dolores Hart really deserves the raves Broadway critics voted her in "The Pleasure of His Company." . . . I'll tell you what kind of a fellow Rick Nelson is. He'd be a Rick Nelson fan if he weren't Rick Nelson. Yes sir! That's Hollywood for you.

At premieres, I count the stars—and the columns of news they'll make that evening. Below, Kim Novak, who'd make any escort a little nervous. At right, Jack Oakie, minus eighty pounds and trying for a comeback. Just know he'll make it!



Producer Jerry Wald, wife with Audrey Hepburn



Confusion reigns, flashbulbs pop to catch the entrance of Carroll Baker and husband.



It was born under the China sky
...her miracle of love, courage
and devotion
...to God
..100 children
...and an
Eurasian
soldier!

20th
Century-Fox
PRESENTS A
BUDDY ADLER
PRODUCTION
STARRING

INGRID
BERGMAN

CURT
JURGENS

ROBERT
DONAT

THE
INN OF
THE SIXTH
HAPPINESS



DIRECTED BY MARK ROBSON · ISOBEL LENNART
SCREENPLAY BY
CINEMASCOPE COLOR by DE LUXE



✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓ GOOD
 ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓ FAIR

get more out of life—
**go out to a
 movie**

What's on tonight?

**You've got to go out
 to see the best! Look for
 these new pictures
 at your favorite theater**



The Inn of The Sixth Happiness

20TH; CINEMASCOPE,
 DELUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Back in England, church authorities gently dismissed Gladys Aylward's idea of going to China as a missionary. But Gladys went anyway. Today, living on Formosa, she can look back on a life of service to God and man performed with the single-minded devotion of the truly dedicated. Director Mark Robson and a superlative cast have transferred this life to the screen in a film that is both a vivid dramatic experience and an inspiring testament to faith. It is all here—the dangerous trek through Siberia via railway, the initial suspicion of the Chinese for a foreigner, the scorn of the ruling Mandarin (Robert Donat), the growing admiration and approval, the love of Dutch-Chinese general (Curt Jurgens) and, finally, all the horror of China's long war with Japan. As Gladys, Ingrid Bergman plays at the peak of her great power as an actress. Her performance is the crowning glory of the year's most moving and memorable screen achievement.

FAMILY

Separate Tables

U.A.

✓✓✓✓ Terence Rattigan's thumbnail sketches of several people living in an English seaside hotel have been admirably transferred from Broadway to the screen. Chief interest centers around a drunken journalist (Burt Lancaster), his selfish ex-wife (Rita Hayworth, seen top left with Lancaster), a scandal-smearred Major (David Niven) and a mother-dominated ugly duckling (Deborah Kerr). Watching these people in action is continuously absorbing, and that's all we'll say because the rest of this review belongs very properly to Deborah Kerr. Since her American debut eleven years ago, Miss Kerr has had few chances to really act. To those still unaware of her true worth, it will be a revelation. She sketches the timid soul with a wealth of pathetic little glances and gestures, makes her every word and action ring true. Magnificent is not a word to be used lightly; on Miss Kerr it fits like a glove. She is surrounded by performances ranging from the high competence of Lancaster's, Miss Hayworth's and Gladys Cooper's to the exceptional quality of David Niven's, Cathleen Nesbitt's and Wendy Hiller's.

ADULT

Home Before Dark

WARNERS

✓✓✓✓ "Home Before Dark" returns Jean Simmons to blonde tresses for the first time since 1948's "Hamlet." Coincidentally, it also provides her with her finest opportunity since *Ophelia*, and brings her once more triumphantly to the front ranks of film actresses. As a discharged mental patient, she returns to a husband who no longer loves her and to a domestic situation with her stepmother and stepsister unchanged from that which brought about her breakdown. The stage is thus set for a relapse, a possibility thoroughly explored in this film's two-hour-plus running time. Producer-director Mervyn LeRoy keeps it subdued and believable. In an offbeat role for her, Rhonda Fleming does well as the stepsister and Dan O'Herlihy is excellent as Jean's stuffed-shirt husband. As an admirer, Efrem Zimbalist scores solidly, adds to his growing reputation as one of Hollywood's most personable and talented young actors.

ADULT

I Want To Live!

UNITED ARTISTS

✓✓✓✓ The story of Barbara Graham (Susan Hayward, bottom left), as here presented, is violent, sordid and shocking.

(continued)

NOW! Another beauty "plus" from LANOLIN PLUS!

New Kind of Shampoo Waves and Curls Hair!

ACTUALLY CONDITIONS, CURLS AND CLEANS...AT THE SAME TIME!



GUARANTEED
Long-Lasting Results...

even with children's
soft, fine hair

**...or your
money back**



New protein waving shampoo washes in long-lasting curls and waves as it washes out dirt and dulling film!

Yes! You *can* have lovely, lustrous, lasting curls and waves *today!* Forget about extra lotions, neutralizers, end papers, hair spray sets, nightly pin-curl drudgery. Don't bother with expensive permanents. All you need ever do is shampoo with amazing new Wash 'n Curl!

The magic of this gentle, golden liquid shampoo is its exclusive formula of precious, health-giving proteins and heart-of-lanolin that actually conditions and curls as it cleans!

And wonderful Wash 'n Curl is so very easy to use. Simply wash your hair as with any ordinary shampoo. Let the billowy lather remain 5 minutes, then rinse and set.

Instantly, your hair takes on a new, glorious, silken-soft luster, full of exciting, dancing highlights! At last you enjoy the springy, natural-looking curls and waves you've longed for! Obedient curls and waves that last from shampoo to shampoo, thanks to Wash 'n Curl!

Safe for all ages, all hair types. Dry, oily, normal, bleached, dyed, damaged, permanent-waved—even children's hard-to-manage hair—or money back!

\$1.50
+ TAX

*on sale at cosmetic
counters everywhere*

No wonder the ladies (bless 'em) are going wild over

NEW

wash 'n curl

TRADEMARK

WAVING SHAMPOO

by *Lanolin
Plus*

Taken from the real life saga of a San Francisco harlot convicted of murder, it is one long searing look at life's seamiest side. Its last section, dealing with the intricate details of execution in the gas chamber, is unrelievedly grim. Some of its points are vague, its logic fuzzy. But as an exercise in sheer power, it has few peers. In the year's finest editing job, director Robert Wise rockets the viewer from one scene to another without letup. Wise has further extracted complete effectiveness from his largely unknown supporting cast, no small achievement. As a woman who made all the wrong choices, Susan Hayward mixes amoral abandon and human heartbreak in a performance that will stay with you long after you've left the theater. **ADULT**

My Uncle, Mr. Hulot

CONTINENTAL, EASTMANCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Sequels rarely approach the level of their predecessors but this follow-up to "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" is even better than that memorable frolic. On one level, it's a hilarious satire on modern architecture, presenting a house crammed with malfunctioning buttons and gadgets and crowned by a monstrous fish-head fountain which spews water straight up into the air. A hysterically funny garden party fixes that. Then there are a couple of zany strolls through a plastics factory, and a few sessions with the local truants that are the living end. This screwball antic is hard to pin down, plot-wise, but writer-producer-director-star Jacques Tati has an uncanny eye and ear for the quirks in human nature, and it's all the little bits and pieces along the way that make this such a gem. Except for Tati, the cast are all unknowns and all priceless. If you like a good laugh (and who doesn't?), please go and see this film—you'll have a bushelful. **FAMILY**

The Restless Years U-I, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ As if the business of growing up weren't hard enough in itself, Sandra Dee and John Saxon (below right) are here burdened with the problems of their parents as well. In a gossip-ridden small town, Sandra is the girl who is "different," somehow set apart from the high-school crowd. Everybody but Sandra knows the unhappy truth: that she is illegitimate. Her mother, dressmaker Teresa Wright, lovingly shields her from life, gives her ruffly, childish clothes. As for John, he's also on the outside, because he's the new kid in town. His sympathy for Sandra and their growing love are opposed by his salesman father (James Whitmore) and snobbish mother (Margaret Lindsay), who want him to cozy up to the "right" people. Jody McCrea, for instance, is a big wheel—and a bully. And Luana Patten, queen of the school set, is a catty creature, insecure because of her home life, with a stuffed-shirt dad and an alcoholic mother. At least, these teenagers are neither giddy nor delinquent—and that's refreshing. **ADULT**

The Last Hurrah

COLUMBIA

✓✓ Edwin O'Connor's rousing and hilarious tale of a rogue who served New England as governor and mayor is now brought to the screen by producer-director John Ford. The novel has been well served as to detail—all of its people are here either aiding or opposing Frank Skeffington (Spencer Tracy, page 11) in his last campaign. But the scope of the film is merely moderate when it should be vigorous, sporadically alive when it should pulse with vitality. Ford's telescoping of the election itself loses much of its punch, and the majority of the characters are in and out too fast. Still there are some excellent scenes, many of the book's gems of wit and, as hangers-on of varying stripe, Edward Brophy, O.Z. Whitehead and Arthur Walsh are per-

fection. As it is, "Last Hurrah" is a good film; it could have been a better one.

FAMILY

The Roots of Heaven

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DELUXE COLOR

✓✓ This Darryl Zanuck-John Huston collaboration is probably the year's most exasperating film. Roughly the picture poses this question: Since we have to change our likes and dislikes every few years (Germans, Japanese, Russians, etc.), why not simplify things by rejecting all mankind and loving elephants? Which might be a fine jumping-off spot for ridicule except that the quality of the ideas raised in this film—and in the Romain Gary novel on which it is based—forbids it. It deals with H-Bomb lunacy, pacifism, nationalism and similar topics that most films wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole. Angered by the systematic slaughter of elephants in his beloved Africa, Trevor Howard takes to pot-shooting hunters, thus becoming an international sensation. There are some fine talents at work here—Mr. Howard, Juliette Greco, Errol Flynn (all seen below center, from l. to r.), Orson Welles, Eddie Albert, Paul Lukas, others. But the film jumps all over the place and never really comes to grips with anything. And by giving everybody a voice and trying to speak for everyone, it comes perilously close to speaking for no one. **ADULT**

Bell, Book and Candle

COLUMBIA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Shortly after this film begins, Kim Novak, Jack Lemmon and Elsa Lanchester (witches all) conspire to drive James Stewart's fiancée Janice Rule cuckoo. Absolutely hilarious. Then, in two brief scenes, Hermione Gingold (also a witch—inspired casting!) comes on in a red fright wig and lays everyone in the aisles. Having enjoyed a long run on Broadway, John Van Druten's sparkling fantasy about a witch who fell in love with a



mortal and lost her powers loses most of its allure on film, because the tone wavers unhappily between comedy and some drama. Jimmy Stewart (Page 10, left with Kim) does a blue-ribbon job but Kim Novak lacks the variety necessary to fill her demanding role. **FAMILY**

Torpedo Run

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE
AND METROCOLOR

✓✓ A protracted but interesting game of cat-and-mouse during World War II is the subject here. Submarine commander Glenn Ford's one driving ambition is to sink the Jap carrier *Shinaru*, spearhead of the Pearl Harbor attack. But no knowledge of the whereabouts of his wife and daughter, taken prisoners in Manila, is making a wreck of him. Suddenly the Japanese publish a list of prisoners to be transferred from Manila to Tokyo, and Ford's family is on it. Now he can really go after the *Shinaru* only—that batch of prisoners is on an unarmed transport screening the *Shinaru* so that she can get safely back to port. And so it goes, from one crisis to another, until the grand slam finale. **FAMILY**

Party Girl

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE,
METROCOLOR

✓✓ Chicago in the Thirties is the setting for the type of gangland melodrama that once gave Robert Taylor a memorable role as "Johnny Eager." In this one, he's a crippled lawyer—embittered and cynical, mouthpiece of the mob, spell-binding juries and keeping his clients away from the electric chair where most of them belong. Enter Cyd Charisse, and Taylor discovers a pressing reason to get away from it all. Only the mob, kingpin Lee J. Cobb in particular, can't quite see it that way. Director Nicholas Ray has worked closely with the set decorator and designer Helen Rose to make this item visually lush and muffle the plot's familiarity. As an actress, Miss Charisse has her best footage in two torrid dance numbers that are genuine eye-poppers. Taylor plays with his usual competence, and Lee J. Cobb proves once again that no one plays a slob like Cobb. **FAMILY**

104 POLAR-TRAPPED



KISS-STARVED G.I.s picked the army's champ woman-chaser to take their furlough by proxy with two gorgeous dames!



Universal International presents ☆

TONY CURTIS ☆ JANET LEIGH

The Perfect Furlough

CINEMASCOPE in Eastman COLOR

co-starring KEENAN WYNN • ELAINE STRITCH
with LES TREMAYNE and MARCEL DALIO and LINDA CRISTAL



Directed by BLAKE EDWARDS • Written by STANLEY SHAPIRO • Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR



ON THE RECORD

by **TOMMY REYNOLDS**



"He's a bird," says Phil Everly (left). "He's a dog," says brother Don (right). "He's a Bird Dog," chorus Tommy Reynolds and Ella Di Blasio, "we dig the song."

Looking forward to a groovy Christmas? All set for a swingin' New Year? It sort of puts you in a reviewing and previewing mood as you ring out the old and ring in the new, doesn't it? Me, too. And it started me thinking of some music milestones—in particular, a startling retirement and comeback that seems to have been overlooked in all the justifiable fuss about El going to Germany and 1958's other exciting music-world happenings.

It was just one year ago that a fellow by the name of Richard Penniman, better known as "Little Richard," retired from the disc scene with these surprising words: "I'd like to tell all my fans that rock 'n' roll glorifies Satan. From now on, my singing will glorify God." An amazing turnabout for the husky twenty-three-year-old who in two years leaped from a thirty-five dollar a week to a 250,000 dollar a year job, racking up a whooping best-seller score with such hits as "Long Tall Sally," "Ready Teddy" and "Tutti Frutti." What happened? That's what we wanted to know, thus a phone call to Oakwood College in Huntsville, Ala-

bama, to talk to pal Richard in person.

At first he didn't seem to want to discuss the subject, but after a while he got warmed up and words came quickly. Asked about college life at Oakwood and what he was studying there, he answered:

"There are about three hundred boys here. Most of them are studying for the ministry. We live in big dormitories. Most of us are vegetarians. It's run by the Seventh Day Adventists. I go to classes twice a day. Between classes I

study my Bible. I never go into town. We have a sports field for recreation."

Asked what he planned to do with the rest of his life, he answered:

"I don't think I'll be a minister. I might be a teacher. I want to help win souls to the Lord. This is a four-year course, but I don't know if I'll stay the whole time or not."

How would he make his living?

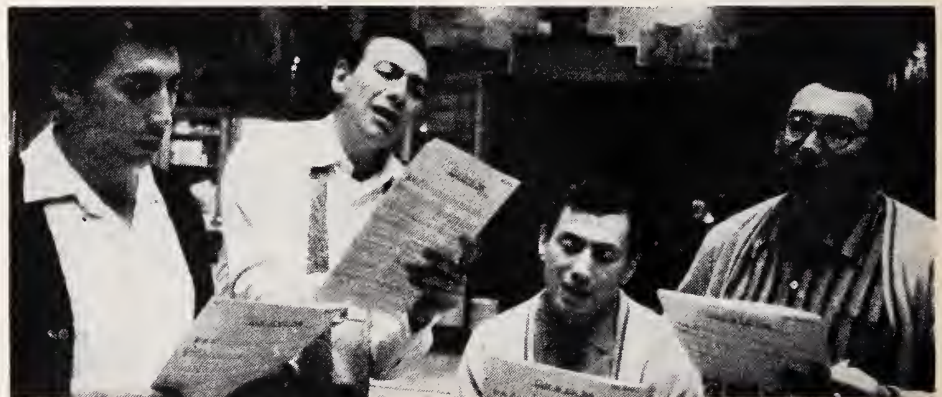
"I don't want any money—just enough to buy some food to eat. Maybe I'll sell magazines from door to door. Religious magazines, that is."

I asked him why he had given up music as a full-time job for the ministry.

He said: "The Lord has been good to me many times. He has taken care of me." He told me of driving down a slippery street in his Cadillac and spinning around and thinking that the end had come for him. But he didn't hit anything. "The Lord took care of me."

He told of another time when he was enroute to the Philippines and on the airplane between Los Angeles and Honolulu an engine went out on them. He thought he was finished. He was scared. He prayed. And finally they made it. "The Lord took care of me again," he said.

But the most amazing series of incidents happened in Australia while he was there on tour. "One day I was standing near the ocean shore in Sydney. The sputnik—you know, Russia's sput-



Vic, Joe, Ed and Gene—the Ames Brothers who made RCA's "Pussy Cat" a national best-seller—rehearse a new number that'll carry on their "big hit" tradition.

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Frankie's in a Pagliacci mood on the cover of his latest album for Capitol.

nik—sudden like streaked real low across the sky and it made me feel funny, like maybe it was a sign. That night I had a dream. It was very real. There was a lot of fire and the world came to an end. And somehow I knew all this meant the time had come for me to find the Lord."

When the other fellows in his orchestra wouldn't believe him when he said he was giving up music, he took three diamond rings from his pocket and threw them into the ocean. "Then they really knew I meant what I said."

Is it true, he was asked, that he had given away all his worldly possessions?

"Yes," he answered. "I gave away my jewelry and all my clothes, and my three apartment houses. I'll have to pay taxes on my record royalty money, but after that I'll give the rest away. I like to share my money. It makes me feel good."

He says he still gets a lot of fan mail and answers all the letters himself, but when they ask when he'll be back rock 'n' rolling permanently, he writes, "I'll just make a record once in a while."

Now, though he's back in the hot hundred with Specialty's "Baby Face," his religious work is still the mainstay of his life.

I thanked Richard for having told me so much of his (Continued on page 69)



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical", caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous", stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex".



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. Doctors say the "emotional" kind is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this perspiration. Now it's here . . . Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed. So effective, yet so gentle.



Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of exclusive Perstop*, ARRID CREAM Deodorant penetrates deep in the pores and safely stops this "emotional" perspiration odor where it starts. Stops it as no "roll-on", spray-on or stick deodorant could ever do.

Why be only Half Safe? use **Arrid** to be sure!

It's 1½ times as effective as all other leading deodorants tested! Used daily, ARRID with Perstop* actually stops perspiration stains, stops odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.



43¢
plus tax.

*Carter Products Trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants

Kim Novak was a Deb Star. And so were Carol Lynley and Dolores Hart. Judi Meredith had butterflies inside, wondering . . .



GOLLY, WILL IT HAPPEN TO ME, TOO?



4:00 p.m. Judi can't find car keys. Oh, left 'em in switch!



5:00 p.m. At Sak's for her new hairdo.



7:00 p.m. Judi's so excited she walked into a closet. Now, her dress strap needs fixing.



7:45 p.m. A last dab of powder. Judi spilt water on her dress. She moans, "Everyone will see the wrinkle!"



8:15 p.m. They've taken pictures, now she waits to go on.



8:30 p.m. Barry Coe escorts Judi. "Hold my hand tight, honey," she says.

Ever have one of those days when, because you want everything to go so right, it goes so wrong? It happened to Judi Meredith the day of the Deb Star Ball, when she was one of thirteen girls nominated as stars of tomorrow. She lost her money purse, then found it in her left hand. Her car ran out of gas; *she* ran into a closet. She thought of the now-famous girls who had been Debs before her. "Golly," she'd think, "will it happen to me, too?" Judi had come a long way. Just a short year ago, you knew her only as Natalie Wood's best friend ("Bob, Did You Know?" in March Photoplay).

She had still another reason for wanting everything to be perfect—and that was her escort, Barry Coe. Friends are beginning to say that Judi and Barry have "that marriage look." As to George Burns, whose McCadden Productions sponsored Judi as a Deb, he signed Barry for a TV role opposite Judi, "to save writers' fees on the love scenes!"

When she'd marched down the Deb aisle, Judi was glowing. The day may have been hectic; evening was heaven.



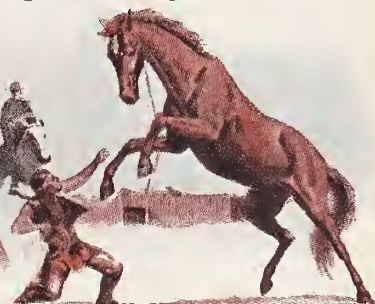
A NEW SAL MINEO

IN A
DIFFERENT
KIND OF
ROLE!



WALT DISNEY'S TONKA

The Drama...the Action
Behind the West's
Strangest Legend!



TECHNICOLOR®

starring **SAL MINEO • JEROME COURTLAND • PHILIP CAREY • RAFAEL CAMPOS**

with **JOY PAGE • BRITT LOMOND • LEWIS R. FOSTER • LEWIS R. FOSTER & LILLIE HAYWARD**
Directed by **LEWIS R. FOSTER** Screenplay by **LEWIS R. FOSTER & LILLIE HAYWARD**
Based on the book "COMANCHE" by **DAVID APPEL** • Produced by **JAMES PRATT**

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

READERS INC.

The Joy of Living

I recently had the pleasure of meeting John Wilder, who starred in "Unguarded Moment" and "Imitation General," and found him to be of the very highest type—intelligent, thoughtful, full of the joy of living, and exemplifying the kind of young people we would all enjoy seeing more of on the screen and in everyday life.

FALMA MCCracken
Indianapolis, Ind.

Can You Imagine—

Can you imagine . . .
Frank Sinatra having sideburns
Orson Welles in blue suede shoes
Tony Curtis with blond hair
Ed Sullivan being a cowboy
Elvis Presley being bald
George Montgomery without his guns
Lassie and Rin Tin Tin playing in a picture together?

A. KAY
Rochester, N. Y.

Unspoiled by Success

I, too, have been impressed by the warm, sincere personality of Miss Connie Francis. Being a housewife and having no connection with the world of show business, I am always amazed to receive personal, thoughtful letters and postcards from Connie. I first wrote to encourage her when she was virtually unknown. Her success has been phenomenal but she still writes, always inquiring about my family, although we have never met. Her talent will take her to the top—and her personality will keep her there. She is a real credit to her generation and her profession—and both could use more girls like Connie.

MRS. R.C.S.
Westlake, Ohio

The Performer and the Public

Forgive me if I take a moment of your time, but I enjoy Photoplay and feel it doesn't lean toward sensationalism, hence my writing to you about something I've long thought about: The pious attitude of many people toward the movie industry that is responsible for so much enlightenment and pure enjoyment.

Everywhere in recent years we have heard cries of "shame, shame," from a public which descends on people like Ingrid Bergman, Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher when they fall from the clay pedestals the public has so ridiculously placed them on in the first place. Suddenly, the audi-

duty to the public is finished. He should no longer feel as if he must rationalize every act, however wise or unwise. Perhaps the day will come when people stop building these clay pedestals on which to place human beings.

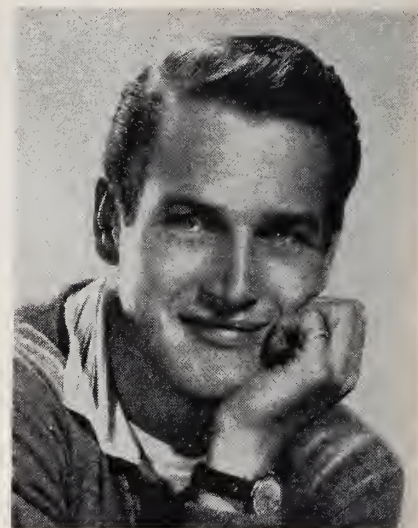
MRS. JOHANNA ORCHARD
Hartford, Conn.

An Actor and a Gentleman

Just saw "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" and considered Paul Newman's portrayal of *Brick* as Oscar material.

His rugged good looks (and those penetrating blue eyes) are so very appealing. More important is the unique acting style he brings to each and every one of his roles. His recent performances have ranked him among Hollywood and Broadway's finest actors. Don't you agree?

Also commendable is the fine way he con-



Paul Newman: A gentleman actor.



A reader thinks Joanne's a very lucky girl. (Hint! Above right is one reason.)

ducts his private life. For instance, his refusal to discuss his marital breakup in due respect of his former wife, his three children and his present wife, Joanne Woodward. He is what I would call a gentleman.

A DEDICATED NEWMAN FAN
Hagerstown, Md.

Bon Voyage Visit

Just thought you'd like to know that after corresponding with Rossano Brazzi for two years, my daughter and I had the pleasure of meeting him and his lovely wife when they sailed for Europe recently. My daughter and I were treated like old friends. Mr. Brazzi is just as charming off the screen as on.

MRS. MILDRED SILVER
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Reduce the Photoplay Way!

Two months ago I was a very fat 150 pounds. I now feel very thin, though I have lost only sixteen pounds. It seems I have been on a diet of Photoplay for the last two months—I think it was the only thing that kept my mind off food!

LOSING FAST
Burlingame, Calif.

Perfect Ingredients

The perfect Hollywood woman would be: Debbie Reynolds—for personality
Joanne Woodward—for being so lucky in having Paul Newman for a husband!
Janet Leigh—for her happy home life
June Allyson—for her voice

A FAN FROM THE SOUTH
Atlanta, Ga.

ences which have for so long reaped enjoyment from the skill of these performers' work and personalities fancy themselves saintly beings whose purpose it is to pass judgment from above.

When will the public stop judging the lives and actions of these performers? When a performer has given the best of which he is capable to an audience which has, by choice, paid to see him, the performer's

continued



Evening in Paris...the haunting, fabulous fragrance of France

She'll love you for it... the gift that weaves its way into her dreams,
becomes the web from which her memories spring, becomes a very part of her!

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FROM \$1 TO \$25
BOURJOIS • CREATED IN FRANCE • MADE IN U.S.A.



Fabulous Trio: cologne, talcum powder, purse perfume 2.50



Double Door to Glamour: ensemble of 5 Evening in Paris beauties 5.00



Jewel Cose: 6 Evening in Paris treasures set in gleaming satin 7.50



Music Box: plays a Parisian love song long after she has enjoyed 6 glamour accessories 10.00

READERS INC.

continued

Two "Imitations"

I understand Lana Turner's next picture is to be one called "Imitation of Life." Am I right in thinking this movie was made once before, quite a few years ago? If so, who played the leading role?

ESTHER LAMKIN
Baltimore, Md.

Yes, it was made once before in 1935 and the star was Claudette Colbert.—Ed.

Magnificent Monster

I've just finished reading a letter in Readers Inc. by a fellow horror movie fan. I share the writer's enthusiasm for film chillers.

But—I'd cast my vote for Christopher Lee as the best *Dracula*. His performance in "The Horror of Dracula" was the coolest. He was the most magnificent monster I've ever seen. The entire movie was excellent but it was Mr. Lee's chilling portrayal that won my admiration.

In watching Christopher Lee, I got the feeling that *Count Dracula* "... was in life a most wonderful man, soldier, statesman and alchemist. He had a mighty brain, a learning beyond compare and a heart that knew no fear and no remorse. With this one, all the forces of nature that are occult and deep and strong must have worked together in some wondrous way." And that's how *Dracula* is described in the novel by Bram Stoker.

JO ANNE JENSEN
Milwaukee, Wis.



Claudette's old role is Lana's new one.

A Puzzle Solved

I'm puzzled! Accompanying your November article about Dean Stockwell was a picture of a sports car wreck. I presume this photo to be that of Stockwell's accident. Yet, is it?

If so, then why does paragraph three on page eighty-one clearly state, "... Dean (Stockwell) opened the side door of the car and got out. He wasn't hurt. He saw that his car was only slightly damaged."

Slightly damaged? If that's supposed to be a picture of a slightly damaged automobile, then I'd most certainly be reluctant to see your version of a badly damaged one.

Also, if Stockwell opened the side door and got out, then what's he doing on the ground beside the car?

Please clarify this puzzling situation.

PUZZLED

Crystal Springs, Miss.

As the caption indicated, the picture was of Jimmy Dean's accident, not Dean Stockwell's.

Letter from an Ex-Moviegoer

Judging from the practically empty movie theaters every night in the week, coupled with the fact that several of the more prominent neighborhood theaters in this town (and other towns, I'm told) have either closed down completely or open on weekends only, the movie-going public, I presume, is not what it used to be.

What's the reason? Television, you say? Television is the reason for the once avid movie fans staying at home? Well, if television has hurt the movie industry, it is because the movie industry literally forced us to turn to TV for entertainment, because the movies certainly are not entertaining—as they should be and once were.

What with the trash that is being shown on movie screens today, is it any wonder that TV programs such as "Father Knows Best," "Perry Mason," "The Danny Thomas Show," etc., are like a breath of fresh air? Practically every movie shown currently in local theaters deals with sex, dope addiction and such nonsensical tales of the supernatural as "I Was a Teenage Frankenstein," "I Was a Teenage Monster" and "I Was a Teenage Werewolf."

With all-time favorites such as "Now, Voyager," "Boy's Town" and "The Mortal Storm" now being shown on television, why should we go to the movies to see the garbage that is being shown there? If these movies had been released again to the theaters, rather than being sold to TV, they would have been enjoyed again as they were when first released.

Does the movie industry really think the minds of human beings have become so distorted as to enjoy the disgusting, stupid and degrading movies that Hollywood is mass-producing? If that is what the world is coming to then I, too, am content to hibernate in front of the television set. When they can show us movies like the old favorites mentioned above, then they need have no fear of competition from television.

AN EX-MOVIEGOER
New Orleans, La.

Housewife's Delight

I have found a way to lighten my routine day as a housewife. I just suppose that: My private butler is Robert Mitchum
Milkman—Elvis Presley
Breadman—John Ericson
Egg man—Robert Wagner
Grocer—Clint Walker
Delivery boys—Bill Campbell, Perry Lopez
Insurance man—Rock Hudson
Gas man—Tony Curtis
Traveling salesman—Kirk Douglas

TV repairman—Dale Robertson
Plumber—Robert Horton
Electrician—George Nader
House painter—Hugh O'Brian
Paper boy—Dennis Hopper
Next-door neighbors—James Garner, Jack Kelly
Landlord—Tab Hunter
Now I ask you—what more could a housewife want?

MRS. SANDY MAYER
Baltimore, Md.

Berserk over Kirk

I have a teenage sister who is mad about Kirk Douglas! I don't understand why, but she is. She has been to all his movies and sometimes she takes me along. Wow!! She sure acts silly! Well, anyway, I thought if you would put an uncolored close-up photograph of him in your next magazine, I would give it to her for her birthday. Please do this for me.

NANCY
Golden, Colo.



Kirk's picture for a fan's birthday.

Tracy's Back

I've often wondered what had happened to actor Spencer Tracy. He's been a favorite of mine for a long time.

RUDOLPH PROBST
South Bend, Ind.

Nothing's happened to Spence—bad, that is. He's simply relaxing a little and being more selective about movie roles. You'll want to see him in the Warner Bros. film, "The Old Man and the Sea," about which many of the critics have said: "One of the great films of our generation." Also watch for him in Columbia's film adaptation of another novel, "The Last Hurrah."

—Ed.

Necessary to Be a Nut?

All of those "now-it-can-be-told" stories make me wonder what kind of people these so-called "idols" are. Are they expecting more success by telling these "secret" details of their lives?

They certainly don't get my vote of confidence.

MAE DORROTH
Wisconsin

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.



Wherever you are, whatever you do

New Kotex napkins with the Kimlon center

protect better, protect longer. Now Kotex adds the Kimlon center to increase absorbency, to keep stains from going through. With this inner fabric, the Kotex napkin stays even softer, holds its shape for perfect fit. Choose Kotex—the name you know best—in this smart new package.



KOTEX and KIMLON are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corp.



LOUIS JOURDAN, STAR OF THE GREAT MOTION PICTURE "GIGI"



"You can always tell a HALO girl"

Her hair has that look-again look™

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible . . . the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today — with pure, sparkling Halo.

HALO glorifies as it cleans



T

was 4 weeks to Christmas in movie town
And Photoplay's mouse was scurrying 'round,
When in the post-office, amid hurly-burly,
He spotted Pat Boone mailing Christmas cards early.
"Hi, Pat," said the mouse, "we really wish you
And the stars would edit part of this issue.
Then all of the fans who read Photoplay
Would dig what you're doing up to Christmas day."
Here's the result: First, Let Stars Trim Your Tree
(cut out their cards for your friends to see).
Our mouse spied a shopper. "Who's that?" he said.
"Why—Leslie Caron—with a toy cat!" (He fled.)
Then Rick & Dave Nelson told him fans everywhere
Could Win a Christmas Present From Stars—who care.
So a gal can dazzle her fellow, the stars include
A 20-day plan to put him in that mistletoe mood.
The Lennons pull taffy, and Sal Mineo plays host
To a gang of kids who think Sal's the "most."
As a favor (and 'cause we just raised his wages)
Our mouse now will guide you through these pages:



let the stars trim your tree

Cut out their cards
for all to see



The Dick Clark

Pat and the Boone girls



Jane Powell
and the
Merney clan



Gale Storm
and all the Bonnells



Bing, Kathy and 'Tex'



by MARGARET O'DONNELL

*Who's that
peeking out
from behind
the toy counter?*

*Why—it's
Leslie Caron*



There we were exchanging gifts—and it wasn't even Christmas! We were on an errand for Elvis Presley. He'd bought a Teddy bear (see page 26) for a Photoplay reader, then, in mid-ocean, had changed his mind.

"Would it be too much trouble," he wrote us, "to take the Teddy bear back for a bigger one—the biggest you can find?"

So there we were in Bullock's crowded toy department, looking for fuzzy Teddy bears, when a sleek, brunette head caught our eye. (*Continued on page 75*)



Back in Hollywood for a whirlwind vacation, Leslie and Peter headed straight for city's toy counters to hunt Christmas gifts for Christopher and Jennifer.

Would the children like a lion or a tiger? "Well, we would!" says Peter. "If the kids don't play with them. Leslie can talk to them—the way Lili did."



WIN A PRESENT FROM THE STARS



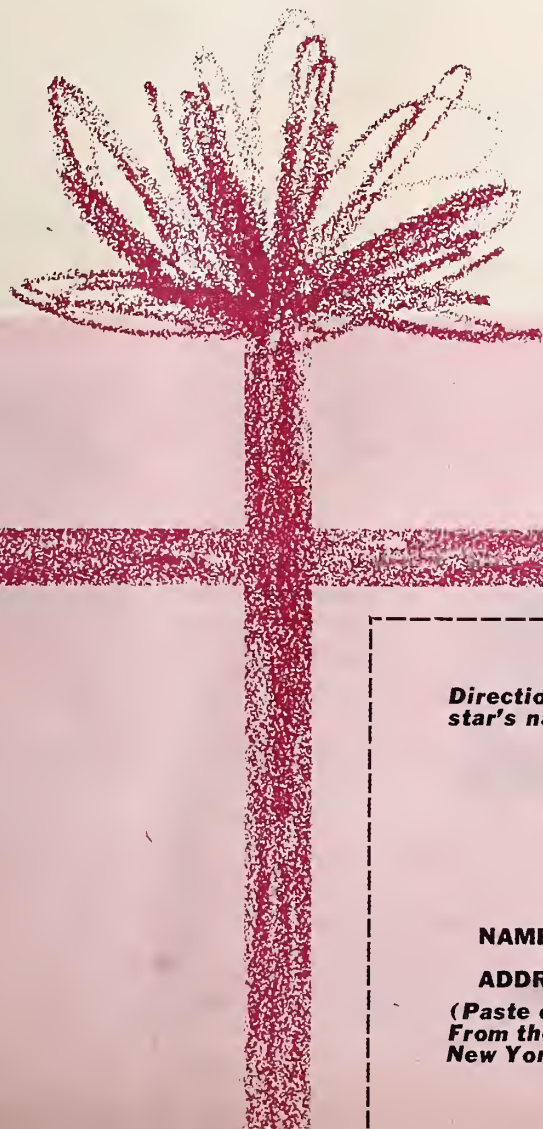
Guess what we're
giving you for Christmas?
— ask Rick and David



The Nelson brothers—
Both Dave and Rick—
Swear on their honor,
“There is a St. Nick.
Perhaps we were lucky,
Perhaps it’s a dream,
But that jolly old fellow
Fits into our scheme.
Yet without those fans
That we’ve never met,
We’d be nowhere fast,
On that you can bet.”
Elvis Presley was next
To second the motion—

“Where else but from fans
Can I get such devotion?”
Messieurs Curtis and Perkins—
With first names tagged Tony—
In unison said,
“Not to love them is phoney.”
And quiet George Nader
Gave a long sigh,
“Without all the fans
Just where am I?”
Dick Clark added his vote
And this was a dilly—
“I’ve got fans, too,
And I work out of Philly.”

Van Cliburn spoke last
In a voice soft and tinglish,
“I’ve got them in Russian
And I’ve got them in English.”
They thought and they thought.
“Let’s do what we’re able.
They’ve been great to us,
So we’ll turn the table.”
And what they decided,
If you don’t get the gist,
Is they want you and *you*
On their Christmas list.
But a fan is quite special,
What gift do you give
To show you’ll be grateful
Just as long as you live?
They argued and argued
With commotion and fuss,
Then finally decided,
It must mean something to *us*.



YOUR ENTRY BLANK

Directions: Fill in the blank on the first line with your favorite star's name and complete the last line to rhyme with “tree.”

I'd love a gift from
And I'd put it under my tree.
Then I'd call all my pals,
Fellows and gals—and say:

NAME

ADDRESS

(Paste entry blank on a postcard and mail to Win A Present
From the Stars, Post Office Box 2354, Grand Central Station,
New York 17, N.Y. Entry must be received by December 31.)



Tony Curtis was first
 "I've drums that I cherish—
 If wife, Janet, touched them
 I think I would perish.
 If I offered these
 Perhaps folks would see
 What all of their friendship
 Has meant to me."



"Just great," said Tony Perkins
 "That's a real great plan,
 And I've got just the gift
 To give to a fan.
 I've got a young pup
 From Pumky's litter,
 She's paper-trained
 And needs no sitter."



Van Cliburn was shy,
 "Something *special* for fans—
 Well, I've not much to offer
 'Cept me and my hands.
 Would it be okay
 And perhaps in accord,
 If I gave one of my concertos
 On a LP record?"

*Is it Dick Clark's gift you hope to win?
 Just turn back a page, fill the coupon in.*



Pat Boone joined them shortly
And approved of the plan—
“Next to my family,
I think, comes the fan.
I just wrote a book
Called ‘Twixt Twelve and Twenty’—
I’ll sign it and guarantee
It’ll tell them all plenty.”



“The same goes for me,”
Elvis Presley joined in,
“Without the fans rooting
You never could win.
I’ll give my old pal,
Who’s a large teddy-bear—
He kind of looks like me
’Cept *he* has more hair.”

Dick Clark gestured wildly,
“I’ve got just the thing—
An album of pictures
Of all those who sing.
I’ll see they are autographed
They’d like that—the fans—
Plus I’ll wrap all the presents
With my own little hands.”



George Nader looked thoughtful,
“It came into my head
The fans will be sure
I meant what I said,
If I offer the locket
That means I’m ready for ‘Hooking’—
To let them all know
That I haven’t stopped looking.”



Jerry Lewis dropped by,
“I’m late and I’m sorry”—
They gave him the pitch
And he grinned at their story.
“For the fans nothing’s too good,
On this I don’t spoof,
So they won’t be late like me
How’s a watch—waterproof?”

Rick and Dave agreed
The idea was great—
“Cause, George, you’re not married
And it’s still not too late.
So we’ll donate a camera
That some gal can use—
Then send you her picture
Maybe it’s her you’ll choose.”
Then they made out their list
Spending half of the day—
And sent it to us
Here at old Photoplay.
With this added message:
“None of us can rhyme,
But to all—Merry Christmas
And a great ’59.”

will you put him in that MISTLETOE MOOD?

You have 20 days to make sure you do

1958 DECEMBER 1958

5

25



5

Today's the day to make up your mind. Resolved: That you'll be as tempting a bit of mistletoe bait come Christmas as Carol Lynley is on the opposite page. If you don't think it's possible, ask Carol herself. She wowed us in these pictures. We'd heard that Carol had been on a diet, but there she is, all slimmed down, her hair smooth and shining, her complexion clear. It can happen to you. First, take a good long look in a full-length mirror. Like what you see? Why not? If it's a tinier waist you'd like, try this. Stand erect, feet comfortably apart. Raise right arm overhead, bend as far as you can to left, sliding left hand down back of thigh to knee. Return to starting position and repeat, bending to right. Begin with 10 bends, each side, and build to 20. You'll see results in a week.

6

Stiff? That exercise is built for speed—if not for comfort. But it'll get easier as you get more limber, and if you keep at it every night till Christmas, it will whittle an inch or two off that waistline. And while you're at it, let's exercise those mental muscles. Are they a bit stiff, too? If you're worried about being speechless on that big date, you'll find plenty of words in books. Read at least one before Christmas. Ask your library or book store for "The Once and Future King," by T. H. White, a beautiful, often funny book that retells the King Arthur legend—or try "Only in America," by Harry Golden. If you talk a blue streak, but all it adds up to is a batch of gossip, pick up today's newspaper and make it part of your daily ritual from now on. You'll find it's fun to be in the know.

7

Now, back to that mirror. Examine your skin, than which beauty is deeper. Still, blemishes will scare off even Santa. Before even thinking about makeup, start now to get enough sleep, fresh air and exercise. Just as important are plenty of lean meat, fresh fruits and vegetables, milk and whole grain cereals. No rich desserts, fried foods, spicy dishes or soda fountain treats, please. (Continued)





Soap and water? "Never," says Sandra Dee, "not for my skin!" She pampers her complexion with gentle creams. For an oily skin, though, soap and water—lots of it—is the answer. For any skin, all the stars agree, "Keep it clean."

Pamper dry skin with gentle creams or lotion cleanser, rich night cream and moisture lotion for day-long protection under makeup. Oily skin needs a thorough cleansing three times a day. Using a mild complexion soap, work up rich lather, massage well into skin and rinse until no speck of suds remains, with warm, then cold water.

8 Now begin at the top—of your head, that is. To put life and shine back into your top-knot, try one hundred licks a night with a good stiff hairbrush. Start thinking about how you'll wear your hair. When you shampoo your hair and the suds are still on it, try a little soap sculpture, pushing your locks here and there to see how some of the new styles might look. Choose one only if it flatters you and is easily managed by that same you. If you're going to need a permanent, get it now, so that week-after stiffness will have vanished into a just-right soft curl. Get that new haircut now, too, so you'll have had plenty of practice combing it.

9 Remember Ingrid Bergman in "Indiscreet"—the vibrant glow, the warm laughter, the inner poise? It comes from being yourself and liking what you are. It's not easy, so start with the surface. If you're the fresh-as-a-breeze casual type, stop straining for siren effects. Think of the people you like. Aren't they mostly people who give of themselves—give willing help, courtesy, sincere interest, thought? But you can't experiment on a newly-met romance till you've practiced first. Look interested and *be* interested in what your parents are saying. You'll be brushing up on the fine art of listening, flattering to any male and dynamite on a shy one.

10 Don't forget the daily paper. Practice your conversation by springing the latest headline gleanings on your dad. After the first shock, he'll love it. Carol Lynley's face and figure word to you is "Walking." She claims there's nothing like the mild exercise of a walk for complexion and general body tone. It's also a chance to be alone with your thoughts, or, if you're teaming with a friend, to discuss your book. Start to get your wardrobe in shape. Make sure all buttons, hooks, snaps are where they should be. If hems are crooked or too long, fix them now. Hem slips, too, to match the new length.

11 Now that you're practicing charm on the family, just see if it doesn't pay off. Enlist your big brother's or sister's aid in brushing up on your dancing. A couple of sessions a week should see you confidently onto the ballroom floor. More about that poised you? Philosopher William James advises that you don't smile because you're happy, but that you're happy because you smile. Turn up the corners of your mouth and see if it doesn't work. But remember, a smile that's frozen on at all times isn't convincing. Smile when you feel like it, but see if a better-looking, more-interesting you doesn't feel like it more often.

12 If you're half the girl we think you are, you've been giving your complexion the kind of care that already shows results. Now for the fun part, selecting your evening makeup: Your artwork will start (*Continued on page 62*)



The menu that keeps Martha Hyer's skin glowing pays dividends on the scale, too.



Wonder what you'll ever find to say to him? Read a good book, advises Dolores Hart. He'll find your new ideas more fun than old gossip.

Carol Lynley's sure to put anyone in that mistletoe mood. Yet just a few short weeks before this picture was taken, her weight was a worry. It can happen to you, too, on a 20-day beauty spree. (Satin rayon dress, sizes 5 to 15, \$25.00. For your nearest store, write to Youth Guild, 1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y.)



the LENNON SISTERS show you

how to have fun at an old-fashioned

TAFFY PULL

Did you ever think of giving an old-fashion taffy pull? We never did till our best friends, the Nagels, were going to move before Christmas and we wanted to give them a sendoff. It was Dad's suggestion.

Why do people have to move, anyway? Especially to a place called Calabasas, which I, Janet Lennon, can't even pronounce. It's terrible when you've lived next door to

people practically all your life and then they have to go away. That's the way it is with our family and the Nagels. We've always gone to school together, sung in St. Mark's Parish Choir together; even our folks belong to the same church social and study groups. And we're so alike. We all have lots of brothers and sisters and we even made our debuts on the same night at the church bazaar. (*Continued*)





Were they ever surprised! When the Nagel girls opened their front door, there were the Lennon Sisters, doing their carolling just a wee bit early. And that was only the beginning. The very happy

ending was a taffy pull that turned into a tug-of-war. Dianne, Peggy and Kathy lined up behind Janet on the Lennon side. Elena had Sharron, Kathy and Maureen pulling for the Nagels.



TAFFY PULL

continued

While the Nagels didn't start singing professionally until this past year, I bet it won't be long before they're on TV and making lots of records, they're so talented.

Gosh, I wish they didn't have to go. Why, do you know, I can't remember a Christmas when we haven't gone carolling together. Now they're moving thirty miles away. I suppose that really isn't very far. But why did they have to move right before Christmas? My Daddy tried to make us feel better by joking. He (*Continued on page 83*)



Three tastes apiece—and Janet's first. "Well," says she, "it wasn't me who spilled the noodle soup into the taffy!"

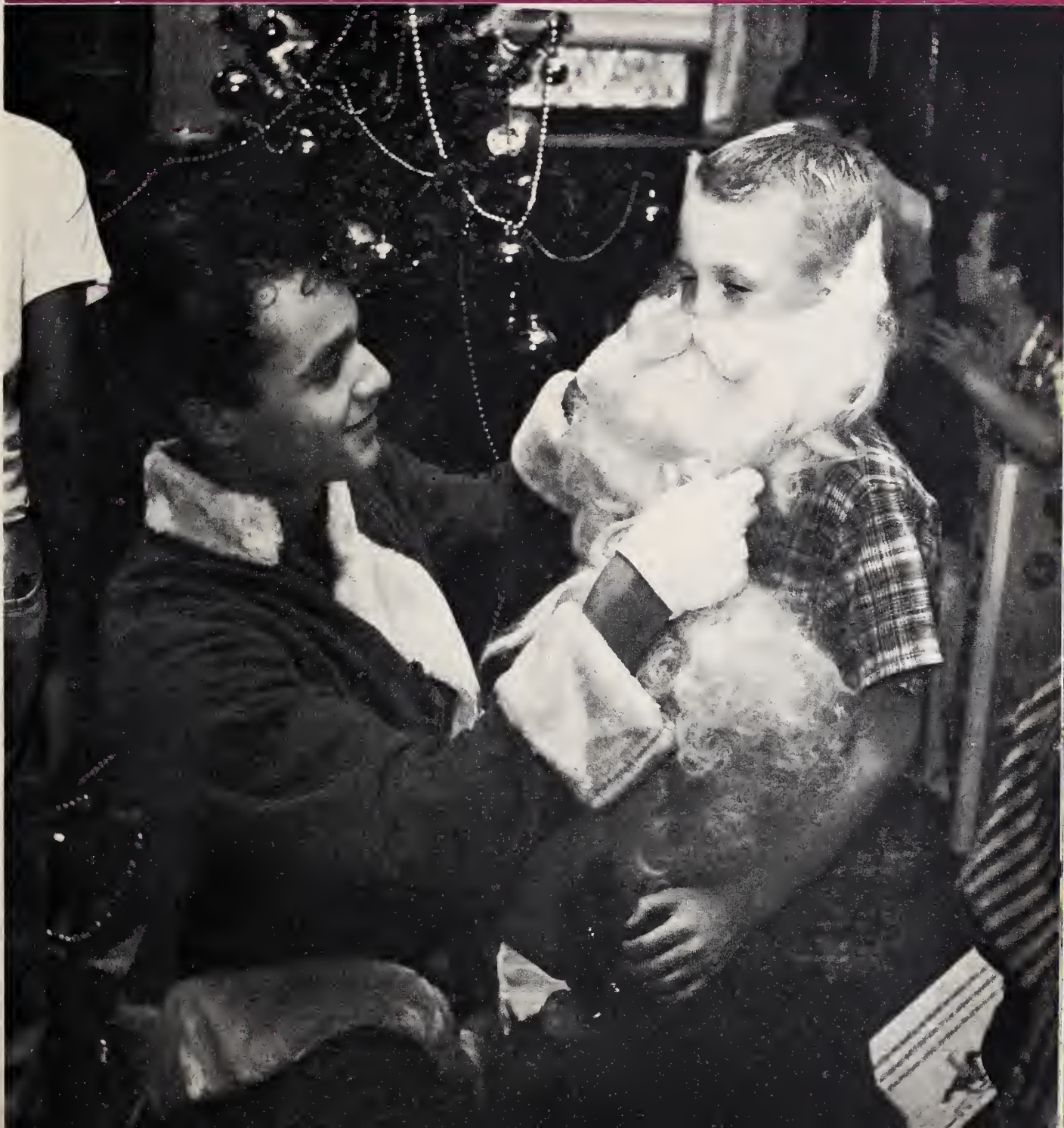


As taffy cooled, they made popcorn balls. "This what Daddy means by spooning?" clowns Peggy.

They were so busy talking and singing they almost forgot . . . till Kathy shrieked, "The taffy!"



there was one line
in the little boy's letter
that SAL MINEO couldn't forget...



"ME AND THE OTHER KIDS FEEL SADDEST AT CHRISTMAS"



And Sal decided to do something about it. He phoned the Maud Booth Home for Children, run by the non-profit Volunteers of America. "Can you help me?" he asked. "I'd like to come down there and give a party. . . ." This is gonna be fun, Sal decided as he hung up the phone. He latched onto a Santa suit and a tree. Then he remembered—gifts. He'd had so much fun making "Tonka," he thought maybe the kids would enjoy playing Indian, too. "Where can I get Indian outfits?" he asked the folks at the Walt Disney studios. "Just tell us where to send 'em!" came the answer. Well, you don't just play Indian, you play cowboys and . . . And what's a cowboy without his trusty rifle? Sal went to the source, the Mattel Toy Company, and they insisted on making the rifles *their* gifts. So, well-armed and with curly white beard as a disguise, Sal turned up at the home. The kids didn't recognize him at first, as Sal ho-ho-hoed and began to distribute gifts. Then an imp pulled Santa's beard. "It's Sal Mineo!" screamed the kids. It was almost better than Santa, who might not have known how to strum a guitar or fan a gun.

At first, the kids at the Maud Booth Home didn't know the man behind the whiskers. (It was Sal.) They only knew Santa was here, carrying a big canvas bag of such great presents as toy rifles, cowboy and Indian outfits, toy guitars and extras of ice cream.



"We know you!" cry the kids as they unmask Mr. Mineo. Then the fun began as Sal got to know and talk to each of the children, sharing their Christmas joy.



Most fun for music-loving Sal was teaching youngsters how to strum the guitars. Most fun for kids was playing "Stick 'em up, pardner!" out on Home's lawn, with Sal as willing victim. This Injun's really had it!





Elvis moved restlessly on the bench at the Frankfurt airport. He looked at the special pass he had received for the afternoon. This was the first favor he'd asked since he'd been in Germany; the afternoon off so that he might be on hand when his Dad and Grandmother flew in from the States. Even though it's not every day that a fellow's family come across the ocean to visit him, he'd been reluctant to ask the C.O. for a pass. The other fellows in

ELVIS SAID TO HIS FATHER :

**“Dad, let’s make this
the kind of a Christmas
mom would have wanted”**

his barracks were just beginning to accept him as just another soldier, not a privileged character, and he didn’t want anything to spoil it. But he knew that Dad and Grandma would feel lost if he wasn’t there to greet them, so he’d asked for the pass.

Elvis suddenly got up and walked over to the flight information desk. Frankfurt is an international airport and the man at the desk, fortunately, spoke English. On days off, Elvis

The little boy smiled at Mrs. Reynolds as he prayed: “. . . and God bless everyone . . . specially Mrs. Reynolds . . . and Dr. Jellinek . . . and Jerry Lewis.” And he told her his secret wish and said his special prayer. After that, Mrs. Reynolds made a phone call. A few days later—

JERRY LEWIS HELPS ANSWER A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER

The little boy gripped the arms of the wheel chair and turned his head away. Now he couldn't see the jumble of letters and cards and torn gift wrappings that surrounded the other kids. But he could still hear their loud, happy voices as they jabbered away to the parents and friends who had come to visit them at the Massachusetts Lakeville Sanitarium for Handicapped Children. "So what," he told himself. "I don't care. I don't need . . ." But he did care—oh, ever so much—and his need was even greater than any of the others'. His big brown eyes were wide with tears and they fell unheeded down his cheeks and onto the striped pajamas. He hated himself for crying, and that only made the tears come faster.

"What's the matter, Little Boy Blue?" a gentle voice asked.

The boy looked up and saw his friend, Mrs. Shaw Reynolds. He tried to answer but he just couldn't.

She touched his face lightly and her hand, as always,



felt cool and nice. He let his face cradle against her fingers and slowly his crying stopped.

"That's better," Mrs. Reynolds said, "much better. You want to be a great jet pilot some day. And you know jet pilots don't cry. Can't see the instrument panel through tears, can you?"

"No," said the boy, "you can't. But I'm not a pilot yet. I'll have to wait till I'm big, big like Dr. Jellinek, before I can fly. But I'm getting bigger and bigger. Why, I'll be nine years old Tuesday. Won't I?"

"Yes, you will . . . on Tuesday," Mrs. Reynolds said. And then the little boy

looked away from her, back at the other kids.

She watched him as he watched the others. The expression on his face as he looked at the children playing with their toys, reading their cards aloud, and talking with their mothers and fathers, was heart-breaking. It was bad enough, she thought, that Little Boy Blue (the hospital records listed him simply as Francis X.) was suffering (*Continued on page 81*)

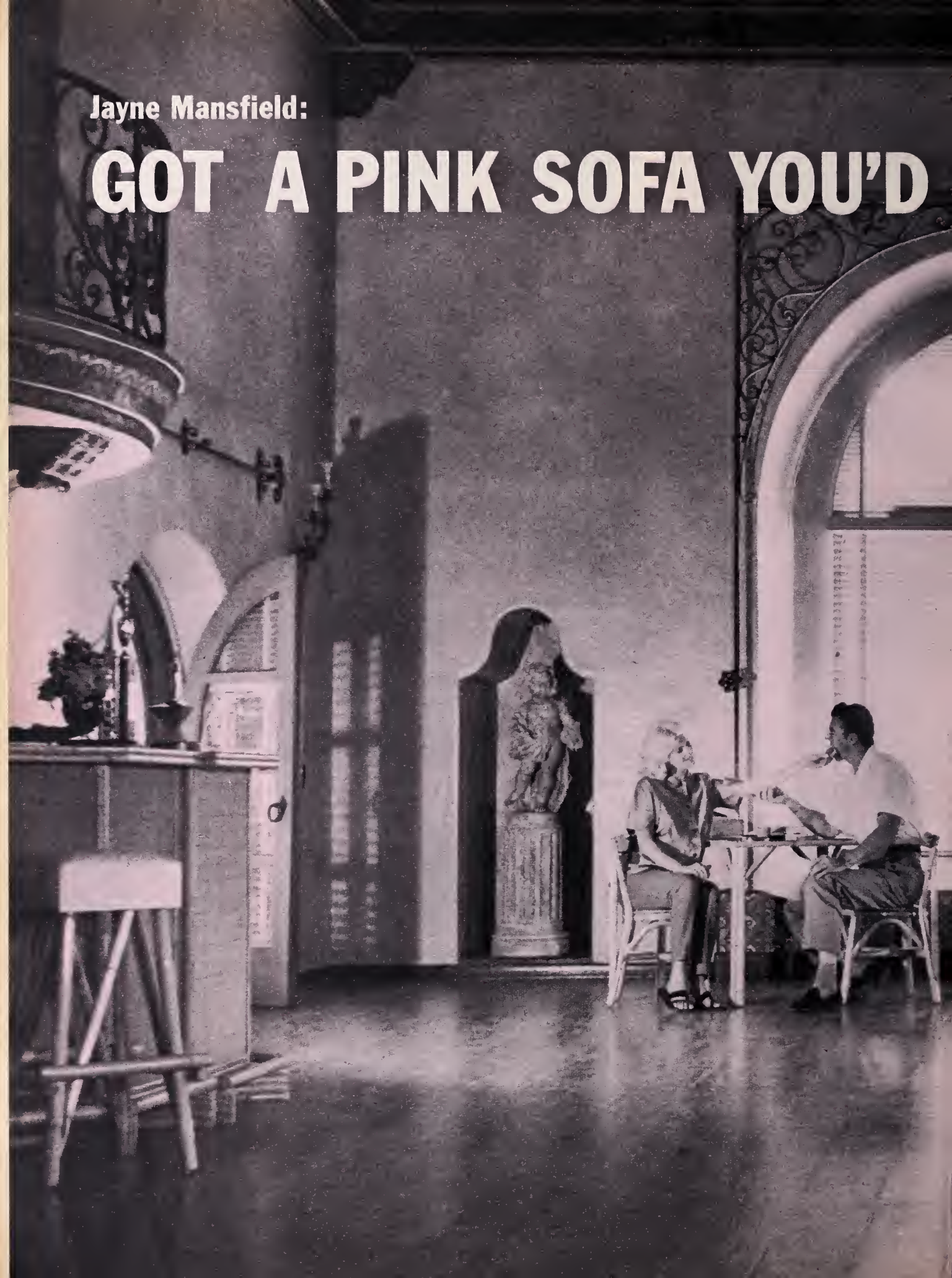
by DEE PHILLIPS

They'd sent him gifts, but what
Jerry and his son Gary took away
with them was even more precious.



Jayne Mansfield:

GOT A PINK SOFA YOU'D



LIKE TO GET RID OF?

WANTED TO BUY:

Got a pink sofa you'd like to get rid of?

Need it for our 60 by 40 living room. Also can use all kinds of chairs, tables, beds, pictures, curtains, shelves, rugs, etc.—the crazier and more colorful the better—for our 27-room, 11-bath house. Have love, nursery things, kids and each other. Need furnishings fast. Contact Mickey Hargitay and Jayne Mansfield, Hollywood.

They had no furniture—that's what it said, right there in the papers. Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay were camping out in their Holmby Hills mansion, without so much as a bed.

Whose heart could fail to be touched? Brushing away a tear or two, Photoplay's editors called a conference. "Let's start a fund and ask for contributions. 'Help make the Hargitays' house a real home.' How's that for a slogan?"

"No, wait a minute. Probably Jayne and Mickey are too proud to take charity. Suppose we ask the readers whether they can each spare a piece of slightly used furniture—and let the kids have it for a couple of dollars? That old brass bed up in the attic, maybe. That wicker rocking chair down in the cellar. Why, if enough people pitch in, the Hargitays can have the place furnished in no time."

"Fine! Now you go out and give Jayne and Mickey the good news."

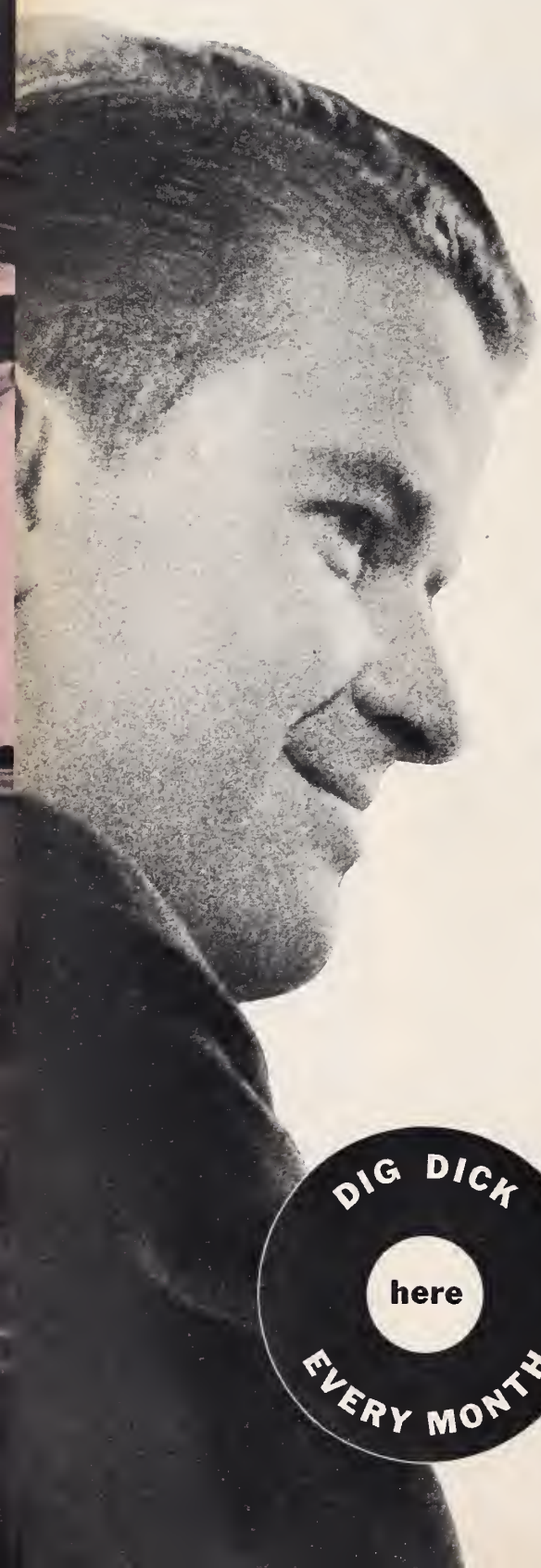
(Continued on page 79)

by TRICIA HURST

DICK CLARK'S scrapbook for

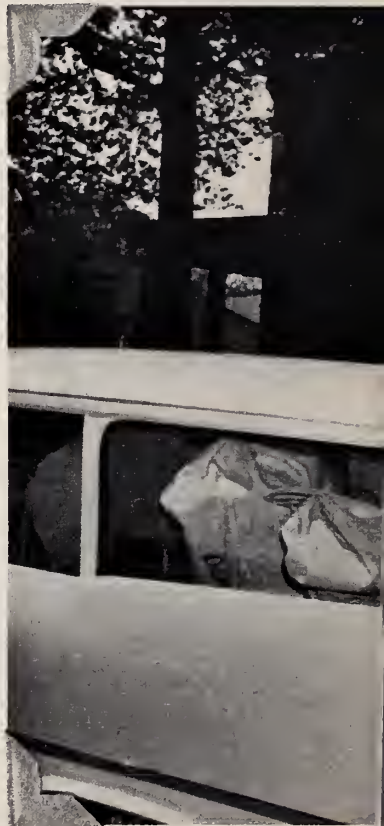
1958

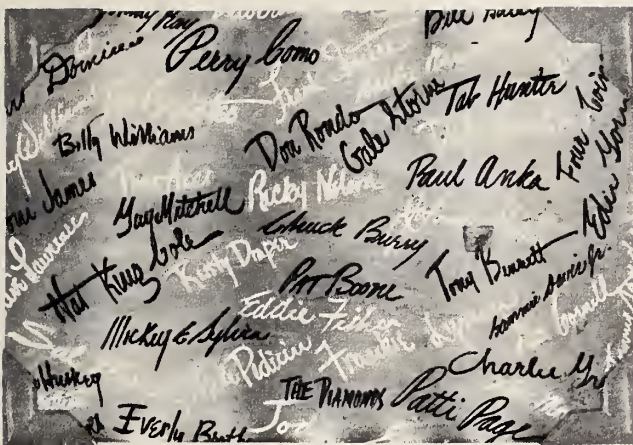
a going...going... real gone year



Impossible!" says Tony. "Never!" Marlene tells me. Even our director Ed Yates has his doubts. The crowd in the "American Bandstand" office keep trying to tell me a whole year can't pass by in just five minutes. That's okay. Let them all be old-fashioned. They can't kid me, because I know 1958 took just that long to spin by on the turntable.

1959, with no respect for its elders, isn't giving the old year much of a chance to say goodbye. Right here on my desk are about eighty new record releases . . . some dozen more have just been filed away . . . and three are on the spindle waiting for the Everly Brothers' latest (*Continued on page 70*)





They come, you saw,
we had a ball!



Santa likes the beat, too.



Neither rain nor snow
nor the four cent stamps
could stop your letters.



a Valentine for me?

DICK CLARK'S scrapbook

continued



Happy Birthday, dear "Bandstand," Happy...



*Sad note
was losing our pet, Louis.*



*I dig album covers
like this one by Varon.*

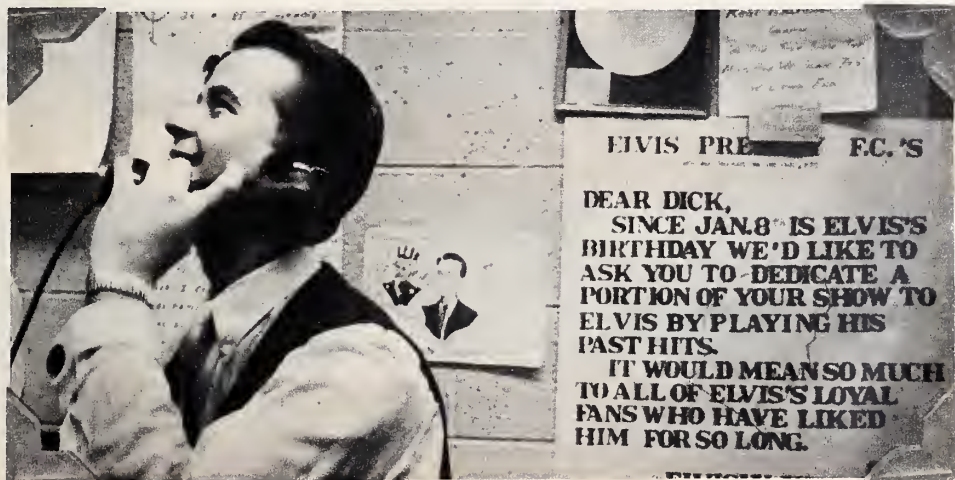


*Our annual dance
contest.*

*The winners!
Bob Clayton and
Justine Corelli.*



I flip over Domenico Modugno... Tommy Edwards... Sheb Wooley...



*Ding, dong!
Ring in the New!*



IS DADDY GOING TO BE



WITH US ALL THE TIME ?



She'd written to Santa...now Carrie asked Debbie

It was two days after Debbie had taken her to Bullock's department store to see Santa that Carrie wrote the letter. She came into the warm rose and white living room with the paper clutched in her tight little fist.

"Mama, I need a 'tamp."

"Stamp," Debbie corrected automatically. She reached down for her little girl. "What for, lovey?"

Carrie, who had more important things to do than stand around being hugged, wiggled away. "To mail my letter," she said importantly. "Here!"

Debbie accepted the piece of paper, started to unfold it, then stopped. "May I read it?" she asked politely.

Five months ago, she would have read it, assuming it was readable, without a thought. Maybe it was never too early to teach a child about privacy, but if she'd slipped up once then, Eddie could have put in a word. She could almost hear him saying to Carrie, "We always ask before we read somebody else's mail, honey."

But Eddie was no longer on hand. Anything Debbie failed to teach, Carrie might never learn. So she was being very careful indeed these days.

Now, with Carrie's permission, she studied the paper. Fourteen X's, some wiggles, and then at the bottom, in a long, proud row, six big, scraggly E's—the one letter Carrie knew how to print.

And she had learned it last week, from Eddie.

Debbie had found errands to do, on the day Eddie came for their daughter. By the time she returned, Carrie was back, too, rosy and contented on the living room rug.

"Hi!" Debbie had called out, lifting Todd out of his carriage and into the playpen. Then, carefully, "How is Daddy? Did you have a nice time?"

Carrie nodded vigorously. "Look! Daddy showed me how!"

She was printing "E" across a pad. "Now I can write," she announced. Her chubby little

fingers gripped the pencil as if she were afraid it would run away. Her hand moved with infinite care. First a line down, then a bottom, then a top. Then a middle—well, almost in the middle. Her face glowed with pride.

"That's wonderful, darling," Debbie had cried. "How did you happen to think of it?"

But Carrie was too busy to answer. And suddenly Debbie's joy faded. Probably Carrie didn't even know how. Only Eddie knew. Only Eddie. And now, forever, there'd be no more cozy talks at night, cuddled together in the great big chair—the chair they'd bought because that was the only way to sit in it, cuddled together—no more telling each other what each one had thought or had seen the children do.

All that was in the past now.

And so, Debbie had thought with sudden bitterness, all our lives there'll be things I don't know about Carrie and Todd, because Eddie will hold the keys.

It was a hard thought, not calculated to help in what everyone kept calling her "wonderful adjustment." She had pushed it away. Now, as she stared at Carrie's scribble to Santa Claus, it came back. And with it came another thought, even worse, because it carried so many memories—of wrapping paper and secret shopping trips, of presents hidden in corner closets, or whispering and laughter and surprise, of the first wonderful Christmas after Carrie was born.

But Christmas was coming again, and she couldn't put it off any longer.

"Carrie," she said slowly, "honey, have you thought what you want to send Daddy for Christmas?"

Across the room, Carrie looked up, puzzled. Finally, she shook her head.

"Well, you think about it," Debbie said. "Maybe a nice sweater. Would you rather get red or blue?"

You mustn't give a child too many choices,

the hardest thing of all

she thought. If you do, she won't understand.

But the frown deepened on Carrie's round face. She rubbed her hand on her forehead. And all of a sudden Debbie knew that her daughter was struggling with her child's mind against some problem bigger than red-or-blue, something much too big to solve alone. She almost ran to Carrie. She caught her up in her arms.

"What is it, baby? What's wrong? Tell Mamma."

And into her hair, her face hidden, Carrie whispered, "Mamma, is Daddy going to be with us all the time? Isn't he going to be with us any more?"

For a moment, Debbie stood quietly, breathlessly still. So it had come at last, the question she had been dreading more than anything else since the night Eddie left home. It had come at last and it had to be answered because Carrie needed to know. But how? What was she to say?

"Someday she'll grow up and read it in the papers, won't she?" a friend had said to Debbie. "She might as well know right now that her Daddy has left her."

"No," Debbie had cried. But afterwards she began to wonder. Mightn't it save anguish later if Carrie's heart belonged all to her? She could be mother *and* father to her children if she tried. But still, even if she were to tell Carrie the truth, what was the truth? How could she put into red-blue terms things she herself didn't understand?

Carefully, she carried Carrie back toward the sofa. "That's a hard question to answer," she began. "You see—your Daddy . . ."

Her voice trailed away. Carrie lifted her head and looked at her mother. But Debbie's eyes were not on her child. They were fixed somewhere else, somewhere far away. And what they saw was not the present but a moment out of the past. *(Continued on page 61)*



"My Daddy loves me," Carrie thought. Debbie always told her that and so had Eddie, on that lovely, too-short visit.

I guess I'm foolish knocking myself out...

hoping she'll come back...

hoping she'll love me...

praying for a miracle.

I guess it's all over.

***I** guess things happen that way*

It was the kiss that did it.

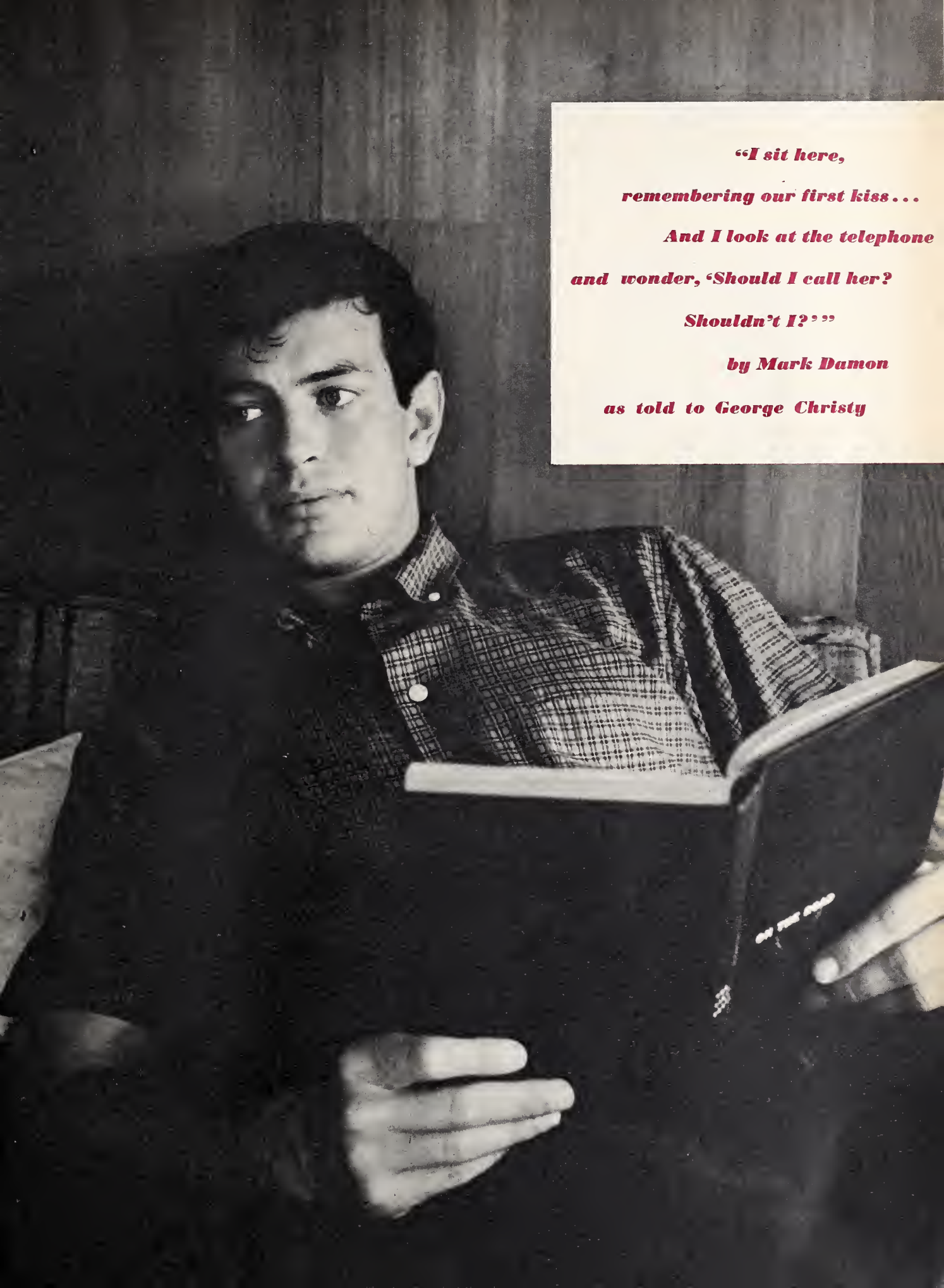
Oh, I had met her a couple of months before in Hollywood, and there was a ticklish sensation in my throat when I saw her. She wasn't beautiful in an Ava Gardner kind of way. She was short with dark hair fluffed softly around her face and with ordinary features. But there was a sweet warmth about her and a low, furry voice that made my spine tingle.

When I ran into her again a couple months later in New York, something in my heart said, "Come on, Mark, don't be scared, take a chance," and I did and asked her for a date. We decided to meet the next day since we both had our afternoons free. Nei-

ther of us was working. We were both interested in acting and had come to New York to study.

Why am I telling you all this? Well, I want you to see what happens to a guy when he falls in love and the ending doesn't turn out at all the way he'd planned.

It was summer, early summer, and the simmering noonday sun of June blazed down upon the streets and sidewalks; and, fools that we were, we met in the heat of the day and went walking along the shady side of Fifth Avenue all the way up to the famous Metropolitan Museum. We tried to guess the names of the different trees (*Continued on page 77*)



***"I sit here,
remembering our first kiss . . .***

***And I look at the telephone
and wonder, 'Should I call her?***

Shouldn't I?' "

by Mark Damon

as told to George Christy

by NINA LARAINÉ

*For nine years the marriage of Cary Grant and Betsy Drake
seemed made in heaven, then suddenly they parted . . .*

"we'll always
love each other but..."

Five minutes. Five minutes on a brilliant August day in 1949. Long enough to tell a story, watch a sunset, buy a handful of flowers. Long enough for Cary Grant and Betsy Drake to fall in love.

And nine years later, on an October day in the middle of a Hollywood heatwave, they insisted they were still in love. But in the next five searing minutes, they sat here together and composed an epitaph for their marriage.

Cary Grant fell in love in five minutes with a plain little girl he didn't know, who wore horn-rimmed glasses and sensible shoes. He fell in love with her in a ship's dining salon through which Elizabeth Taylor had

walked not five minutes before, in which Merle Oberon sat chatting across the table from him.

For a few minutes he saw not one of them. He saw only Betsy Drake.

What was to happen after that neither of them could possibly have imagined. . . .

The Queen Mary was five days out to sea. Cary Grant was on his way home from a holiday in England, where he was born. He had been renewing old friendships—and forgetting the newest of his bad memories. But in forgetting, he could not make them disappear. He smoked too much and drank too much. He stayed up too late at night and had too much trouble (Continued on page 72)



ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING WOMEN IN THE WORLD: **PARI**



Jacqueline Huet—lovely, glamorous, busy! The devoted mother of a young daughter, she is also a successful stage actress and a popular television personality. Her proudest television achievement—a special

show for children she writes herself! "I often feel tired," she says, "I must never show it. I find Pond's Cold Cream acts almost like a 'tranquilizer'—keeps my skin soft and smooth all day long."

SHE'S BUSY YET SHE'S BEAUTIFUL... SHE USES POND'S

● Pond's Cold Cream replaces the inner moisture modern living drains away

● Moisturizes below the surface, and goes on moisturizing long after you tissue it off

● Beautifies as it cleanses, gives your complexion a lovely dewy softness all day



Use Pond's to deep-clean at night—to moisturize your make-up all day

WITH POND'S COLD CREAM YOU NEED NEVER BE TOO BUSY TO BE BEAUTIFUL

6 days before love died

Less than a week before Anna Kashfi Brando decided to divorce Marlon, Photoplay talked to the Brandos in their hilltop home. Here's what they said and how they acted

Near the end of September, just six days before Anna Kashfi Brando tearfully told reporters that her marriage to Marlon was at an end, I rang the bell at 12900 Mulholland Drive where the Brandos lived. A maid opened the door. Right behind her was Marlon himself, with his baby son, Christian, slung over his shoulder.

I looked at Marlon and he looked at me. His hair was tousled, as if he'd been romping with his child. And he seemed sleepy-eyed, with that special kind of dazed expression a father gets when he's been pacing up and down all night trying to quiet a baby.

He was wearing a short-sleeved, knit T-shirt, dirty slacks and sandals. His casual-sloppy dress should have clashed violently with the dazzling porcelain and chrome kitchen we were in (I had threaded my way around Marlon's two-door gray Ford, vintage '53 or '54 and *(Continued on page 64)*)

by EARLE HAWLEY



this page is yours



**Meredith Lynn MacRae, fourteen,
tells what happens
when "THE SECRET" comes out**



Singers Jan and Arnie helped as "bartenders" at the soft-drink bar. We had dancing, too, and some of Daddy's friends turned out to be pretty good at it.



We gave Daddy a giant replica of "The Secret" in honor of his first record with a real beat. There'll be more, he says now. That's my mom, Sheila, at left.

I'll have to confess—though my Daddy is Gordon MacRae, singer and actor, I didn't have any of his records in my collection. Oh, I think Daddy has the most divine voice, but . . . well, songs like "Soliloquy" from "Carousel" just don't have that beat. So when I first heard Daddy's record of "The Secret," I flipped! In fact, I gave a party for Daddy. I asked the kids I go to Buckley School with, and then I invited Daddy's friends, too. For the "older set," we had hors d'oeuvres and cocktails and soft piano music. For my gang, we had a soft-drink bar and a jukebox. Our party was at the California Racquet Club, but with fewer people, our own living room would have been just as much fun. Daddy says his next record with a beat may be "Get Off the Phone, Suzie"—dedicated to yours truly!

DEBBIE REYNOLDS

Continued from page 53

It had been a sunny day. The sky was a shimmering blue, there wasn't a trace of smog in the California morning air, and there were still two weeks before school opened again. A perfect day.

And yet, right in the middle of the wonderful day, sitting on her front step—a little girl named Mary Frances Reynolds was crying as if her heart would break. Even her pigtails were limp with misery.

She had been sitting there twenty minutes when her mother came up the street, arms full with the day's shopping. At the sound of her footsteps, Mary Frances jumped up to catch her and hold her, and bury her face in her skirt.

"Baby, what's wrong?"

"It's not fair," Mary Frances sobbed. "It's not fair. . . ."

Mrs. Reynolds took her into the house, washed her face, smoothed her hair, till the tears stopped coming and the eyes took on a hopeful look. After all, Mama could solve anything.

"Mama," Mary Frances said at last, "they—they won't let me play with them. And it's not fair. I can play almost as good."

"Who, honey?"

Mary Frances gulped. "All those—those old boys. An'—and Bill, too. He said I couldn't."

"Your brother Bill? What did he say you couldn't play?"

Mary Frances' eyes brimmed over with tears again. "Football!" she wailed.

Then she reached for her mother's hand. "I wouldn't care, I wouldn't even care—only I don't know why. I'm nearly as good as they are, honest. It isn't fair. Why won't they?"

Mrs. Reynolds considered. "Well, because boys are just like that. Anyway, you don't want to play football, honey. It's too rough."

"But I do," Mary Frances sobbed. "I do. Why won't they let me?"

Mrs. Reynolds stood up. She reached for her little girl's hand. "I'll tell you what," she said finally. "Never having been a little boy, I can't tell you. But if you'll dry your eyes and come help me fix lunch—when your Daddy comes home, you can ask him."

"Oh," Mary Frances said, her eyes wide. "Oh, sure."

At twelve-thirty her father came home. At five to one, Mrs. Reynolds disappeared tactfully into the kitchen, and Mary Frances turned to her father. "Daddy, why—?"

Her father listened gravely to her tale of woe. Then he began to talk. To tell her about little boys, about how they really did like girls only they were too young to know it yet, about how some day they would be proud to be seen with Mary Frances but right now they were afraid the other boys would call them sissy. Then he stood up. "I have an idea, sweetie. The other boys couldn't call them sissy for playing with you if you were the best football player on the block."

"No," Mary Frances said doubtfully. "But—I'm, well, I'm not that good."

"What you need," said her father, "is some practice."

He didn't have the easiest job in the world; he often liked to take a nap after lunch. But for the rest of the summer, he got up from lunch every day with a football under his arm, and in the back yard of the Reynolds' house—he taught his little girl to play.

The strange thing was—she never did become the best football player on the

block. She never did get, except on very rare occasion, to play with the boys. And somehow it didn't matter at all. Maybe because she understood a little better now why she couldn't. Maybe because school began again and her life was crowded with other things. But mostly because when her Daddy was there, to play with her, to talk to her, to tell her things—she didn't need anything else. Those were the very best two weeks of her whole childhood—and it didn't have anything to do with playing football!

"Just because he was there," Debbie Reynolds found herself whispering out loud, her eyes wet with sudden tears.

"What?" Carrie demanded. "What, Mommy?"

Her voice brought Debbie out of the past. She stared down at her own daughter—only a few years younger than she had been when Bill wouldn't let her play. "But it's not the same," she said. "My father came home every day. Eddie—Eddie's given all that up. How do I know he'll be around when Carrie needs him? Maybe it would be better if she didn't hope and take a chance of being disappointed."

Carrie gazed around the room. "Mommy, who you talking to?"

"To myself, darling," Debbie said. She swept Carrie into her arms. "Come on. I'll make you some lunch."

But all day, as she went about the business of living—the strange, lonely business of living without a husband—it haunted her. *Mommy, isn't Daddy going to be with us always?*

YOUR POSTMASTER SAYS:

"Do your Christmas mailing early"

"Use zone numbers"

"Wrap securely and address packages correctly"

"For distant points, mail by December 10th"

"For local delivery, mail by December 16th"

I have to tell her 'no,' she thought. It would be a lie to say 'yes.' You shouldn't ever lie to a child. I'll make it up to them alone.

But the memories kept flooding in. Silly things, little things. Herself and her mother, waving goodbye to Daddy and Bill as they went out to some forgotten place. She had been a little disappointed at not going—and yet, it made her feel somehow like a woman instead of a child to be left, like a woman, at home—to see her menfolk off. Other things. Bill's face, flushed with pride, saying to a friend, "Wantcha to meet my Dad. . . ." Her mother's voice. "Wait a while. Daddy will fix it when he comes home." Her loneliness when her father went away on a short trip, the feeling that nothing was really right till he came back. Her own voice, chanting through the house, "Daddy's home, Daddy's home, Daddy's home!"

And then, abruptly, the memories stopped. There was something wrong with that last one—something—odd. For a moment Debbie Reynolds stood stock still, trying to place it.

And then she knew.

That high, happy voice out of the past hadn't been hers at all. It was Carrie's voice, her own baby's voice—and she had sung that way when Eddie came home from a night club tour or a business trip or even from a poker game—"Daddy's home, Daddy's home, Daddy's home!" And with it—Todd's joyous laughter, the rosy little arms stretched out to meet Eddie,

and Eddie himself, his face alight with happiness, stooping for his babies, swinging them into the air, digging in his pockets for presents, asking, "Did you miss me, hey? Glad to have me back?" It might have been a lie that Eddie was living all that time with her, Debbie. But his love for his babies had been no lie—no lie at all.

And now the memories were different, suddenly. Eddie's voice instead of her father's, calling twice a day on the long distance phone: "Has that tooth of Todd's started to come through yet? Did you try rubbing his gums some more? How's Carrie's skinned knee? If she's still up, let me say hello. I can't go to sleep without saying good night to my baby. . . ." Eddie changing Todd, feeding him, laughing at pureed carrots on his new jacket, Eddie leaning over a crib to sing his child to sleep, or having the phone placed nearby so he could do it from three thousand miles away.

They were good memories. And they had, suddenly, a very special meaning. They meant that her children, Carrie and Todd, were used to living with separation as she, Debbie, had never been. What would have broken her heart entirely was something they could get used to—if she handled it right. They could still have their father, still leave her free to be only what she knew how to be—a mother. There could, if she would let it be a man's hands, a man's voice in their lives, there could be Todd saying with pride someday: "This is my father."

Or there could be loneliness and shame and disappointment.

There could be Eddie's heart, broken—and her own, torn with bitterness shared with her babies.

And it wasn't necessary—not at all. Because her children hadn't been lost and miserable when Eddie was away, only happy when he came home. And they could go on being happy, just that way.

Debbie Reynolds looked at her watch. In fifteen minutes, Carrie would be getting up from her nap. In fifteen minutes Debbie would go upstairs to her and put her arms around her, and answer the question that had been so hard—and now was suddenly so easy. In words that a child could understand, she would tell her:

"Darling, you remember when Daddy used to go away on a trip? But no matter where he was, he went on loving you and thinking about you and waiting to see you again. Well, it's the same way now. Daddy isn't going to live in this house anymore. But he'll come to see you, he'll sing to you, he'll love you and Todd just like always. Because nothing can ever change that. You wanted to know if Daddy's going to be with you always. Well, the answer is yes. Because it isn't where a person is that counts. It's where his heart is. When you have that, you have everything."

Maybe some of it would be over Carrie's head. Maybe she wouldn't understand it all. It didn't matter. All that mattered was that the answer would be 'yes'—and it wouldn't be a lie. The rest could come later, with time and patience—and for the sake of her own love for her father, for the good that she wanted for Carrie and Todd—she would see that what came later would be free from bitterness and hurt.

With a lighter heart than she had had in days, Debbie Reynolds turned to go to the nursery, to wake her daughter from her nap—to answer the most important question in the world.

—CHARLOTTE DINTER

BE SURE TO SEE DEBBIE IN M-G-M'S "THE MATING GAME" AND EDDIE ON "THE EDDIE FISHER SHOW," ALTERNATE TUESDAYS, 8 TO 9 P.M. E.S.T., ON NBC-TV.

Tape this calendar to your mirror and follow it to

(Continued from page 32)

with the right shade of foundation and face powder. This, no matter what your daytime shade, is pink-y, or rose-toned, for flattery under artificial lights. If your hair and eyes are light, choose makeup in a shade darker than your natural skin tone. With dark hair and eyes, lighter than skin tone makeup. For a pearly, luminous finish, choose powder that is a shade lighter than foundation.

13 No giggling or cackling, please. Make sure your laugh is fun to hear. In fact, be sure *you* are fun to hear. Lower your voice and have it come from as deep in your throat as you can manage. Avoid nasal qualities, pronounce your words distinctly, and think before you speak. Carroll Baker, or Jean Simmons in "The Big Country," are excellent examples of lady-like, easy-on-the-ears speech. For getting out of that corner and meeting everyone at the party, Dolores Hart suggests: "Try passing the hors d'oeuvres (or the franks). With a ready smile and the tray offered, you'll discover that everyone's delighted to see *you*."

14 By now, you should be doing 20 bends to each side. Keep at it, and you'll lose as much as one or two inches by Christmas. Keep at the wardrobe, too. Send soiled things to the cleaner and march any rundown heels off to the shoemaker. Try a rubdown of saddle soap followed by a "shoeshine" on your handbags. To get your hands in shape for holding, begin using hand lotion morning and at night. Apply some, too, to your elbows and the backs of your heels to soften and smooth them. And if you're a career or school girl, the fingers that grip the pen can become badly stained. Rub with cut lemon, watch the stains disappear.

15 Hair beginning to shine? It should if you've been faithful. You should be looking lovelier than ever before, so stand up as tall as you can. Hold your head high, your chin up, your shoulders back and your tummy in. Try this nightly exercise, a great relaxer for tense neck and back muscles. Loll your head around in a circle slowly, then turn it slowly side to side, breathing deeply. Do something unexpected, like surprising your guy with a letter made up of words

clipped from papers, magazines, or hint for an utterly different Christmas gift—say a Japanese print or a single perfect rose or a recording of Marianne Moore's poems. Test yourself: Try describing your likes in 30 words.

16 Your foundation and powder are meant to provide a creamy background for the real excitement—eye makeup and lipstick. These can harmonize with your dress: For blue or green, choose eye shadow, liner and mascara to match, lipstick in a pale, luminous color. With any shade of pink, red or orange, match lipstick carefully to dress, mascara and eyeliner to your eyes, and, for a touch of dazzle, frosted silver or gold shadow. If you're wearing black or white, choose really red lipstick, silvery eye shadow, mascara and liner to blend with your hair. Match nail polish to lipstick or frosted eye shadow for that fancy finish.

17 Time to treat yourself to a lift. Check your wardrobe first on what's really needed for the dates and parties ahead. Would a brightly colored Empire belt give that old dress the spark it needs? Would a fuzzy mohair scarf revamp another outfit? Are a pair of tinted-to-match stockings just the extra touch your party dress needs? When you're shopping, plan on something that will startle *him*—perhaps a pair of madly striped leotards to peek out from your skirt on that casual houseparty or movie date—anything so long as it's different, flattering proof for him you're a gal of many parts.

18 Even if he isn't consciously aware of your perfume, the reaction is there! Choose the scent you like best—it's almost always the one that best reflects your personality. But, because individual body chemistry subtly changes the fragrance, use the testers at cosmetic counters and always try perfume on your own skin. As a foundation for your perfume, spray or splash on matching toilet water generously and all over. Add perfume at your temples, throat, inside your wrists, in the bend of your elbows. If you're going dancing, use perfume on your palms—and the inside hem of dress. You'll move in a whirl of fragrance that's sure to go straight to his head and keep you on his mind.

a Merry Christmas—and your very own gift of beauty

19 American girls are the world's best-dressed, best-looking females, says Jacques Bergerac. He's a globe-trotter and should know. "But when they arrive at a party," he complains, "they just stand there, as if they were saying 'I'm beautiful, fall for me.' Why don't they show a warm, genuine interest in somebody else?" Think about that while you're exercising—20 times to a side now. To better show your interest, you'll want expressive eyebrows. In shaping them, pluck hairs between brows and from underneath, following the natural line just as closely as you possibly can.

20 You're a female, so be feminine. Don't forget about deodorants, they're doubly important for the exciting days ahead. Your legs will look sleeker if you use a depilatory or a razor. If you decide on shaving, dampen and soften hair first with lather. Then shave from the ankle up, holding razor firmly and pressing gently against skin. Take your time, especially at curves, ankle and shin bones. If you do nick yourself, a bit of tissue paper will take care of bleeding. Apply hand lotion afterwards to soften skin.

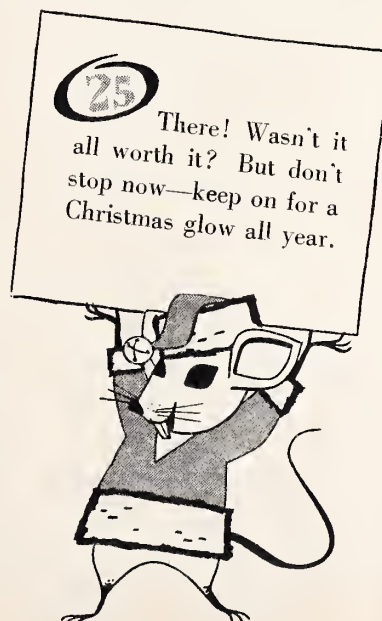
21 Decide when your hair looks and behaves best—two or three days after washing or immediately after. Schedule your pre-party shampoo accordingly. From now on, get in the holiday mood by wearing only the clothes that are flattering and fun. Take a tip from Sandra Dee and the manners she displayed in "The Reluctant Debutante." In your new, softer voice, practice the pleases, pardons and thank-yous on your family. The little courtesies can make you feel so-o-o feminine. So why not wait for him to open the door or help you out of the car. Act like a lady and he'll rush to treat you like one. So begin today—right now.

22 Have fun with color—but remember that when you're choosing a hue your skin tones are as important as your hair coloring. A dark skin, whether topped by blond or brunette hair, can turn sallow with yellow or too-dead neutrals. Brighten the grays and beiges with touches of white or pastels.

or that always-right strand of pearls. And remember that the colors grandmother would never have mixed are now the height of fashion when they're put together—brown with black, blue with green, sundry shades of orange, pink and red. Anything Van Gogh did you can do.

23 Have a dress rehearsal, from head to toe, and then heed these words from Martha Hyer: "A smartly dressed woman stands before the mirror before she goes out—and then takes off something, a pin or necklace or frou-frou too much." Rescue your possessions from the cleaner's and shoemaker's and make sure everything's in good order—underthings laundered, dress clean and pressed, hemline straight, buttons secure, shoes heeled and polished, gloves spanking fresh, jewelry clasps working. Inspection passed? Then retire to the last chapters of your book and a good night's rest.

24 Ready or not, here it comes. If your heart is light, your head filled with ideas for talk, you're ready. Your legs should be sleek, your waist whittled, your elbows smooth. Your hair should shine, your nose should not. Give yourself plenty of time to bathe, make up and dress. Try this model's tip from Carol Lynley: When you're ready to slip on your dress, protect makeup and hairdo by tying a scarf sack-like around your face and head. If he brings you flowers—and you deserve them—pin them to your bra strap for security. Or, if the bosom of your dress is too detailed, wear them at waist. And have fun! You look beautiful!



MARLON BRANDO

Continued from page 59

past Anna's two-door, '58, salmon-colored Chevy, to get to the side entrance of the house; that's why we were in the kitchen), but somehow it didn't. Maybe it was because the baby's bottle was warming in a saucepan on the oversized range; or maybe it was the way Marlon was jiggling the child on his shoulder; or perhaps it was just that he was relaxed and *at home*. Anvhow, the scene seemed exactly right.

Marlon carefully shifted Christian from his right shoulder to his left, cradling the back of the child's head as he did so to give the maximum support. He murmured something to the baby and the infant gurgled. Marlon laughed. He motioned to the maid to take Christian into the living room. Then he turned to me.

I stuck out my hand and introduced myself. He took my hand and grasped it firmly. I explained that I had an appointment to interview his wife, and added that I'd like very much to interview him, too. For a moment he didn't say a word. He walked over to the stove and turned the gas off under the baby's bottle. Then he looked at me and said, "I'm sorry. I never give personal interviews." I tried to make him change his mind, but he just smiled, shook his head no, and showed me into the living room.

At the doorway we stopped and Marlon gestured towards some soft Japanese sandals on the floor. I took off my shoes and slipped into the sandals. As I stood up again, a very pretty, dark-haired girl, Anna Kashfi Brando, came across the room toward me, sort of balancing Christian on one hip. She was wearing white shorts, a green and white striped blouse, open at the neck, and was barefoot (although her toenails were painted with silver polish). We introduced ourselves and she invited me to sit down.

Meanwhile, Marlon had gone into the kitchen and returned with the baby's bottle. Anna had seated herself on a huge teakwood chair which had brilliant red brocade upholstery. There was another like it a few feet away from Anna's, at one of the corners of a large, square teakwood coffee table, and I sat down. Christian began to kick his legs and wave his arms. Marlon quickly gave Anna the bottle and she eased it gently into the baby's mouth. They both watched the infant until it was feeding contentedly. Then Marlon excused himself and left the room.

Anna said something to me but I couldn't hear what she said. I suddenly realized the hi-fi set was going full blast. Through the noise I gathered she was saying, "Marlon forgets to turn it off"—and I went over and flicked off the switch. On the way back, I noticed how soft and white the throw rugs on the floor were, and how highly polished the black-painted plank flooring seemed. In one corner I saw a tall pile of square pillows with Japanese symbols on them, and next to these two small, wooden headrests for guests to lean on when they sat on the pillows. But most of all, I noticed Anna and the baby, the way she gazed down tenderly at the child, the way the infant fixed his eyes on her face.

Now that the hi-fi set was no longer blaring, the soft tinkle of Japanese temple bells could be heard from the Oriental garden outside. From the living room, the rocks in the garden, with their Japanese inscriptions, looked like waves. Once in a while the babble of the little stream that ran under the bridges in the

garden fused with the tinkle of the temple bells. All was peaceful, outside and inside, all was calm.

"Isn't he a wonderful baby?" Anna asked, breaking the silence.

I nodded and said that she and the baby were something out of a painting, a Madonna and Child in a Japanese setting.

"They say motherhood becomes a woman," she replied, smiling shyly.

"How much does he weigh now?" I asked.

"About fourteen pounds, I think. And he's not four months old yet. He was just seven pounds, five ounces when he was born." And then she added, proudly, with a quick smile. "But he has an awfully big appetite."

For a while she chatted on about formulas, and sleeping habits, and breast-feeding versus bottle-feeding. "I breast fed him for about a month," she said. "It's supposed to be better for them. But then I got upset by something. And after that I developed a kidney infection and I had to stop. I felt so close to him while I was feeding him by breast. I hated to stop."

When she said "got upset by something," the expression on her face changed completely, as if a cloud were momentarily passing over the sun. I started to question her about it, but changed my mind and asked instead, "And how about Marlon? Have you initiated him into the mysteries of fatherhood?"

Anna laughed. "I certainly have. He's even learned how to change diapers. He's a wonderful daddy. You should see him with the baby. He cuddles Christian, he plays with him, he talks to him. Honestly, there are times when he ignores me completely and only pays attention to the baby."

Again her smile faded for a second, and then she went on. "Marlon had brought home all kinds of stuffed animals for him—elephants, dogs, cats, Teddy bears. And one enormous lion that's several times bigger than the baby."

The bottle slipped from Christian's mouth. She eased it up again for him. He began to drink once more.

"Marlon gets home from the studio about seven and goes straight to the baby's room," she continued. "He lifts him up in the air, he tickles him, he sings and coos to him—I can't get him out of there until the baby falls asleep. Then he first says hello to me and we have supper."

Christian had finished his bottle. Anna raised him to her shoulder and began steadily patting his back. He made a sound that I barely heard but his mother laughed. "That does it," she said, and perched him on her knee.

"Are you ready for nap time now," she asked. "Are you full, little baby? Did you have enough to eat?" Christian waved his arms excitedly, trying to catch Anna's face in his hands.

As I tagged along with Anna and the baby to the nursery, I got a quick, unofficial tour of the house. The dining room was small, with a very low table in the center where guests kneel down to eat. The Brandos' bedroom was all done in mauve tones. The one striking piece of furniture in it was the large, Emperor-size, double bed, low to the floor, with a delicately carved, ivory panel fitted in the headboard. The nursery itself was a converted den where Christian was separated from his parents' bedroom by screens. In fact, the entire house was filled with these beautiful hand-painted Japanese screens. They were lovely.

Back in the living room, after the baby had been put to bed, we talked about Marlon. "He loves children," Anna said, "he loves them very much." For a moment she stopped and looked out at the garden. We could both hear the temple bells ring-

ing in the Japanese dwarf tree. Then she continued, but the tone of her voice had changed. Perhaps it was just my imagination, but I don't think so. Now it was a little pensive; yes, and a little desperate. "We hope to have more children. Boys and girls. Lots of them." And then her voice trailed off almost to a whisper.

She changed the subject abruptly. "Marlon lets me do anything I want," she asserted. From the way she said it, I couldn't tell whether she was pleased about this, or complaining. Then she went on to talk about a variety of things: the role she was playing in a new M-G-M picture, "Night of the Quarter Moon"; the way newspapers handle stories about Hollywood marriages; the stupidity of racial prejudice; and much more. But all the time she was talking, skipping from one topic to another, I had the strange feeling that she was talking at me and not to me, that somehow she just wasn't there. Once she jumped as she heard the sputtering sound of a car starting outside. "It can get so lonesome up here," she said. "I can never get used to it."

The maid interrupted us by bringing in some Japanese green tea. It was very good.

When we'd finished, Anna returned to her "loneliness" theme. During the summer, while Marlon had been busy making "One-Eyed Jacks," a picture in which he stars, and which he has largely written, directed and produced himself. Anna had taken a course in Philosophy at U.C.L.A. She rode to classes with Phyllis Hudson; and Phyllis was a frequent caller at the Brando home, offering Anna companionship when Marlon was away.

"The philosophy course was fun," Anna said, "and I hope to take more. If I'm not tied up on a picture—and of course, if I'm not tied down too much with the baby at home—I'd like to take other classes."

But this was getting far away from Anna and Marlon, so I asked, "Do you and Marlon have a chance to get out much now?"

"We can get out occasionally," she said. "Did I tell you about our visits to the new 'beat generation' hangouts?"

It seemed she and Marlon had recently visited two of these sawdust strewn clubs, one, called "Cosmo Alley," in a Hollywood back alley, the other, "The Unicorn," on the Sunset Strip.

"I saw all those girls with their long, dirty hair, and with tons and tons of black eye shadow. And we saw one skeleton-like old man reading poetry to a jazz background. He looked like he was dead."

"You don't dig this 'Beat Generation' then?" I asked.

"Not at all. I think it's a lot of hooey. As far as I'm concerned, what those 'beats' seem to need most of all is a good bath."

Anna sort of shuddered as she said this, as if the memory of the "characters" in the "beat dives" was something very distasteful to her.

"What about Marlon?" I asked. "Does he dig that kind of people?"

For a moment she hesitated and then answered, "I don't think so. No, I'm sure. He doesn't like them." The way she said it, it sounded like she was trying hard to convince herself.

It had grown dark outside. In the kitchen I could hear the maid preparing dinner. There were no sounds from any other part of the house. Just the bustling in the kitchen and the soft tinkle of the temple bells outside.

Anna walked with me to my car. The ground outside the house was still hot, but it didn't seem to bother her, although her feet were still bare.

Continued on page 66

HELPFUL BOOKS

For the homemaker

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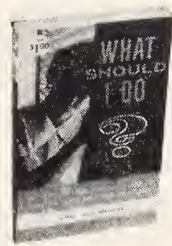
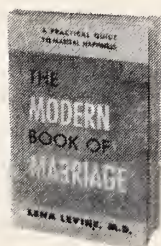
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She stood near my car for a moment, looking up at the wild hills that surrounded her house. "Do you know," she said, "I think we have mountain lions or bobcats up here in these hills. I can hear them screaming at night."

"Do they frighten you," I asked.

"Not when Marlon is here," she answered. "I'm not scared when Marlon is here."

We both looked over at the parking area. Anna's Chevy, with a baby seat hooked over the back of the front seat, was still there. But Marlon's Ford was gone.

I said goodbye and Anna turned away. As I swung my car around, the headlights shone directly on her for a few seconds. She seemed very small, suddenly; small and helpless.

In the next few days I tried twice to write the story of that interview with Anna Kashfi Brando. The theme was always the same, the happiness of a wife and mother, but somewhere along the line something always went wrong. Little things Anna had said . . . and the memory of the expressions of sadness and strain that had flitted across her face . . . blotted out what I was trying to put down on paper: "But then I got upset by something" . . . "There are times when he ignores me completely" . . . "Then he first says hello to me" . . . "It can get so lonely up here. I never get used to it" . . . "I'm not scared when Marlon is here."

Then, on the morning of September 30th, I picked up the morning paper and read the headline: Anna Brands Brando Truant Hubby, Quits. The story said that Anna was suing Marlon for divorce. "This is final," she declared. "I can no longer take his indifference and neglect and his strange way of living. I will charge desertion and cruelty."

The article went on to state that Anna had lost much weight—she was down to 100 pounds—and was taking tests for a heart condition, which she maintained Marlon knew about.

"Naturally, in my present condition I'm frightened. To whom but my husband should I turn for comfort. But how can I—he is never there," she added.

I called the Brandos' private number at their house on the hill at 12900 Mulholland Drive, but it had been disconnected. From friends, I learned that Anna was staying at Phyllis Hudson's house, but I was unable to reach her.

As for Marlon, no one knew where he was. And besides, it was almost certain

that he wouldn't talk about his personal troubles.

Nevertheless, just on a hunch, I drove over to The Unicorn, one of the "beat" joints that Anna and Marlon had visited together. I walked up a single step into a small room. It was very dark inside, the only lights being from candles on the four tables that lined one side. The walls were covered with modern paintings—mostly nudes and clowns. A young fellow with a crew cut was playing on an upright piano. The tables were crowded—fellows with beards and girls in leotards—and the place was filled with music, talk and smoke.

The piano player told me that Marlon used to come here pretty often when the place first opened but that he doesn't come any more. I sat down at one of the tables—it was early and there was still room to sit down—and ordered Italian coffee and pastry. A young fellow in faded blue jeans and a black sweater sat down next to me.

"Heard you ask about Marlon," he said. "What do you want with him?"

"Just trying to find out where I might get in touch with him," I answered. "I want to ask him some questions."

"What kind of questions?" he asked.

"Questions for an article I'm writing," I answered.

He laughed. "Oh, that kind of questions. Give up. Even if you catch up with him, he'll never answer you. Why don't you ask me about him? I used to know him very well. But let's get out of here and go where we can get a drink."

So we went to Cosmo Alley, the other "beat" club that Anna and Marlon had gone to. We entered through a narrow alley, and although it was on the street level, I felt like we had gone down into a murky cellar. The main room was jammed with tiny tables, four chairs to the table, and most of them were filled. The lighting was just as poor here as it had been at The Unicorn, except that it came from orange colored discs hanging from the ceiling. The main wall was of red brick, on which a mural had been started and left unfinished.

We sat down and my new-found friend ordered wine while I asked for a beer. The waiter disappeared through a hole in the wall, a hole that looked like it had been made by a cannon. In a still smaller room in back I could see a jazz combo playing. The noise was deafening.

"Marlon digs this place the most," my companion said.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Everybody calls me Ned," he answered. "That's not my name but it'll do. You're probably wondering if I really know Marlon or whether I'm just trying to mooch drinks from you. Well, I do know him and I am trying to mooch drinks." And then he started to tell me about Brando.

As he talked, recalling first the old days when he had first met Marlon in New York, telling me about the parties they used to go to in Greenwich Village, filling me in on the details about Marlon's early days in Hollywood, and bringing me up to the present, any doubt I had about whether Ned really knew Marlon faded. And in trying to find out what had gone wrong between Anna and Marlon, a few things Ned said stood out above all the rest.

Marlon wasn't a "beat" character, Ned declared. He had been attracted by the way the poets and the would-be actors and the artists and the folk singers were trying to live their own lives, trying to remain individuals in a world where everyone was becoming more and more like everyone else. But Marlon had found, Ned said, that there were as many phonies among the "beat" characters as there were among the people who made moving pictures. And their protest against society, their rebelliousness, was all out of the same mold, as predictable as were the habits and the actions of the most conservative pillars of the community.

So Marlon had come, had seen, and had walked away. Not back to conformity, not back to ease and comfort, but to his own private, desperate fight to find meaning in the world around him.

"Marlon's a great guy," Ned said. "Warm. Friendly. Sympathetic. But he's as sensitive as the litmus paper we used to use in chemical experiments in high school. You know the stuff. Just a tiny change in the temperature and it reacts. That's Marlon. He's tortured by himself. He seeks perfection. And in this crazy, beat-up world he'll never find it."

Ned swallowed a glass of wine at one gulp. "I'm sure Marlon loved Anna in the beginning. Maybe he still loves her. And I know he's crazy about his kid. But he's not a pipe and slippers kind of guy. He's always searching for something: new people, new ideas, new places, new answers to old questions, new answers to new questions. He gets a bee in his bonnet and just takes off. For a woman to love Marlon is okay; for her to want to tie him down and housebreak him is impossible. He's too restless, too driven. He's . . . he's . . . well, he's just Marlon."

A girl came up to the table, a pretty girl with black bangs and a bright red sweater. "Ned, honey," she said, "you've been ignoring me. Let's you and me dance."

He lifted the whole bottle of wine to his lips and gulped it down. Then he got up to dance.

"That's all there is, pops," he said. "There is no more. A guy that can't ever find peace within himself—that guy should never marry. A woman doesn't change a fellow like that. Nothing changes him. He's gotta keep running round in circles. I know how it is. And I'm sorry for him. I'm sorry for Marlon."

And then he and the girl danced away and the jazz seemed to get louder until I just had to get out into the air.

"Poor Marlon," I thought, "poor Anna, poor Christian." And then I went home to write my article.

THE END

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(Signed) MEYER DWORKIN, Secretary-Treasurer

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1958.

(SEAL)

TULLIO MUCELLI, Notary Public
State of New York No. 63-8045500
Qualified in Bronx Co.
Cert. Filed in New York Co.
Commission Expires March 30, 1960

MARLON WILL SOON APPEAR IN PARAMOUNT'S "ONE-EYED JACKS" AND ANNA IN M-G-M'S "NIGHT OF THE QUARTER MOON."

ELVIS PRESLEY

Continued from page 41

had been taking German lessons from a young girl he had met, but somehow the hard "ch" sounds of this strange language just didn't go well with his own soft Southern drawl. And he didn't dare to try his German on anyone but his teacher. "Sir, could you please tell me if Flight 104-A is on time?" Elvis asked.

"Right on time," the man answered. "Be here in about seventeen minutes."

"Thank you. And could I trouble you for one other thing? Do you have a list of the passengers?"

"Yes."

"Well, would you mind checking to see if two people are on the plane? Their name is Presley, Vernon E. Presley. And Mrs. Minnie Presley. Thank you."

The man ran his finger down the list and then said, "Ah. Here they are. Presley, Vernon and Minnie."

Elvis thanked the clerk again and returned to the bench. He watched a German family—three kids and a father and mother—crowd around a phone booth. One of the kids, a little boy, was trying to push into the booth to be with his father, and the mother was tugging him back. The whole family seemed to be talking at once. They were talking too fast for him to understand even one word, but the scene didn't need words: It was the same in any language.

Somehow it reminded him of the call he had made to Memphis a week or so before. He had stood in line at the PX, waiting his turn at the phone. He had placed the call earlier in the day so as not to tie up the one long-distance phone too long. So, it took only a couple of minutes before he heard his father's voice on the other end of the wire.

"When are you and Grandma coming over, Dad?" he asked. "I miss both of you very much."

His father had sounded so sad on the phone, sad and kind of flat—as if he just didn't care. He gave all sorts of reasons why they shouldn't make the trip, but the one reason that really counted he never mentioned. His dad had never been able to say what was in his heart.

So he had to answer his father's objections. And in one rush of words he said, "Look, I do get time off and I can be with you, especially on those nights when I'm not on duty . . . and Grandma can make the trip . . . she's stronger than me. I've already made reservations at a hotel in a place near the base. It's in a town called Bad Nauheim . . . but it's not *bad*, it's good. A couple of rooms in a hotel, with a kitchen even—where Grandma can cook."

He had paused for breath for a moment but there was no sound from the other end. It was a family joke, it always got a laugh, about Grandma's cooking. Not that she couldn't cook; she certainly could. But even though his Dad and Ma had been married twenty-five years, and he and Dad had loved Ma's cooking, Grandma Minnie—Dad's own ma—was convinced that Vernon wasn't getting the right sort of victuals, that her daughter-in-law Gladys just wasn't a good enough cook for her boy. The fact that Dad was tall and husky—and always came back for second helpings at every meal—didn't seem to make a bit of difference.

"Dad, are you still there?" he said into the phone.

"I'm still here," his father answered. And then he had said what he didn't want to say, but had to. "Dad . . . Dad . . . one of the last things that Mom said to you—you told me so yourself—was that

you and I should always be together. And you promised her we would be. Remember? Well, I want you to come. Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without you and Grandma here. And Mom would have wanted it."

There were a few seconds of silence and then his father's voice, huskier than usual, said, "All right, son, Grandma and me will be there."

"*Achtung! Achtung!*" the words blared out from the waiting-room loudspeaker and Elvis jumped to his feet. From the information desk the clerk smiled at him, nodded, and pointed towards the door that led out to the field. Elvis hurried to the entrance and ran to the barrier that surrounded the runways. The Constellation landed. It touched ground, slowed abruptly to a stop, turned around and taxied towards the barrier. The portable steps were pushed out next to the plane, the side door opened and the passengers began to descend.

Ah, there was Dad and Grandma. Grandma's sixty-five but she's walking like a girl, as if she had just been out for a spin in a car. But Dad, Dad, he looks gray and tired . . . so tired.

Elvis lifted his grandmother off her feet as she came through Customs.

"Put me down. Put me down," she laughed. "I'm not one of your girlfriends. Why, I'm old enough to be . . . to be . . . your grandmother. Besides you'll muss my new clothes."

"Just like a woman," Elvis said, and set her gently back to the ground. And then he turned to greet his father.

Vernon Presley pushed his son on the shoulder. Elvis made a gesture as if to push him back, then let his hand fall. "The last time I hit you back, you couldn't move your arm for a week," he said.

"But you were only eleven then," his father said, laughing. "You've gotten weaker ever since." And then they embraced.

In the cab on their way to Bad Nauheim, Elvis and his grandmother did most of the talking. Vernon Presley gazed out of the window, seeing but not-seeing at the same time.

"You've lost weight," his grandmother said. "You father says there's a kitchen where we're staying. I'm going to cook you some real Tupelo meals."

"But I've gained weight," Elvis laughed. Elvis' father looked at his son. "You haven't changed. Not a bit." And then he smiled.

The next day Elvis phoned his dad and grandmother twice when he had a break from his duties. He arranged to drive over from the base at Friedberg to Bad Nauheim to eat dinner with his family. Minnie Presley had spent hours in the kitchen, but she wasn't satisfied. "Would you believe me, we couldn't find hominy, corn pone, or okra in the whole town."

After dinner, Elvis had to go back to camp. He told his father and grandmother he would see them the following night, and that he would take them to a restaurant for some "real German food." "Not that it's as good as yours, Grandma," he hastily added, "but it's good for us Americans to get to know other people." He also told them that the Army had scheduled a press conference for all the Presleys. "You're kind of unofficial ambassadors from home," he said, "and the Army folks here want to show you off."

The press conference went off well. Minnie Presley had had her hair fixed that afternoon and she had put on her best dress. "I never felt so important in my life," she laughed, as the reporters asked her questions and snapped her picture. One of the newspapermen asked Vernon Presley how long he planned to stay in Germany.

"I would say it probably will be a temporary stay," he answered. "But we like Germany. The people are okay and very nice." Shortly after that the press conference ended.

The three Presleys ate dinner in a little restaurant near the hotel. Then Grandma complained about feeling a little tired "from all the excitement" and they took her back to the hotel.

"Sleepy, Dad?" Elvis asked his father. "Not very," Vernon answered. "Besides, I don't sleep too good these days."

"Me neither," Elvis said. "Let's take a walk."

Father and son strolled through the streets of Bad Nauheim. They came to a little park and sat down on a wooden bench. For a while they watched the people passing. Couples would come down the path in the darkness, be silhouetted for a second in the glow of a lamplight, and disappear again into the darkness.

"Everybody seems to have someone," said Elvis' father, and then he buried his head in his hands.

Elvis reached out towards his father and then drew back. And suddenly he began to talk, slowly, with great effort. "Back there at the press conference . . . you said you might not stay in Germany long. I wanted to stop you and tell you that you must stay. But I couldn't. Not in front of all those people. Sure, Mom wanted us to be together. She'd especially want this at Christmas. But that's not the main reason. The main reason . . . well . . . the main reason is that I need you. I want you here."

Vernon Presley sat up slowly on the bench and looked at his son. He started to interrupt but Elvis went on anyway, as if he wouldn't be able to say all he had to say once he stopped.

"Grandma told me how it's been with you. Walking from room to room in that big house in Memphis. Walking and walking and walking. The same house but not the same. Not the same without Mom there."

Again Vernon Presley tried to say something and again Elvis stopped him. "Well, it's been hard for me too. Sure, I get up early in the morning. Earlier than I ever did before in my life. And I work hard all day. But it doesn't matter. I go to bed when the others do. They're asleep as soon as they hit the sack. But I stay awake . . . I think of Mom . . . and I think of you. I try not to. I try to go to sleep, even try counting sheep. But it doesn't work. Then I try to remember the names of all the places I've ever sung in. And just when I've gotten started, I'll remember Mama's face."

Elvis stopped and looked into the darkness, and then he went on. "You taught me to pray—you and Mama. And you taught me that God has a reason for everything he does . . . that death isn't the end and life goes on. I believe that. Mom believed it. You must believe it too."

Vernon sat quietly. Then he spoke. "I was remembering last Christmas. Last Christmas in Memphis. And how Gladys said that no matter what, at Christmas we must always be together. And now she won't be here."

"But she will," Elvis answered. "This Christmas you, Grandma, me and Mom will be together. We can't forget her, not for even an hour, so she is with us, she will be with us. As long as you and I are together, she's here. Please stay."

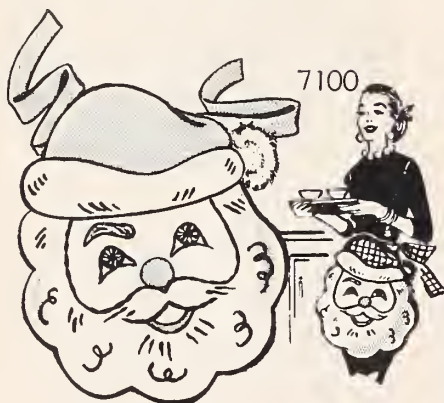
"I never heard you put so many words together so good since you tried to convince your Ma you didn't steal those Coke bottles when you were five," Mr. Presley said, smiling a little. "There's certain things I should be taking care of at home. But if I can put them off, or get someone else to do them, I'll stay."

YOUR NEEDLECRAFT

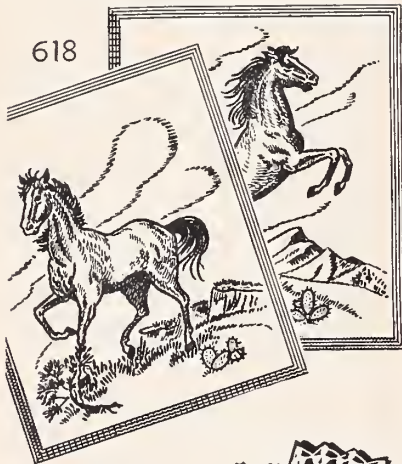


Betta St. John sews her own last-minute Christmas gifts.

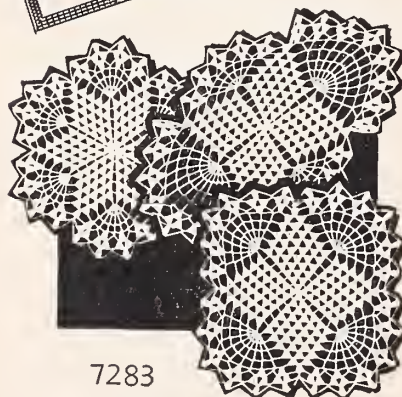
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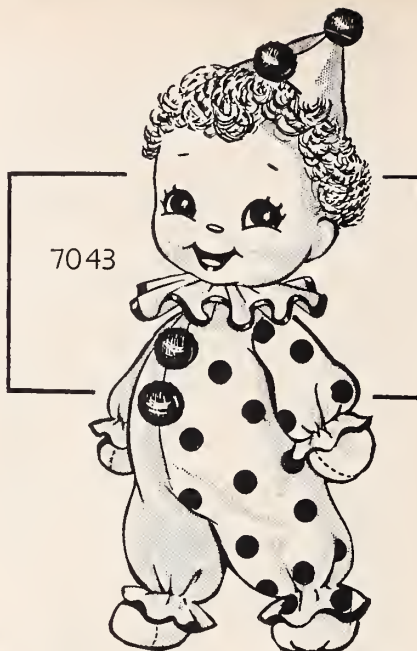
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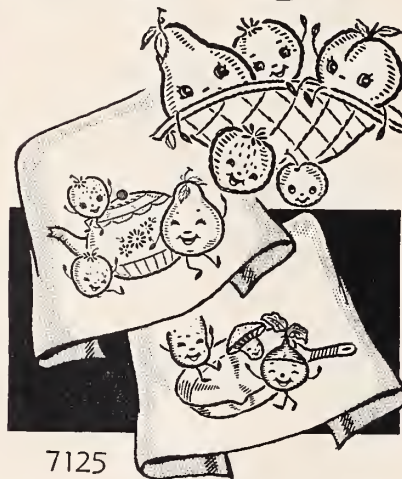
618



7283



7043



7125

7043—He'll just fit into a toddler's Christmas stocking! Make this 12-inch clown from a man's cotton sock. Pattern, directions, using remnants.

7100—Cheery "Santa" apron makes a handy helper during the holidays. Directions, embroidery and applique transfers for 17-inch long apron.

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618—Be an artist with your needle. Simple embroidery makes these beautiful pictures. Transfer of two pictures 9½ x 11¾ inches. Color chart.

7283—Three little doilies to crochet for a thoughtful gift. Directions for 9-inch square doily, 9½-inch round, 8½ x 13½-inch oval.

He shook his head. "That's not the way I want it to sound at all. You say you need me. I know I need you. We'll stay . . . if I can swing it back home."

Elvis smacked one hand against the other, like he always did when he was excited. "Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to buy a house for us here. Don't laugh. I'm serious. No, I won't be getting special treatment. Anyone in the outfit can live off the post when he's not on duty. I'll be with you lots of nights and on my days off."

His father interrupted him. "Do you think there'll be snow by Christmas?"

"You're trying to change the subject," Elvis said. "Yes, there'll be snow. There better be snow. I've never seen snow at Christmas."

"I haven't either," said his dad.

"Well," said Elvis, laughing out loud, "there'll be snow all around our house. And early in the morning on the day before Christmas we'll go over to one of the villages and go to church. That'll be about four or five in the morning. All the villagers will be walking along with lanterns to the church."

"We'll set up a tree in the living room of the house. And we'll put candles on it—not light bulbs—and lots of tinsel. Then we'll put the presents around it. Not wrapped. That's the custom here. Maybe Frieda—that's the girl who's helping me with my German—can get away from her family and come over too."

"We'll eat at about six. Fish—carp from the Rhine—and stuffed goose and red cabbage and mashed potatoes and Christmas cookies."

"If I know your Grandmother," Mr. Presley said, "by that time she'll have found out where to get blackeyed peas and okra and corn pone . . . and we'll have that, too."

Elvis laughed. "After dinner, we'll go into the living-room. But before we go in, we'll say the Lord's Prayer . . . people here call it the *Vater Unser* . . . and then we'll sing carols like Mom and I did last year. Some of the boys from camp will come. When we're done carolling, we'll open the doors and go into the living room. You'll light the candles and wrap a piece of bread in silver paper and put it on the tree. That's so we'll always have bread in the year to come. Then we open the presents."

Elvis' father shivered a little. "Maybe it's going to snow before Christmas," he said softly.

They got up to go. As they passed the village square, they saw a roped-off section with a load of straw on the ground. "They get started way ahead of time here," Elvis said. "They're going to build a small manger there, with real live animals in the little barn. Frieda tells me that Christmas is a very religious season here. It's really three days—the 24th for celebration, the 25th for prayer, and the 26th, St. Stephen's Day, for prayer and celebration."

They walked on, stopping finally in front of the hotel. "All those things you've said about the way it is here at Christmas, Elvis. Your mother, your mother would have loved it."

Elvis clapped his father affectionately on the shoulder. "I know," he said.

Mr. Presley paused at the entrance to the hotel and smiled. "Good night," he called. "Good night, son."

"Good night, Dad," Elvis answered. "Sleep well." He walked back to camp, sniffing at the sudden crispness in the air. Perhaps there really would be snow by Christmas.

When he arrived at the barracks, he went to his bunk, undressed, slipped under the covers, and for the first time in a long while he fell asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow. —JIM HOFFMAN

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ON THE RECORD

continued from page 13

story. "Goodbye and good luck," he said. "May God bless you and bring you ever closer to the Lord."

Be sure and tell Santa to fill your Christmas stocking with the following: To Know Him Is To Love Him

Teddy Bears, Dore

It's Only Make Believe

Conway Twitty, M-G-M

I'll Remember Tonight—Pat Boone, Dot
Poor Boy—The Royal Tones, Jubilee
Love Is All We Need

Tommy Edwards, M-G-M

Mr. Success—Frank Sinatra, Capitol
Lonesome Town—Rick Nelson, Imperial
Call Me—Johnny Mathis, Columbia
Non Dimenticar—Nat Cole, Capitol
A Lover's Question

Clyde McPhatter, Atlantic

Topsy Part II — Cozy Cole, Love

So, while you're asking Mr. Claus to beg-borrow-or-steal these discs for you, we'll make a prediction that you'll be hearing lots more from the artists.

"It's only make believe" that Conway Twitty's really called that. He was born Harold Jenkins in Mississippi and was singing over the air by the time he was ten. At twelve he'd formed his own band and had his own radio show. When he returned after Far East service with the Army, Tabby West grabbed him for "Ozark Jubilee." . . . To know them is to love them—the Teddy Bears, that is. Eighteen-year-old Phil Spector composed this new hit and he plus Anette Kleinbar and Marshal Leib make up the trio. The teenagers met at Fairfax high school in Los Angeles and their current record is their first crack at show business. Sweet-voiced Anette who's sixteen wants a career in psychology, Phil is studying to be a court reporter and Marshal, a star athlete in high school, now attends Los Angeles City College where he is studying law and music.

Breathes there a girl with heart so dead who hasn't once sighed about Frank Sinatra, "I feel as if he's singing right to me!" Well, for a real bang-up taste of what this means, we suggest you listen to Frankie's new "Only for the Lonely" Capitol album. THE END

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| 5. Alan Ladd | 148. Robert Wagner | 231. Don Murray | 271. Erin O'Brien |
| 9. Esther Williams | 149. Russ Tamblyn | 233. Pat Wayne | 272. Sandra Dee |
| 11. Elizabeth Taylor | 150. Jeff Hunter | 234. Carroll Baker | 273. Lili Gintle |
| 15. Frank Sinatra | 152. Marge and Gower Champion | 235. Anita Ekberg | 274. Robert Culp |
| 18. Rory Calhoun | 175. Charlton Heston | 236. Corey Allen | 275. Michael Ansara |
| 19. Peter Lawford | 179. Julius La Rosa | 240. Patti Page | 276. Jack Kelly |
| 22. Burt Lancaster | 180. Lucille Ball | 241. Lawrence Welk | 277. Darlene Gillespie |
| 25. Dale Evans | 182. Jack Webb | 243. Larry Dean | 278. Annette Funicello |
| 33. Gene Autry | 185. Richard Egan | 244. Buddy Merrill | 279. David Stollery |
| 34. Roy Rogers | 187. Jeff Richards | 245. Hugh O'Brien | 280. Tim Considine |
| 51. Doris Day | 191. Robert Taylor | 246. Jim Arness | 281. Nick Todd |
| 56. Perry Como | 192. Jean Simmons | 247. Sanford Clark | 282. Johnny Mathis |
| 57. Bill Holden | 194. Audrey Hepburn | 248. Vera Miles | 283. David Nelson |
| 66. Gordon MacRae | 198. Gale Storm | 249. John Soxon | 284. Shirley Temple |
| 67. Ann Blyth | 202. George Nader | 250. Dean Stockwell | 285. Pat Conway |
| 74. John Wayne | 205. Ann Sothern | 252. Warren Berlinger | 286. Bob Horton |
| 78. Audie Murphy | 207. Eddie Fisher | 253. James MacArthur | 287. John Payne |
| 84. Janet Leigh | 209. Liberace | 254. Nick Adams | 288. David Janssen |
| 86. Farley Granger | 212. Grace Kelly | 255. John Kerr | 289. Dick Clark |
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| 109. Dean Martin | 215. Kim Novak | 258. Luana Patten | 292. Jimmie Rodgers |
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| 117. Terry Moore | 220. Dewey Martin | 260. Tom Tryon | 294. Frankie Avalon |
| 121. Tony Curtis | 221. Joan Collins | 261. Tommy Sands | 295. John Gavin |
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| 139. Debra Paget | 225. Elvis Presley | 265. Faron Young | 299. Teddy Randazzo |
| 140. Dale Robertson | 227. Tony Perkins | 266. Jerry Lee Lewis | 300. Paul Anka |
| 141. Marilyn Monroe | 228. Clint Walker | 267. Ferlin Husky | 301. Peter Brown |
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A REAL GONE YEAR

Continued from page 46

to finish its turn on the record player. But before I flip that page on the calendar there's a lot of 1958 still filling the air with excitement—and with so much music you'd think they'd run out of names for the new songs and singers. Natch, they don't. But somebody's imagination was working overtime when they named that singing team "Dicky Doo and the Don'ts." And my nomination for the absolutely wildest song title—once I'd learned to pronounce "Nel Blu Dipinto Di Blu"—was a little number called "There's a Fungus Among Us."

Gosh, it really has been an exciting 365 days. It's been fun, too. That's probably the reason it all flew by like a flash. For instance, some seven hundred hours of television (almost four hundred and twenty on ABC-TV) went like—well, like that. "That's" usually a finger snap on TV, but in print—you know what I mean. Then on "American Bandstand" and on our Saturday night show we've welcomed over eight hundred guest stars to TV. Add another two hundred or so from our personal appearances around the country and we've got over one thousand of the nation's record artists signed into our 1958 guest book. Sure makes us proud and happy to have our friends pay us a call.

I guess if I were really pinned down I'd have to admit that saying "Hi" to all of those really nice people would be near the top of my list for "Biggest Thrills of 1958." But think real quick now, what is the top—the most? I see you've been paying attention, and you are so right. That treasured little top spot I reserve for the privilege of joining you on "American Bandstand," and on our Saturday-night "Dick Clark Show."

They don't build studios the way we like them anymore. We'd like to have one big enough—and near enough—to have all of you with us in person, but I think I'll put that on the list of my projects for the New Year. Since it's kind of tough for us all to get together at once, I've

been using some of those 1953 hours to meet you in your own back yard.

I think my first big "out of town" engagement early this year would be my pick for the one with the happiest ending. Before that, all of my personal appearances had been around our WFIL-TV home area. We'd been on the ABC-TV network for several months when I was asked to appear in Worcester, Mass., at a giant youth party sponsored by Catholic Charities. I wanted to go in the worst way, but I started to get the jitters wondering if many of the fellows and girls up that way watched our show. And if they did watch the show, I wondered how many would even bother to turn out to say "Hello" to yours truly. On the drive up after the Sunday morning show I kept wondering, and wandering off into space (I wasn't driving, so I could do it) and all I could imagine was standing up on the stage staring out at an empty baseball field. I'll tell you I was really giving myself sixteen different kinds of fits.

Maybe it's better that way, because what really happened melted me. A warm friendly greeting from a turnout that jammed just about every corner of the arena put a solid lump of sentiment right up around my tonsils. It's hard to put into words a feeling like that. You're hoping a few friends will turn out and then you find all of them on hand. You know what I mean, it really makes you want to knock yourself out for them. Well, everybody onstage that night had that feeling. That was an inspiration to me, and I've often thought about it since, when we're doing the show from another city, or when I am appearing as a guest on another television show and might start getting nervous about how things will go.

That trip to California to put on the show in Hollywood Bowl sure stands out on my calendar, too. It was hectic, but a lot of fun, to get the Clark gang together in Philadelphia on Friday night right after "American Bandstand," then head for the airport and the fabulous West Coast. Wow, that really took split-second timing. Sightseeing in Beverly Hills, Hollywood, and Los Angeles sure hit the spot with me. Then came the show and the chance to meet our Cali-

fornia friends. It was sure a real gone time.

Then another time, early in the summer, we packed up after the show, stowed our records in the plane, and headed for the real deep South. Ah, Miami. That was the first time we had taken our Saturday night show on the road, and let me tell you it seemed to me as if we were moving an army.

There we were, sitting in the office one day, when the phone rang. "How would you like to do the show from Miami two weeks from now?" a man said.

"Great!" everybody answered.

"Okay, we do it from Miami," he told us.

"See," we thought, "nothing to it. We're on our way to Miami." But then the fun began.

"Miami, here we come!" Almost two weeks later, that was our cry. But in the meantime we had all learned a lot about packing, rehearsing on the run, flight schedules, booking hotel rooms for our show people, and I guess about six hundred and twenty thousand other things that come up when you decide to take a network show on the road. It was madness, but everyone worked so hard, and the people in Miami were so friendly and helpful, that the show went smoothly and we ended up having a real ball. Working together on something like that is a real thrill—though tough on Tony's fingernails—and the valuable lessons we learned make that another bet for 1958's favorite memories list. Of course I could go down the line, and I guess each time we visit one of your towns it's a big thrill for us.

But that calendar flips by, and comes to that mid-summer afternoon when we went through just about the most dramatic afternoon ever on "American Bandstand." Maybe you were watching that afternoon when Pat Molitieri, a runner-up in our dance contest last year, suddenly began complaining about a pain in her side while she was dancing. Her partner mentioned it to me, and I asked Tony to talk to Pat while I introduced the next number. Then we had an off-camera conference. "If Pat has such a severe pain," I said, "maybe a doctor should check it."

Just about then the pain became so bad that Pat couldn't walk. Tony had to carry her to a hastily-called car and then drive on to the nearest hospital. Luckily, there was one just a few blocks away.

Well, as you know, the show must go on. I went back up to the podium and continued the show, but all the while I was wondering what was happening at the hospital. The minutes seemed to drag, and I guess everybody in the studio felt he or she was part of the drama. When the program went off the air, we made a dash for the office and the telephone. Tony put the call through. "The doctors are giving Pat a checkup," he reported, "and they think there's a possibility of appendicitis." More time went by, and another phone call . . . it was appendicitis, an acute case and they were going to operate right away.

You can imagine how we all felt. Here was one of our friends suddenly whisked from the dance floor to the hospital operating room. Pat's mother was at the hospital and when the operation was over she was one of the first to know that it was a success. By eight o'clock that evening, Pat was resting comfortably, and I left the office for home cheered by the fact. The next afternoon on "American Bandstand," I made an announcement. "Pat's doing fine after her operation," I told all her friends, "and we hope she'll be back with us real soon."

MEMO TO A SPUTNIK:

Quit going around in circles. There's an easier way to get with the stars. See the **FEBRUARY PHOTOPLAY** on sale January 6.

You'll find the full solar year in a PINUP CALENDAR of twelve—count 'em, twelve—full-color pictures of your favorite stars.

Debbie's as pretty as Venus, Rock's handsome as Mars. There's a special countdown, too, on **WHAT'S AHEAD FOR '59**.

DICK CLARK orbits here every month, so just follow him. Come down to earth and head for your nearest newsstand.

If you heard me, then you probably shared our happiness, but for one man up in Canada the news was almost too much. His name—Mr. Molitieri.

Pat's father had been driving a bus up through New England and into Canada while all of this had been going on. When he came to the end of his run, he stopped at a restaurant to enjoy a piece of pie and a cup of coffee. They had our show on the television set, and when I started talking about Pat having appendicitis, about the operation, and her start on her recovery, well, Mr. Molitieri just couldn't believe his ears. It took a long-distance call to Philadelphia to assure him he had heard right. Then, in less time than it takes to say "omigosh!" he was driving the first bus back to Pat. It was one happy reunion, believe me!

Oh yes, there have been some dramatic moments. Not all of them were quite so serious, though. For me the worst crisis came about forty seconds before I was supposed to do a commercial. Oops! I practically shouted, and right on camera, I don't have all my script for the commercial! Now don't laugh. To a guy or gal in radio or television, that's like being caught alone at fifty-thousand feet without a parachute. I almost went through the floor. I knew that nobody could get me the extra page in that short time, so I picked up the phone on the podium, got through to the control room where Tony had the producer's copy. While I held the phone to my ear, he gave out with the words of the script and I repeated them on the air. Fortunately for me, the cameras were taking the picture of the product and not me, so I could get away with it and nobody ever knew. At least nobody ever griped and I guess sometimes that's almost the same thing.

It has really been a tremendous year, this 1958. Its saddest moments came when I lost my dachshund, Louie. Anybody who's ever owned a pet knows how I felt then. I was real glad to be so busy.

So many things were happening, like the "Bandstand's" first birthday, and the annual dance contest which Bob Clayton and Justine Corelli won. And when I start trying to pick the top record of the year, I can't help but think it's been a great year for a lot of recording artists.

The top record has to be "Nel Blu Dipinto Di Blu," and that means Domenico Modugno, who really shot to the top like a thunderbolt. Right up there close to "Nel Blu" is "It's All in the Game," and what a boost to Tommy Edwards' career that disc has been. Another great name in the music business who can look back on the past year with a grateful sigh is Cozy Cole. A real great drummer for many years, Cozy's waxing of "Topsy Part Two" was the smash novelty of the past twelve months. I think I'll call it the real sleeper of 1958.

The novelty record for the year? That's a tough one. Or maybe it isn't after all. What else could qualify in a year when a fellow named Sheb Wooley came out with an item named "The Purple People Eater"? That definitely gets the brass ring, the gold record, or the what-have-you of pop music.

It's been a real good year for a host of our friends—Rick Nelson, Pat Boone, the Everly Brothers, the Ponytails, Jimmy Clanton, Perez Prado and "Patricia," Peggy Lee and "Fever," and so many more I could get to sound like a musical telephone book.

And that's how fat my scrapbook for 1958 is—as overweight as a New York phone book. I only hope I can find enough pages left over for Christmas.

See you next month. Oops, next year!

—DICK



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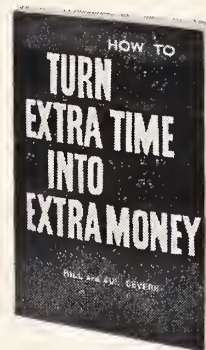
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CARY GRANT

Continued from page 56

falling asleep. He was tired too often.

It had been like this since the first serious mistakes. Twice he had married for love—and twice he had lost. Now he could look back and admit, “I married lovely women. But I was an idiot and a boor. I deserved to lose them.” But hadn’t the knowledge come too late? Too late to save his marriage to lovely, delicate Virginia Cherrill, who had laughed off hundreds of his escapades but who, one day, couldn’t laugh any longer. Too late to save his marriage to Barbara Hutton. He had loved her, too.

For two long years he had lived in the hope of making her his wife. She had been hurt in the past—her fantastic fortune had brought her more grief than joy. He was going to make it up to her, all of it. For two years he talked, telling her how wonderful it would be.

Finally, she said yes.

She married him in 1942 and the gift of gab that had won her love was what drove her finally away. The truth of the matter was that Cary was too clever for his own good—or anyone else’s. There was no conversation so serious, no subject so delicate that his quick tongue failed to find an opportunity for a pun, a jibe, a pointed joke. He couldn’t help it; it was the way he was used to talking. But he had married a woman too sensitive to laugh when the barb went deep. Time after time she was reduced to tears; time after time he would pull himself up, furious at himself and at the world.

“Why did someone like you ever marry me?” he would shout.

But he couldn’t stop, and eventually Barbara left him, too.

Not good memories, but, at least, on this brilliant day in August, 1949, they were far behind him. The trip to England had been fun and wasn’t that what he was most interested in? He’d been to the theater a lot; the biggest impression had been made on him by a little American actress he’d never heard of, Betsy Drake, playing the lead in “Deep Are the Roots.” She wasn’t beautiful but she had a glow and she played the difficult role with grace and intelligence. “Talent there,” Cary had remarked to a friend and then forgotten all about it.

Sailing day had come at last; the Queen Mary was waiting. His pals treated Cary to a farewell champagne luncheon. None of them was feeling any pain when they piled into a convertible and headed for the dock.

But for Betsy Drake, also sailing for home on the Queen Mary, life was not so much fun.

She didn’t really want to go home. It had taken her years of desperate struggle to get anywhere in the theater—and now her first big role was finished. Her parents had been divorced since she was a child and she had no home, no people, really, to return to. Just another dreary year of job-hunting with her clippings under her arm. She was all worn out and it wasn’t a pleasant prospect. Besides, she had a toothache, a perfectly terrible pain that swelled her jaw and destroyed the fun of the ship’s party.

The first glimpse she ever had of Cary Grant off a movie screen was when she was standing on deck and Cary’s convertible pulled up to the customs’ shed. What she saw was a slightly high-looking young man, surrounded by friends, roaring with laughter, lifting his suitcases out of

the back of the car and dropping them in again. For an instant, she had wished she were a part of them, having fun. Then her tooth throbbed and she turned away. “As far as Betsy Drake is concerned,” she thought, “this trip is going to be one long, dull rest.”

And it might have been if, two hours later, as the ship got underway, she hadn’t had to pay a visit to the purser’s office. In her sensible flat-heeled shoes and brown dress, she walked down the corridor just as Cary Grant pushed open a door and walked in on his way to join Liz Taylor and her mother for lunch. The ship, leaving the harbor, lurched violently, Betsy staggered and was pitched against the wall with one arm above her head, the other at her hip—a perfect cheesecake pose. Cary grinned, then recognized her. “Hey, I saw you in ‘Deep Are the Roots.’ You’re . . .”

Her face burning with embarrassment, Betsy marched right past him. Later, telling about it, she told reporters she hadn’t heard him say a word. Later, denying it, Cary maintained she deliberately cut him dead. At the time, all that mattered was that Betsy Drake, nobody from nowhere, slammed the door of the purser’s office right in Cary Grant’s face!

He spent the next three days looking for her.

And without success. Betsy, nursing her toothache, and her humiliation at being practically thrown into the arms of a movie star the first day out, wasn’t budging from her cabin.

But on the fourth day, she came up for air. She walked to the deck and stood leaning over the rail, watching the waves. Actually, nothing could have kept Betsy Drake down for long. She stood on deck a minute, then decided on a walk. Walking was—and still is—her favorite sport.

A dozen yards away, down the deck, Cary spotted her and his eyes lit up.

He was standing at the rail, talking to Merle Oberon; now he nudged her.

“Merle—there she is. That’s the girl.”

Merle turned and looked. “Fine. Now go introduce yourself.”

Cary nodded, grinned, took a step—and the grin faded. He had never been shy with women, except once before. . . .

One morning at the studio he had been called to the phone. It was house guest Noel Coward ringing up from Cary’s home. “Cary? I’ve invited Greta Garbo to tea this afternoon. Try to get home in time to meet her, eh? She’d like to be introduced . . .”

When Cary put the phone down, his hands were shaking. By mid-morning he had realized the truth: Garbo, with her incredible beauty, her talent, her aloofness, was such a legend to him that he was afraid to go home to his own house and meet her. Noon came and he told himself not to be a fool, that it would be wonderful to be introduced to someone he respected and admired as much as he did her. But he couldn’t budge. All afternoon he invented things that had to be done, to keep him at the studio.

It was dusk when he finally pulled up to his driveway. He walked in—and there in the living room, standing up, ready to

leave, was the fabulous Swede. Noel smiled happily. “Greta, I’d like you to meet Cary Grant . . .”

Cary opened his mouth—and nothing came out. In wordless silence he shook hands with his guest, he bowed. Garbo smiled, said she was happy to be there, asked a question, waited, stared at him, asked another, remarked on the weather—and finally gave up.

Cary had still not said a word.

Bewildered, Noel escorted Garbo to the door. Miserable, Cary trailed after them to Garbo’s car. And there, at long last, he found his tongue.

“Very pleased to meet you,” he burst out to his departing guest. “How did you do?”

It became a running gag among Cary’s friends: for once he had been tongue-tied, stricken dumb by admiration and awe. . . .

“Cary, Cary . . .” Merle’s amused voice brought him back from his reverie.

“Look,” he began haltingly, “it’s like this. I don’t want her to think I’m picking her up. You know.”

Merle stared at him. “Well—?”

“Would you go talk to her for me? Ask her—ask her to have dinner with us tonight. Tell her—at the captain’s table.”

“But I don’t know her,” Merle wailed. “I never met her!”

“That’s all right. Go on. You’re a woman, you can do it.” He paused. “If she doesn’t want to—you might try telling her—it’s the captain’s table.”

Merle’s mouth dropped open. Cary Grant, cocksure, debonaire, lady-killer Cary not only afraid to talk to a girl, but afraid she’d need more inducement than just his name to join him for dinner. She almost laughed, but changed her mind. Without another word, she headed down the deck towards Betsy.

When she got there, of course, she was embarrassed.

“Excuse me. Hello. I’m—I’m Merle Oberon, and a friend of mine . . .”

Betsy whirled—and stared. “Of course, Miss Oberon. I recognize you . . .”

Merle blushed. “Yes, well, Cary Grant is a friend of mine and he, he was wondering if you would join us for dinner tonight. At—at the captain’s table.”

Betsy’s lips parted slightly. If there had been a chair, she would have flopped down into it. Finally she said slowly, “I don’t have an evening dress with me . . .”

“Oh,” Merle said. That did it. Evening clothes were absolutely obligatory in the formal dining salon—and everyone in the room stared at the captain’s table, the place of honor. No woman would be caught dead there without her best gown. She’d be glad to lend Betsy something but they weren’t the same size at all. “Well,” she stared.

Suddenly Betsy smiled. It was more than a smile, it was a grin. It brought with it the glow that had lit her performance on the stage, that seemed to light up her entire life.

“Tell Mr. Grant I’d be delighted.”

That night Cary was at the table early. He sat there with Liz Taylor and her mother a few seats away, with Merle across the table. His evening clothes were, of course, faultless. He kept his eyes constantly on the door.

And then he saw her.

She walked into the dining salon with her brown hair brushed to a shine and parted neatly on one side. She wore a plain black street-length afternoon dress, and black shoes. She wore no jewelry because she didn’t own any. The side of her face was puffy with toothache, but she was smiling.

She walked right across the room with every eye following her, and her head was

PHOTOGRAPHERS’ CREDITS

Leslie Coran by Jack Stoger; Dave and Rick Nelson color by Thomas; Dick Clark and family color by Gene Caak; Gole Storm and family color courtesy of CBS-TV; Bing Crosby and family color by U.P.I.; Coral Lynley color by Henry Janssen; Pat Boone and family color by Zinn Arthur; Jerry Lewis and son by Ted Allan; Eddie Fisher and Debbie by Peter Basch; Cary Grant and Betsy Drake by Sonford Rath.

held up, and proud. She never wavered.

Cary Grant, standing up at his chair to receive her, thought it was the bravest thing he had ever seen in his life.

She sat down next to him. Her voice was the husky voice he remembered from the show, her smile lit up the entire room.

It only took five minutes for him to realize that he was in love with her. Only five minutes because it was so obvious.

The rest of the voyage passed in a daze. The only thing Betsy Drake remembers of it was that Cary, elegant Cary, put his evening suit in his trunk and went down to dinner every night by her side in a business suit, to keep her company. Maybe that was why she fell in love with him. Or maybe it was because of what no one else had seen, but she saw so clearly: the deep, basic honesty that the quips and the bright talk attempted to cover.

Like when he asked her to star in his next movie with him.

"It's called 'Every Girl Should Be Married.' The part is perfect for you."

"They'll never give it to me," she said. "I'll make them."

"Oh, you can't. They'd say you were doing it because you—you like me."

"They won't say it after they've seen you act. And maybe they'll be a little more perceptive. Maybe they'll say—because I need you so."

Was it possible that no one had seen that side of him before? Or was it more likely that it had never been there—until Betsy came along.

Whatever it was, they made the movie together, and they were a hit. When they were done with it, they were more in love than ever.

Cary would drop over to Betsy's tiny Hollywood apartment and find her, glasses on her nose, poring over a book.

"What's that about?"

"Spiders."

Cary would gasp. "What on earth are you reading about spiders for?"

"They're interesting. Here." She would reach over to a stack of books piled on the floor. "Here's another one on spiders. Go ahead, look."

"I don't want to read about spiders, for heavens' sake. I thought we'd go dancing."

But Betsy, deep in her book, would scarcely hear him. Cary would wander around the room disconsolately; finally, bored, he'd pick up the book.

An hour later, Betsy would nudge him. "Hey, I asked if you want a cup of coffee."

Cary would look up, blink. "Coffee? Oh, ah, sure. Sure. As soon as I finish this chapter."

To his amazement, he found himself reading more and more. He went through Betsy's entire library finally, fiction, non-fiction, travel books, science—everything.

"Is there anything at all," he asked her one day, "that you're not interested in?"

She thought it over. "Nope, I guess not. How about you?"

"I thought there were a lot of things," Cary said thoughtfully. "But I guess I was wrong." He looked around. "Betsy, how did you ever find time to read so much, do so much?"

"I guess," she said slowly, "it was because I was alone." She looked up, and the wonderful smile broke out. "Now, for the first time, I'm not alone any more..."

As much as she gave to him, he gave to her. Knowledge of how to dress, how to do her hair, how to talk to people—all the things she had never had time to learn, he taught her. With Cary beside her she was no longer plain. Her friends discovered to their surprise that little Betsy was pretty after all. No, not exactly pretty. Beautiful was more like it.

What she did for Cary's soul, he did for

her poise. In both cases it was an undreamed-of blessing.

They were married on Christmas Day, 1949. It was that day because it was the one out of all the year when Cary's closest friend, Howard Hughes, could be reasonably sure of not being tied up with business. To keep the wedding private, they told no one but Howard, drove out to an airport in a borrowed car, climbed over a back fence onto a runway, and were picked up there by Howard in a Constellation airplane. They landed in a deserted field in Arizona and were taken to a farmhouse to be married. The minister had no idea who was getting married, and cared less; to Betsy and Cary it was perfect. To Howard Hughes it must have been somewhat nerve-racking because, in perfect best-man tradition, he dropped the wedding ring and he, Cary and Betsy had to crawl around on the floor looking for it while the minister tapped his foot.

When it was over, Howard phoned RKO to tell them, kissed the bride and drove them back to the airport. As they got out of the car, they saw a group of people waving to them from the hangar. "The press," Cary groaned, and turned to run. But it wasn't the press. RKO had sent the news out on the radio via a special bulletin. A cowboy who had seen the huge Constellation land put two and two together, gathered up his friends, and brought a bottle of champagne to toast the newlyweds.

It was a gloriously happy moment.

They came home to a house and garden in Beverly Hills, to dozens of lavish presents, hastily bought by their friends (the most expensive came from Barbara Hutton), to a host of reporters—and to the gossip.

"That little nobody! Imagine her getting Cary Grant!"

"Don't worry, she won't have him long. If Barbara Hutton couldn't keep him, nobody could. Just wait till she starts to run into his past all over the place..."

There wasn't long to wait.

One of their first guests was Countess Dorothy di Frasso. Cary, introducing her to Betsy, took a deep breath and said in a rush: "It was Dorothy, you know, sweetie, who introduced me to Barbara." It had to be said, because in any conversation with Dorothy, Barbara would pop up—they were such close friends. But because it had to be said didn't mean that Betsy had to like it. Cary watched her hazel eyes open wider, and wondered anxiously. She would be polite, no doubt. But afterwards would she tell him to keep his former wives' old girl friends out of her house and her life? She would, of course, have every right.

But the look in the brown eyes was not anger but honest interest. "How do you do?" said Betsy Drake Grant. "I'd like to meet Barbara myself, you know. She sent us such a beautiful gift..."

And only a few years later it was Betsy, at Cary's side, who performed the last, greatest act of friendship for the Countess. Dorothy di Frasso died alone in Hollywood, and the night before her funeral, when the curious and the sad had finished paying their respects to the body, it was Cary and Betsy who walked into the mortuary and kept vigil through the night beside the coffin.

"She hated to be alone," they said then, simply. And so the two of them, their faces pale in the dimly-lit, flower-banked room sat all night long and tried to talk and laugh, so that Dorothy would know she had friends with her—always.

But Cary's past was to come even closer than that. There was the time he put down a telephone and turned to Betsy to say:

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D. For a soft touch: Angel Skin hand and body lotion by Pond's now comes in new plastic squeeze bottle with convenient dispenser cap. 10-oz. size, \$1.25.*

E. From French couturier. Balmain. his "Jolie Madame" fragrance in new purse-size perfume. \$4.00* and cologne in leak-proof bottle for travel, 2 oz., \$3.00.*

*plus tax

"I—uh—just spoke to my son. He'd like to come for a visit. . . ."

"Your son?" Betsy said, astounded. "Cary, you haven't got a son!"

Cary turned slightly purple. "Oh, of course. I mean, my—my step-son."

Betsy's voice was even more bewildered. "But I haven't got a child, so how can you have a step-son? What on earth . . . ?"

"I'm putting it very badly," Cary sighed. "What I mean is—I know it's a lot to ask of you under the circumstances, but—it's Barbara's son Lance. He wondered if he could stay with us a while. We—we used to be very close."

It was a lot to ask. But Betsy, looking at her husband, saw deeply as she always did. Saw how much Cary wanted them to have children of their own, how deep the hurt had gone when it looked as if there wouldn't be any.

"Of course," she said softly. "Ask your son to stay with us as long as he likes."

Of course, not everything was perfect, not right away. There were the little things. Reading was not Betsy's only hobby: she wrote, she painted, she swam. Shortly after their marriage she decided to take up photography. As with everything she does, she threw herself whole-heartedly into it. Within a week, their honeymoon house was bursting with cameras, flash bulbs, light meters. On literally every chair were stacks of manuals about picture-taking. Cary, stumbling for the fourteenth time over one of eight tripods, finally lost his temper.

"Betsy, you've got to find a hobby that doesn't take up so much room! Why don't you learn how to write on the head of a pin?"

And there was the time that they shocked Hollywood by telling a reporter calmly that they not only had twin beds but separate rooms!

"Cary believes in it," Betsy said blithely. It would have been too hard to explain that he was just now, under Betsy's guidance, learning that being alone for a while could do wonderful things for a man, that he had to have a place now where he could shut a door and be completely alone with the new personality emerging from himself. In the storm of interest the separate rooms aroused, a dozen reporters appeared at the Grant house. Betsy, remembering all the things Cary had told her about courtesy-at-all-times, tried to be polite. Finally it was too much and she threw caution to the winds.

"How much do you charge for your magazine?" she demanded of the writer. "Fifteen cents."

"Well, for fifteen cents, nobody gets into our bedroom!"

These two people had found so much within themselves, with each other that, at first, they really didn't need anyone else. To those whom they loved, Dorothy di Frasso, Lance, Ingrid Bergman, the Stewart Grangers (they were god-parents to little Tracy Granger) they were friends for a lifetime, friends far beyond the ordinary run. But for the world at large—they were too busy being together.

And there was nothing they didn't do together. They went on health kicks together; for a while they lived exclusively on a Vitamin C thing called "Rose Hips." When Betsy took up writing instead of acting—because it left her free to be with Cary—he insisted on reading her every page. "Then he would tell me exactly what was wrong with it. I would get furious, rave and rant—and then when I calmed down I'd know he was perfectly right. He's a perfectionist, that's all." So successful has the collaboration been that Betsy today is a top TV writer (she uses pseudonyms) and, though she denies it, some of her

friends credit her with having written the script of Cary's new picture, "Houseboat."

And the togetherness went deeper than that. "I'm sick and tired," Cary said recently, "of being questioned about why I look young for my age and why I keep trim. Why should the idiots make so much of it? Why don't they emulate it, rather than gasp about it? Everyone wants to keep fit, so what do they do—they poison themselves with the wrong foods, they poison their lungs with smoking, they clog their pores with greasy make-up, they drink poison liquids."

"What can they expect?"

Pretty strong talk for a man who admits that, only a few years ago, he was a chain smoker and a frequent social drinker. How did the change come about?

"Betsy hypnotized me. Literally. She studied up on hypnotism, and when I decided to give up smoking, she tried it out. She put me into a trance and planted a post-hypnotic suggestion that I would hate smoking. We went to sleep and, the next morning, I reached for a cigarette, just as I always did. I took one puff—and instantly I felt nauseated. I didn't take another that day, and I haven't had one since."

Nor does he over-eat, over-drink, or gain weight any more.

"I have only one vice left. Making love to my wife." He would grin at you. "I recommend love."

"She is the only person in the world who has ever belonged entirely to me," Cary had once said of Betsy. "I love her so much that—words fail me." But after nine years, Cary had to face the reality of a marriage that had ceased to be a marriage. Betsy might belong to him, but she couldn't be left to wait alone for him in the unfeeling manner of a possession. He couldn't be that selfish to anyone he loved that much. He had to set her free.

"As far back as I can remember, I longed for a home of my own. for roots," Betsy had once said. "All my life I never had any until I met Cary. . . ." She'd given up her acting career and turned to writing, a lonely, solitary profession, so that her career wouldn't conflict with Cary's career or with their marriage. Now, after nine years, she could pace the empty halls in the tragic knowledge that she still had not found the home she longed for so deeply. She knew that Cary would welcome her along on his many trips to make pictures in Spain or England, in France or Italy, or on his promotional tours throughout the States. But this, too, was not her way of life. She would go back to acting—at least until she found that true home.

"We have had, and shall always have, a deep love and respect for each other," their mutual statement read. "But, alas, our marriage has not brought us the happiness we fully expected and mutually desired. So, since we have no children needful of our affection, it is consequently best that we separate for a while. . . . There are no plans for divorce. . . . We ask our friends to be patient with, and understanding of our decision."

They made the statement, each with a deep desire for what was best for the other. They smiled, each brave for the other, at their last time together for . . . for how long?

It was as simple as that. A glamorous man with an unhappy heart. A plain girl who had been lonely all her life. Love brought them together once—and though they are parting almost for love's sake, it may bring them together again. THE END

YOU'LL ENJOY CARY IN M-G-M'S "NORTH BY NORTHWEST" AND BETSY IN 20TH'S "INTENT TO KILL."

LESLIE CARON

Continued from page 24

"Hmm," we thought, "who's that peeking from behind the toy counter?" Then when the girl straightened up to examine a floppy, flannel lion that a dark, good-looking man was holding before him, we couldn't have been more surprised. "Why, it's Leslie Caron!" We'd thought that *Gigi*—that is Leslie—was supposed to be in London with her director husband, Peter Hall.

Over the whirr of electric trains and the squeals of dolls who said "mamma," we hailed her. She turned, waved us over to her side and introduced us to the dark young man, who turned out to be her husband, a charming young man with the face of a grown-up cherub. And, as Peter and I chatted, I noticed out of the corner of my eye that Leslie's eyes were fixed with fascination on a display of lions and tigers. Peter noticed, too, and said, "My wife talks to animals." And sure enough, that's just what she was doing. She was addressing a particularly large stuffed tiger who was lounging in the shade of an enormous lion: "My, you're so pretty," she said with warmth. "the very prettiest tiger I think I've ever seen. Yes, really, bar none—even real ones. Such handsome stripes and bright green eyes." And then she added, almost reassuringly, "I'm sure you'll find a good home this Christmas."

"Darling," Peter interrupted, "if you're worried about him, why don't we give him a home this Christmas?"

"Oh yes, let's do," she answered. "I'd hate to think of him having to sit here until the after-Christmas sale—or even longer. Think what it would do to his pride." Peter nodded grave agreement.

"Oh look, Peter," she cried picking up a big brown teddy bear (just what Elvis wants, we decided). "Why," she laughed, "he's just the same size as Christopher!"

"Christopher," Peter put in, "is our little eighteen-month-old boy."

"Yes," added the proud mother. "And did you know he's been able to whistle since he was eight months old!"

We said, "My goodness!"

"It was the funniest thing, the way it started," she said. "One day when we were home in London, I was all alone in the house, except for Chris. He was napping in his crib and I was in our bedroom near-

by. Suddenly—I heard a whistle. 'The pipes?' I wondered. Then I heard it again and was a little frightened because I thought I was all alone. I was on the verge of phoning Peter at the theater to ask him what I should do when I thought of Chris. 'He's being kidnapped!' The horrible thought flashed across my mind. So I dashed into his room and there he was, snuggled in his crib—whistling! He just woke and wanted a little attention. Isn't that amazing for a child his age!"

We agreed heartily as the three of us passed on down the counter to the train sets—and what train sets—it looked like the yards of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe thrown in. There were freight trains, steam engines, miles of coaches, it seemed, and charming little trees and railroad stations dotting the landscape. Peter stopped dead in his tracks.

"Wouldn't Christopher go mad for this!" he breathed.

Leslie whispered to me, "And so does he."

Peter pressed a button outside the display and one of the engines went "Toot!"

"Oh dear!" sighed Leslie. "Now we've lost him. As if we didn't have enough traveling to do in real life, my husband must be a model train addict!" Asked if traveling made marriage harder—separated them for long periods, Leslie said: "No, not really. We're not the kind of theater people who insist on working on the same projects—even though Peter did direct me in the London stage version of 'Gigi'—but we do like to be in the same place at the same time. And so far it's worked very well. We've decided that London will be home base because that's where Peter most often is working. I'll try to arrange my picture schedule so that I'm in California only when he's free to come here on vacation."

"Oh, uh, I want to see if I can't get Mother some perfume," said quick-thinking Mrs. Hall suddenly to get rid of her husband so she could buy his present.

We crossed the crowded store, dodging small children on their way to see Santa Claus, and threaded our way along until we reached the sports counter. The salesman was showing a woman some sports equipment. As she turned for a second to look at the wall clock, we realized it was Dolores Hope—Bob's wife. Leslie went



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over to her and they exchanged surprised greetings of "How's Bob . . ." "In town three weeks. . . ." while we stood by.

"What in the world is that?" Leslie asked, pointing down to some little fur objects on the counter.

"That," said Dolores, "is the latest in covers for golf club handles—mink, yet! Bob figures if he takes care of his golf clubs in style, they'll return the favor and help him do eighteen holes under eighty-four strokes. I only hope," Dolores sighed sadly, "that husband of mine stays in town long enough to use them." Then Mrs. Hope's expression lighted up, "Why not get a set for your husband?"

"I'd really love to buy them for Peter," Leslie said, "but how can I? He doesn't play golf!"

Lugging a brand new backgammon set for Mr. Hall, we trudged back to the toy department where he was still entranced with the model trains.



"Blast it!" came a low moan from Peter, who had just accidentally derailed an express.

Then quickly he leaned over the glass partition, righted the engine and cars and silently grabbing Leslie's arm, hustled her away down the aisle.

When we stopped for breath, we found ourselves in front of some toy houses—a lovely corner of miniature domesticity.

"Funny, but when I was a child I never played a great deal with toys and dolls and things like that," and she gestured toward the miniatures. "I started dancing when I was ten and somehow the idea of a home and family was pushed out of my dreams by the idea of becoming a ballerina." Reminded that that's exactly what she did become—and a mighty famous one at the age of eighteen when she was picked out of Roland Petit's Paris ballet to appear in "An American in Paris"—Leslie laughed. "That's true, but it took me so long to develop a real set of values, to find out that a husband and family are the most exciting goals to work for." And with a backward glance at the miniatures we wandered down to the doll section.

At the far end of the counter stood the figure of a prima ballerina, her tutu of an iridescent silver texture, a small

crown upon her head, caught in a pose of eternal beauty. Beneath it a pink fan was spread out and on it rested two satin dancing slippers.

Leslie gently lifted the ballerina off her pedestal and held her up. "She is so lovely, yet somehow so sad. When she is twenty she will be loved and applauded. At thirty she will be at the peak of her talents, and at forty? Then there will be nothing for her but to teach the young ones."

Then, coming out of her reverie, "That is how it so often goes." And she rested a slim gloved hand on Peter's arm. "It could have been that way for me. But fortunately, I wasn't that dedicated to my career. Do you know why I decided never to dance again? Well, after Christopher was born, I made myself get back into practice again—after all, it's not easy to give up such a big part of one's life. I worked up my practice periods from a half-hour a day to hours and hours. Then, one evening after I'd been practicing—oh, I don't know how long, I was so exhausted I got a chill and had to wrap myself in a blanket and drink hot tea. And I thought to myself, 'This is so foolish. Here I am, a happily married wife and mother with a wonderful future before me and I'm trying to kill myself. For what?' And suddenly, there was just no answer to that. So I decided I would never dance again. And I still feel I never will."

Peter's eye was caught by a collection of toy soldiers in suits of armor.

"I really ought to have one of those," he said. "A director can't be too careful these days!"

"You should have had it the first time I met you," Leslie murmured.

"You're telling me! You see, what happened is, they hired another Peter—Peter Glenville to direct the stage version of 'Gigi,' the first show Leslie did in London after leaving Hollywood three years ago. She was delighted when she heard who was to do it. Then, suddenly, plans were changed and they brought me in as substitute. I won't say the quick-switch horrified her, but it must have been unnerving."

"It certainly was," Leslie picked up the thread of the tale. "I'm afraid I was ready to be disagreeable when I met Peter number two, but after the first rehearsal I found myself saying, 'He's marvelous!' every time anyone would ask me. Then I suddenly realized I was in love with him—and I don't think he was too far behind," and she looked to Peter for agreement.

Just to tease, he said, "Well-1," and appeared very uncertain.

"Then, too," Leslie continued, trying to suppress her amusement, "Peter's rather outgoing and I'm shy. But some of his ease with people rubbed off on me, I think, and I got so I didn't even mind making a 'thank you' speech opening night."

"That was quite a change for me because up until then, I'm afraid, I considered most of the people I worked for—including the audiences and especially the executive people in charge as . . . as . . ." and she searched for the right word, finally pointing and saying, "like that." There on the floor was a huge bear with a friendly yet slightly menacing expression on his face. "But Peter's given me such a feeling of assurance that now I can hold my own with almost everyone. Why, I spent months begging M-G-M for new, more adult roles and now they agree with me that I was right and they were wrong!"

"And that's not the only way she's changed," put in Peter. "Don't you think she looks different?" We agreed and added that furthermore we'd noticed it when we first saw her but we'd hesitated to bring it up until she did. At this, she threw

back her head and laughed. "I really don't have the same face I did three years ago," she beamed. "I mean," she continued, "when I went back to M-G-M for retakes on 'Gigi,' Bill Tuttle, head of makeup, looked at me and seemed very puzzled. I said, 'What's the matter, Bill?' But he didn't answer—just went on looking at me suspiciously. Then, in the middle of doing my hair, he threw the comb down on the table with a bang and went over to the wall where he keeps life masks he makes of players when they first come to the studio. He took mine down and brought it over. Then he shook his finger at me and said, 'I was right! You just don't look like this girl!' And I said, 'That's right, Bill, because I'm not. I'm so happy these days I really am a different person!'"

"I think I will buy Chris those railroad trains," Peter suddenly broke in, as if he'd been mulling over the idea and finally come to a decision. "And I think I'll buy your mother something in the jewelry line rather than the lamps. And I think," he said looking down at the large box under Leslie's arm, "that is very, very big for a bottle of perfume."

Leslie's face went rosy as she clutched Peter's backgammon set a little tighter under her arm. "Now that we're on the subject, just what is that package on the floor next to you? You weren't really watching the trains all the time we were away shopping, were you?" she asked disconcertingly.

It was Peter's turn to redden as he shifted uncomfortably from one foot to another. "Well," he began. "I can't tell a lie and I won't tell the truth, either, so I suggest we all go out and have something to eat. Incidentally, darling," he said to Leslie as he led us swiftly onward, "have you ever thought of taking up golf?"

THE END

LESLIE'S NEXT FOR M-G-M IS GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA."



MARK DAMON

Continued from page 54

along the streets: the big healthy oaks with their shimmering green leaves, the lopsided ginkgoes with their skinny branches that remind you of crazy clown poses, the droopy weeping willows that almost touched the ground from their sadness. When we got to the Met we quenched our thirst with tall glasses of iced tea in the museum's spacious cafeteria and then we wandered through the lonely, vaulted halls to the second floor where all the Rodin statues embraced in the slanting three o'clock sunlight—young milkmaids and husky he-men, all in white marble, together forever, and I remember saying to her, "Gosh, Rodin sure knew about love, didn't he?"

We didn't say very much as we walked along the hushed museum hallways, looking at the happy statue lovers all over the place. The hot sun was streaming through the huge skylight in a wide shaft of brilliance, and it gilded the statues with its glow and suddenly (maybe it was the sun that beat on our heads and set us crazy for a minute) there we were, standing in front of Rodin's most famous work, "The Kiss," and the two of us looked at it for a long, long time, and suddenly, just like clockwork, we stepped behind it and looked at each other with searching eyes and we leaned forward and we kissed!

I was knocked for a loop, flabbergasted. If you had told me this was going to happen earlier that day, I'd have said you were out of your mind. But there we were, sure as the sun was shining, with our lips touching and with my heart thundering in the stillness of that musty museum and I can remember saying to myself, "Wow! The most unexpected things

her likes and dislikes, the schools she had gone to, what kind of friends she had, all the things that made her the girl that caused a ticklish sensation in my throat. I read a book recently where Gertrude Stein says every time she meets a genius a bell rings in her head. Well, with me, it seems my throat tickles when I really fall for a girl, and so far it tickles for one girl. Only for her.

What did we do the rest of that day? She had to go home to dinner. She was living at a girl's residence and dinner was served promptly on the dot of six o'clock. I had suggested cheeseburgers and Cokes at a little luncheonette, but she said no. I wished I could have offered to take her to Sardi's or the Stork Club, but, being a struggling actor, I was budgeting pennies to make ends meet.

So I went home to my dingy closet of an apartment on New York's West Side and I played an Elvis record on my portable phonograph, and I began to dance, all by myself—out of excitement, I guess—until I collapsed on my daybed. After a while I fell asleep, dreaming of her.

In the morning, I knew I had to make the dream last. So I called her. From that day on, we began doing things together, seeing plays (Standing Room Only—that was all I could afford), catching the second-run movies in the cheap movie houses along Times Square, loafing in the free museums where we would duck behind a statue sometimes and sneak a quick, laughing kiss.

All through those days we got to know each other. She told me she was spoiled. She came from a well-to-do family and had been isolated. She wanted to see and meet different kinds of people, to be a good actress. I told her I came from the slums of Chicago (I was, I admit, a little ashamed to tell this), and that I would show her the world, the real world. I wasn't afraid of the seamy side of life, and I led her to it. I pointed out how the poor people lived in Hell's Kitchen, Harlem and in the miserable Lower East Side with its Bowery flophouses.

She didn't like it.

One summer night we were walking through Greenwich Village and we stopped in a down-a-flight-of-stairs coffee house with blue lights, and as we sipped espresso coffee, I finally told her how much I loved her. I couldn't hold it back any longer. . .

She told me, "I like you a lot."

"Only like?" I said with disappointment in my voice.

She hedged.

"But I love you," I told her again. And suddenly I was afraid to ask if she loved me for fear she'd say she didn't.

She said, "I like you, Mark, but . . . we're more like brother and sister."

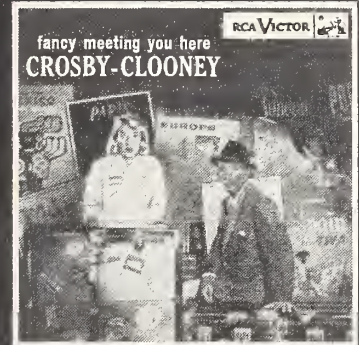
Now, that's enough to take the beat out of any man's heart. Slumping in my chair across from her, I said, "Why . . . why do you think I'm like a brother?"

"Well," she said. "There's so much I have to do to help you."

I wanted to know *what*. And she told me she didn't like the way I buttered a whole slice of bread. It was impolite. The proper thing to do was to break it in half before buttering it. She didn't like the way I mis-pronounced French words when I tried to appear worldly by dropping a flip foreign word or phrase into a sentence. She said it was crude of me to go out at night in a baggy sweater and an open shirt and khaki pants. In the city men always wore suits and neckties.

I blushed. I stammered. And told her how much I respected her manners. I told her I'd change. She smiled and said, "Let's see."

We sat for a while in that Blue Moon cafe, and I changed the subject to plays



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can happen—and in the most unexpected places!"

We kissed in the shadow of "The Kiss"! Only for a second—that was all. But oh, so many thoughts can go through your head when something very special is happening to you. I can't really say I enjoyed that kiss as a kiss, because I was so stunned. I was too aware of our sedate surroundings and our crazy togetherness-timing (as though someone had directed us for a scene in a movie), but there we were, the two of us, strangers in a sense, drawn together by the spirit of love.

Some people would say it was the atmosphere—all those Rodin lovers around us. Or maybe it was the funny old sun—it's been know to do strange things to people. But I say no, it wasn't any of these things.

It was plain-and-simple love at first kiss for Mark Damon. I hadn't realized it when I'd met her that hour out in Hollywood, but I knew it after our museum kiss that afternoon.

How did I know I loved her? How does a guy know it's the real thing? Well, for one thing, I couldn't stop thinking about her. I was so doggone curious to find out every possible thing I could: all

and books, to all the intellectual things she knew so much about. It was a mistake. She was so much smarter than I could ever be, and as we talked I felt worse and worse—unsure of myself, squelched. Soon only she was talking, about jazz, and poetry, and what makes people tick. I just listened, and felt miserable. And then later that night we walked along those rambling Greenwich Village streets, hand in hand at midnight, and I told myself over and over again, "I must change. I will change. She'll have to fall in love with me. I'll show her."

Next day I bought a copy of Emily Post's book of etiquette. When I told her about it, she smiled and said, "But it's such a big book and it'll take so long for you to read it. So, instead, maybe I can help you; let me try to teach you."

That was nice to hear. She was concerned, she wanted to help me. Perhaps I had a chance.

Still, I studied a little of Emily Post at night and I tried to show her my newfound manners whenever we met, and she would smile and nod pleasantly and tell me she was impressed.

That autumn and winter we took acting classes together at Sandy Meisner's. We'd go to the all-night cafeterias after class, and we'd talk about acting and the kind of people we wanted to be when we grew older: bright, witty, sophisticated and easy-to-get-along-with. We ate sweet rolls and drank black coffee, and invariably we'd end up talking abstractly about love.

But talking's not enough. I just didn't want to listen to her from across a table. I decided to make her jealous.

In the midst of that winter I began dropping names during our conversations of other girls I'd gone out with and the things we did. You won't believe what she said. "That's good," she told me. "I'm glad you're seeing other people besides myself."

How does a fellow break down such a wall? "But don't you want me to see you? Only you?" I'd say.

She'd answer, "I want you to do whatever makes you happy."

So I'd get all mixed-up, and I'd try to figure out what she meant. Didn't she know I could only be happy with her? Or didn't she?

Well, polish up your manners, Damon, I told myself, and sooner or later she'll get with it. I polished and polished but it did no good. Yes, we kept seeing each other, but there was always the Wall. She kept me at arm's length until spring. Then she called me up one Sunday and said, "Let's take a walk. I feel like getting out in the air. Only don't get all dressed up, huh?"

"What?" I said, raising my voice in disbelief.

"Let's not get all dressed up. We can go to Central Park and lie in the grass and relax. I don't feel like wearing fancy clothes. Okay?"

Of course it was okay. But what happened to her? No fancy clothes?

We met that April afternoon and battled the thick Fifth Avenue crowds, all the people showing off their Sunday best. She was wearing a pink sweater and skirt, and I was wearing a white polo shirt and a pair of corduroys.

We headed for the park and looked at the animals in the zoo. We made faces at a family of monkeys, but the monkeys pointed at us and laughed. I said, "I'll bet they're laughing at us because we're wearing old clothes!"

But she shrugged her shoulders and said, "You're not ashamed, are you?"

I couldn't figure her out. That day the sky was the bluest blue, little tufts of green were beginning to appear on the

bare trees. We lay under a tall tree near the pond and looked up at the white, cotton-candy clouds swimming in the blue above. We played games. This cloud looked like her dad; that cloud looked like my friend Jeff; a pretty cloud looked like her. We let the afternoon slip through our fingers like sand, and as the sun began to go down behind the canyon-like skyscrapers facing the Park, we began walking along the bushy paths and suddenly the two of us stopped in the middle of a dusty dirt road, although we hadn't said a word to each other—almost like the day we stepped behind the Rodin statue in the Museum—and we kissed tenderly.

This was a love kiss, our first. I closed my eyes and let my lips linger on hers. Then I held her in my arms and whispered my deep love to her.

There were footsteps behind us, but neither of us moved. The footsteps passed us as we stood arms around each other, and neither of us looked up. I don't know if Emily Post has rules for such situations, but I didn't care—and more important, she didn't care either. Love is meant to make its own rules.

That was the beginning of happiness, or was it?

In the days that followed, she admitted she was falling in love with me (finally!), but she said it wasn't right. Our careers came first. It was wonderful, this beauty of first love, but we were too young, she said. How could we settle down while we were still unknown actors?

I told her I could—and I would. I'd clerk in a store or run an elevator in the Empire State Building. We could rent a small apartment and by scrimping and saving make ends meet.

With love, we could get along, couldn't we?

Sure, she said, we could. For a while.



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We liked a lot of the same things. Chinese chicken with almonds. Jumpy cha-cha-chas and symphonic music. L'il Abner and Peanuts. Pizza pie and pineapple malteds and hamburgers with the works.

But no, she said, it had to be more than this for marriage. We had to be willing to compromise on a lot of things.

I told her I could and I would.

She shook her head no.

Still, we saw each other steadily for another year. And on the anniversary day of our first kiss in the Metropolitan Museum, I surprised her with a charm bracelet of personal trinkets: two hearts a wooden bench in honor of Central Park, a slice of pizza pie...

Again I started to talk of marriage, but she stopped me. Her tears stopped me. Then she managed to speak. She was leaving New York. She was going to Hollywood. We weren't good for each other, she said. We were holding one another back. I begged and pleaded with her to stay, but she said no, she had made up her mind.

We ate that evening at the Tavern-on-the-Green, and we danced by the light of the summer moon in the open-air pavilion in Central Park. Later we took a ride in a hansom cab all along the dark roadways of the park, and we heard the thin summer breezes rustling the trees and bushes.

Suddenly, I let go of her hand. Before I'd been hurt, now I was ashamed. "You're a fool. She doesn't love you," I told myself. "She's leaving you flat and going to Hollywood. She loves Hollywood more."

So I sat in the corner of the leather seat of the hansom. I felt that already I was alone, already she had left me. I took her home, and that was the last night I saw her in New York.

She left for Hollywood that next week, and in a few weeks I tagged along after her. But she was busy, trying to get started in the movies. Soon I was busy, too.

Then we both got lucky breaks, and the world of success opened to us. Sure, we would run into each other at the studios, at Wil Wright's Ice Cream Parlor, in the coffee houses along the Sunset Strip. Sometimes we'd have dinner together and exchange news about our careers, and before I knew it we began dating again.

Off and on we dated for another year; and then a few months back she broke off again. "Let's wait a while, let a few months pass." Now, suddenly it's almost Christmas, and I look at the telephone in my apartment and I say, "Should I? Shouldn't I?" Then something inside of me says, "Call her if you want. Call her and say happy holidays. But forget it, forget the rest of it." And my heart cries no, it doesn't want to forget all those memories of our moments together.

Then the same voice that tells me to forget seems to say, "Mark, take a lesson from nature. Learn patience. Nature needs time to heal wounds, to make seeds grow, to have a butterfly spin itself out of a cocoon."

So, maybe I'm not her kind of guy. Maybe she got tired of trying to make me a gentleman. Or maybe she just didn't love me.

Guess things happen that way.

Still, I sit here remembering our first kiss, and the time in the Park when we were so close that nothing else in the world mattered, and the afternoon I gave her the charm bracelet... And I look at the telephone and wonder, "Should I? Shouldn't I?"—over and over and over again.

THE END

WATCH FOR MARK DAMON IN PARAMOUNT'S "THE PARTY CRASHERS."

JAYNE MANSFIELD

Continued from page 45

On the way to Holmby Hills, I puzzled the cab driver by chuckling quietly. I was just imagining how Jayne would take this happy announcement. Her no-furniture gag looked like the topper to all her publicity stunts. The modest, retiring Mansfield had been flaunting pink cars, pink mink coats, pink champagne baths, pink-tinted poodles.

Or did she have a sense of humor? There must be an actual person behind the character built up by headlines, the flutter-brained blonde. Would she drop the pose, if it was a pose? Well, here was her house, whoever she was. Jayne later described the house as "Mediterranean modern with a dash of Spanish thrown in." But there was more than a dash of early Hollywood in the imposing pile of stucco and tile.

The door was opened by a middle-aged woman, who spoke a few words in some foreign language, smiled pleasantly and motioned me in through the empty foyer into what I supposed was the living room. And there she left me, alone in the wide open spaces. Sure enough—no furniture, except for a couple of stray chairs parked forlornly against the wall. The click of my heels echoed around the huge room as I started the journey across it. To judge by the sound of talking and hammering in the far reaches of the house, the other rooms must be as bare as this one.

"You Mrs. Hargitay?"

The booming voice startled me, and I turned to see a big man, mopping his forehead, in the doorway I had just come through. "Who, me?" I said.

"Yeah, you. I got the piano here, but I don't think we can get it through the door."

"Oh, I know you can if you really try," a soft voice said from overhead. On one of the two balconies that overlooked the living room stood Jayne Mansfield, in black velvet slacks and a pinkish maternity jacket.

The piano mover gaped. "Sure, Mrs. Hargitay. Sure, we can do it." Off he went.

Tossing me a friendly greeting, Jayne disappeared from the balcony and reappeared a few seconds later in the doorway. She flourished a hand gaily at the empty room. "You see the fix we're in, and upstairs it's just as bad. There isn't even a bed for Mickey and me!"

"Yes, we heard that. So we thought—"

"But everything's going to be all right, now that the piano's here."

Night-club singers have been known to lean against a piano or even sit on it. But to sleep on it? Jayne caught my bewilderment and laughed. "If the piano's here, that means the rest of the furniture must be about ready."

It still sounded a trifle phony. "I know the furniture from your old house wouldn't fill this place, but couldn't you have used it, just temporarily?"

The blond hair swirled gently as Jayne shook her head. "I sold the house furnished. The man who bought it insisted on that—especially the bed. He even wanted me to leave a lock of my hair tacked to the wall," she giggled. "So I asked Mickey's permission, and he thought it was just as funny as I thought it was, and I did. Anyhow, we didn't want to keep any of the furniture. We're having everything new, everything custom-made."

It was my turn to shake my head. "Jayne, you have just killed a great idea. And here we were feeling so sorry for you two." I explained all about the big campaign to help furnish the Hargitays' house.

"Ooh, but that's terrific!" Jayne shrieked. "I bet we'd have picked up some real gassers. I'm almost sorry we've already—No. I'm not sorry about anything that's going to be in this house. We've thought about it and talked and planned for all these months." She squeezed her eyes shut. "I can just see it." Slowly, she opened her eyes wide. "By Christmastime it's all going to be perfect. And that's important, because Christmas is special. It will be my first as Mickey's wife. It will be our baby's first."

"Christmas morning—I don't care if it's 110 degrees outside—we'll have a fire going over there." She was looking at the walk-in-size fireplace. "Jayne Marie and Mickey will be opening their presents. So will my mother and stepfather—they're coming in from Dallas for the holidays. Over here we'll have a big wreath."

Jayne was standing beside the vast picture window that framed the downward-sloping lawn. Flanking it were two niches, with a stone statue in each. "At least, we had these statues to start out with. Aren't they beautiful? We bought them in Europe, after I'd finished making 'The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw.' Imagine that—going abroad to make a western! The craziest things happen to me! So here we had these statues, and I thought—it would sort of go with—we'd have a lavender marble fountain put in, right near the window. Oh, come on—I've got to show you everything!"

Across the living room she went, past the scattered samples of wallpaper, color charts of various paints, swatches of carpeting and drapery fabric, lengths of wood for paneling. Trotting after her, I found her enthusiasm catching.

"This," Jayne announced, opening a door, "is going to be the ladies' powder room—pink chairs, antique mirrors all around, with a pinkish cast. Am I glad that piano's here! I really need it—I've had to use a compact to put on my makeup for ages."

Must be a very unusual piano, I thought. "You see," Jayne chattered on, "none of the mirrors have been installed in the house yet, not even in the bathrooms."

"There're ten bathrooms—or is it eleven? We keep counting them over, and it keeps coming out different. Anyhow, we've had to wait for the mirrors because we're having special pink ones made. But the piano—all white and gold—has a gold antique mirror on the top. See?"

"Uh-huh." Simple, I thought. Next time I want to powder my nose, I'll go to a piano store and buy a Steinway.

"Now here's the men's powder room. It'll look like an old tavern when it's finished—rippled ebony paneling and red leather on the walls. And here's Mickey's den—and here's Mickey. Hi, darling."

"Hi, sweetheart."

We'd reached the source of the hammering. Supervised by Jayne's husky husband, two men were working on the same type of paneling to be used in the room next door. "This is going to be my office, too," Mickey said, "headquarters for Hargitay Health products."

"Mickey's a real businessman," Jayne said proudly as she pulled me along on the conducted tour. "And he used to be a carpenter, too, so everything's got to be done just right. That's one reason why we moved into the house as soon as we got back from Europe, without waiting for the furniture. We've had a whole new heating system put in, and an inter-com and a hi-fi system. Right here we're going to have another statue from Europe, with a leather-covered bench around it."

I was back in the main foyer, but I had no time to stop and imagine the statue in place. Jayne was opening another door. "Here's the dining room. In that corner



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there'll be a big cupboard. Mickey's building it himself. And we'll have a marble-top table big enough for thirty or forty people. I hope we can have just mobs of our friends around during the holidays. Now upstairs!"

Considering her eight-month condition, Jayne seemed to be setting a pretty fast pace up the steps, but she sighed, "Right now I wish the elevator was in. We're having a well cut through all three floors for it. *That* will have to go!" "That" was a heavy Spanish chandelier suspended in the center of the huge stairwell. "We've ordered the most beautiful new chandelier—all crystal—absolutely brilliant!"

Peering through the next doorway that Jayne led me to, I felt suddenly disillusioned. For there, in an otherwise empty room, was a large object that was unmistakably a bed—nice, comfortable one, too—neatly made-up. Had those newspaper stories been partly a publicity gag, after all?

A few seconds later, I was ashamed of my suspicions. "Jayne Marie's room," said Jayne Marie's mother. "We couldn't have her sleeping on a mattress on the floor, like Mickey and me. But this bed isn't finished. It's going to have a wide headboard, so Jayne Marie can spread out her collection of dolls. She has some new ones, that we bought in Europe. And she has some old ones, that were mine when I was a little girl."

Standing in the doorway, Jayne tilted her head back against the doorjamb, her eyes dreaming into the past. "When I was her age—just past eight—I used to imagine living in a place like this—the way it's going to look when it's finished, I mean. I always thought of Hollywood as my real home, do you know that? Even years before I came here."

Somehow, that confidence cast a new light on the fabulous house and all its wonders-to-be; the pink, fur-like covering for the bathroom walls; the limestone walls (genuine fossils embedded in them) and the white carpeting for the second non-business den, hideaway for Jayne and Mickey. Seen through the eyes of a day-dreaming child, it all looked wonderful, with a certain endearing innocence. Of course, I knew Jayne Mansfield was no eight-year-old now; she was the girl who had boldly courted the press, shrewdly played the dumb-blonde role to the hilt for publicity's sake, tirelessly gone after the sort of life she wanted. But how fine to have kept that child's eagerness through it all! Here was no "Fame is such a bore" or "Money means nothing" line. Here was refreshing, honest enjoyment.

Something warmer filled the house, too—tender affection. Jayne had crossed the room, and she was holding a floppy-eared, pink and red stuffed rabbit. "This is Jayne Marie's favorite, so the room's going to be done to match it. The whole thing's going to be little-girlish, not sophisticated—the way Jayne Marie likes it, not the way I'd like it. After all, it's her room. Now, there's no use showing you the nursery, because it's not even started. We don't know whether the baby's going to be Miklos—after Mickey—or Camille Yvonne. So we're playing it safe, doing the nursery in pink, blue, lavender and yellow. That takes care of the future, too—we'd like at least five more children."

We were idling down the stairs. The sound of hammering had stopped, and Jayne was walking lightly, cautioning me to do the same. "Little Jayne's down in the kitchen. She's home from school today with a cold, and she's making lunch for Mickey. Everybody has to be terribly quiet when she's creating a new dish, so it won't fall. She had a terrible experience with her first try at a cake, and she hasn't gotten over it yet."

The kitchen, at least, was close to completion—fully electric, with all the equipment in shades of pink and turquoise. It was now the setting for one of the strangest, funniest, most touching scenes I've ever encountered. At the stove was little Jayne, fork in hand, looking very expert. Seated at the table, waiting patiently, were little Jayne's stepfather and the lady who had met me at the door. She and Mickey were chatting in the same language I'd heard before, so I gathered it must be his native tongue. When we were introduced, I was told that she was half of a Hungarian couple hired to take charge of the housekeeping.

Announcing that luncheon was about to be served, Jayne Marie graciously invited me to join the family in a meal consisting of string bean, peas, carrots, spinach and broccoli.

"Little Jayne's on a frozen-food kick this week," big Jayne said as she tackled her mound of mountain greenery. "Guess today is vegetable day."

Under Jayne Marie's proud and watchful eye, everybody ate with convincing gusto, though I almost choked on a moundful of broccoli when I spotted a large, sinister, dark hole gaping in one of the walls. "What's that?"

"It's going to be an aquarium," Jayne said, getting up to switch on a light inside the uninhabited cavern. "Pretty mad, huh? Mickey, what do you say we stock it with trout? Out of the aquarium into the frying pan—fishing on Sunset Boulevard!"

It wasn't just the enthusiasm that was catching—it was the whole crazy, zingy, daffy routine. The sudden appearance of a workman greeted as "Archie" was hardly surprising; the problem he presented began to sound like part of a perfectly normal home-decorating job. "Hey Jayne, how about those champagne baths you're always taking? I got an idea. Suppose I build a special cabinet right next to the tub, to keep the bottles in. You'll have the stuff handy when you want it, and when you're finished with 'em you can put 'em away there. That way, you won't have any empties cluttering up the bath mat. Okay?"

He disappeared without waiting for an answer. When his words finally sank in, I asked the laughing Jayne, "Is he really going to do it?"

"I wouldn't put it past him. Sometimes I think it's all getting out of hand, but I guess having a house redecorated right around you is always kind of confusing."

"Wonderful meal!" Mickey said, and we

all joined in complimenting the cook. "Now, Jaynie," he said, "how about those shelves in your room?"

"Oh yes!" The little girl jumped up, put her hand in her stepfather's and trailed off after him. "I know just exactly where I want you to build them."

Toying with the last of the vegetables, big Jayne looked after the two and listened to the receding chatter, the high-pitched young voice and the deep, Hungarian-accented voice. "It's the best sound in this house," she said. The voices blended into giggling and chuckling. "Whenever I hear them laughing like that, I want to stop whatever it is I'm doing and join them. But they should have their father-daughter times together, just the way little Jayne and I have our mother-daughter hours. Never can help wondering what the joke is, though."

Reluctantly, I explained that the taxi I'd ordered for the return trip must be about due, and my hostess went along on the hike to the main foyer (to be lighted by that brilliant crystal chandelier) and to the front door. "I wish there was time to show you the whole place. The downstairs is a shambles. It was a big game room, but we're doing it all over. There'll be a small projection room, so we can show movies whenever we want to, and there'll be sliding doors opening onto the garden. You know, we have two and a half acres, with woods and fish ponds and a darling miniature waterfall. Wonderful place for all our dogs and cats. And it'll be wonderful for kids, too."

Jayne sketched a circle on the outside of the front door after she'd opened it. "Right here, there'll be the biggest Christmas wreath I can find. And in the spring, we'll have a swimming pool put in—heart-shaped. I'm going to draw the shape myself. None of that professional stuff."

My head whirling, I walked a few steps away, to get one more look at the whole house, the mansion originally built by Rudy Vallee back in the days when he was king of the crooners. Nice to know that it was a last refuge for gay, unabashed Hollywood glamour. But maybe I should have some solid statistics. "How many rooms, Jayne?"

"Why, I've never added them up. Do you count bathrooms?"

I asked a passing workman the same question, and he seemed equally puzzled. "I couldn't honestly say, miss. I've been working here two weeks, and I run into something new every day. I hope it's a long job, though."

"Oh, nooo!" Jayne begged.

"I mean," he grinned, "it's gotten so I almost hate to go home nights. Every place else seems kinda dull after being around you people."

Frankly pleased, Jayne grinned back at him. I found myself smiling, then heard the sound of a car approaching and turned to find my taxi.

"Come back around the holidays," Jayne said. "You'll want to see the baby. And you won't recognize this place. Oh, I almost forgot to tell you—we're having the whole outside painted pink!"

I waved through the window as the taxi started around the curve of the drive. Standing in the doorway, Jayne waved back, and I could almost see a slimmer figure, hand raised in welcome, silhouetted against the light streaming from a house full of guests—and furniture. Our help-the-Hagitays campaign had backfired; maybe my story had fizzled; but I'd met some nice people and had a wonderful time. I'd take Jayne up on that invitation. (Would there *really* be a cabinet for pink champagne in the bathroom?) THE END

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A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER

Continued from page 42

from muscular dystrophy and that his case was incurable, although, thank God, he didn't know he was going to die. But even worse, in a way, was the fact that no one came to see him, no friends or relatives. The other children received post-cards, presents, letters, and love . . . he received none of these.

Mrs. Reynolds wheeled Francis back to his own room. Carefully she helped him into bed. She sat down next to him and brushed a wisp of hair back from his forehead. He smiled at her for a second, and then he started saying his prayers.

"Dear God," he prayed, "this birthday, please have someone send me some cards for my birthday . . . funny cards with clowns on them . . . not many . . . just a couple. And God bless everyone . . . specially Mrs. Reynolds and Dr. Jellinek . . . and Jerry Lewis. He's funny . . . he makes me laugh. Good night, God."

Mrs. Reynolds turned out the light and bent over and kissed the little boy. Softly she said, "Little Boy Blue come blow your horn. The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn. And where is the boy who looks after the sheep?"

And Francis whispered, "He's under the haystack, fast asleep."

Mrs. Reynolds left the room and went in search of Dr. Jellinek. That night the two of them made a couple of telephone calls, one to Henry Bosworth, a feature writer for the Boston Herald, and the other to Jerry Lewis, national chairman of the Muscular Dystrophy Association, in California. And Mrs. Reynolds and Dr. Jellinek told both men about Little Boy Blue and his prayer.

After Jerry hung up the phone, he sat for a moment looking blankly at the far wall. Then he picked up the picture of Patti and the boys from his desk. He gazed at the face of each of his sons as if he were seeing it for the first time. One little boy. One little boy. Each of his own youngsters was one little boy. More precious to him than anything, more precious to him than life itself. And in Massachusetts, another little boy, one little boy, was dying but didn't know it, had a dream but didn't think it would come true.

Jerry heard the front door bang closed. "Gary," he thought, "Gary . . . Who else bangs the door?" And aloud he called,

"Gary, that you? Back from the game already?"

His son came into the study. Jerry stared at him, studying every feature of his young face, noticing the glow of health and the smile of happiness he saw there.

"What's wrong, Pop," Gary asked, "Why are you staring at me? Did I do something wrong?"

"Nothing," Jerry answered, "nothing. I was just remembering that you were once a little boy."

"Huh?"

Then Jerry told him about the phone call he had just received, and about Little Boy Blue.

For a second, Gary said nothing, but just for a second. "But Dad, that's awful . . . terrible . . . I mean can't we do something about it?"

Jerry smiled for the first time since he'd received the phone call. "I'm glad you used the word 'we,'" he said. "Yes, we are going to do something about it. We're going to see that Francis has the rip-roaringest birthday party a little boy ever had. And you're my number-one assistant in charge of practically everything."

Jerry glanced at his calendar and grunted, "Just a few days . . . some commitments I just can't get out of. But we'll do it. Somehow we'll do it."

The first phone call he made was to New York City, to General David Sarnoff, head of RCA and NBC-TV. He asked that an hour and a half closed-circuit TV time be made available from Hollywood, California, to Lakeville, Massachusetts, on the afternoon of Tuesday, October 7th. While the General was still sputtering "impossible," Jerry told him all about Little Boy Blue. All the gruffness went out of General Sarnoff's voice and he said gently, "Okay. We'll do it."

Then Jerry and Gary divided up a list of names. Between them they had all the top entertainment figures in Hollywood. Jerry made calls from the study and Gary made calls from the other phone, in the living room. At one point, Jerry took a break and went in to see how Gary was doing. The boy was saying, ". . . this means everything in the world to him . . . he thinks nobody cares . . . that must be awful. Okay? You will? Gee, thanks. And my father thanks you, too."

Jerry tiptoed from the room and returned to his study. He made more calls. In half an hour or so he and Gary tallied up the results. The stars were coming! Little Boy Blue would have the rip-roaringest birthday party ever.

Now Jerry made the final call of the evening, to Lakeville again, and told Mrs. Reynolds and Assistant Superintendent

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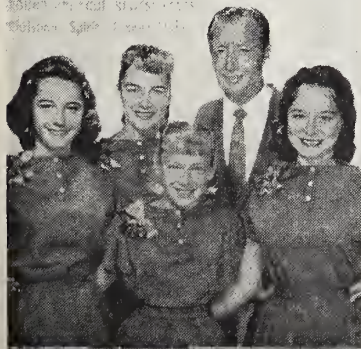


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For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see contents page.

✓✓✓✓ **BIG COUNTRY, THE**—U.A.; Technirama, Technicolor: The greatest parlor trick, western-wise since "Shane," as director William Wyler takes a very old story, adds Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Carroll Baker, Charlton Heston, Burl Ives, Chuck Connors, acres of breathtaking scenery, technicolor—and emerges with a highly entertaining film. (F) September

✓✓ **BARBARIAN AND THE GEISHA, THE**—20th; CinemaScope, Deluxe Color: John Wayne versus the Japanese—pictorially thrilling, historically interesting, dramatically insipid. (F) December

✓✓✓✓ **CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF**—M-G-M; Metrocolor: Tennessee Williams' explosive tale of a squabbling Southern family makes an absorbing session as Elizabeth Taylor takes her final step to full film maturity, with an invaluable assist from Paul Newman. (A) October

✓✓✓ **CASE OF DR. LAURENT, THE**—Trans-Lux: The case for natural childbirth—stated simply, movingly and in exceptional good taste. Jean Gabin, Nicole Courcel. French; English titles. (A) November

✓✓✓ **DEFIANT ONES, THE**—U.A.: Tense and compelling saga of white and negro escaped convicts, shackled together, who grow from mutual hatred to respect and admiration for each other. Fine acting by Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier. (F) November

✓✓✓✓ **HOUSEBOAT**—Paramount; Vista-Vision, Technicolor: Cary Grant, Sophia Loren, three children and some friendly termites set up housekeeping on the Potomac in the year's most charmingly unlikely story. (F) November

✓✓✓ **IN LOVE AND WAR**—20th; CinemaScope, Deluxe Color: From the Halls of Montezuma to the shores of San Francisco with Robert Wagner, Jeffrey Hunter and Bradford Dillman as leathernecks on the loose. A three-star picture with a four-star performance by Dana Wynter. (A) December

✓✓✓ **MARDI GRAS**—20th; CinemaScope, Deluxe Color: Pat Boone, Gary Crosby, Tommy Sands and a couple of hundred VMI cadets in a raffle—with Christine Carere as the prize. (F) December

✓✓✓✓ **MATCHMAKER, THE**—Paramount; VistaVision: Ably aided by Tony Perkins and Shirley MacLaine, Shirley Booth takes expert aim on another Oscar in the year's funniest film: a fast and furious game of romantic musical chairs. (F) September

✓✓✓✓ **OLD MAN AND THE SEA, THE**—Warners; Warnercolor: Amid scenes of magnificent pictorial splendor, Spencer Tracey gives a powerfully low-keyed one man show in the year's most unusual film experience. (F) September

✓✓✓ **TUNNEL OF LOVE, THE**—M-G-M: How To Have A Baby, in several hilarious reels, with Doris Day, Richard Widmark, Gig Young, Elisabeth Fraser. Expert direction by Gene Kelly. (A) December

Jellinek that the party was definitely set for 5:30 p.m. on Tuesday, October 8th.

Then he and Gary had a glass of milk and went to sleep.

Back in New York, General Sarnoff was already at work. He authorized the expenditure of \$100,000 to transform Lakeville into a television relay station. Swarms of technicians were sent into the area and power lines were erected almost overnight.

Meanwhile, Henry Bosworth of the Herald went to the sanatorium and interviewed the medical staff, the patients, and Little Boy Blue. Then he went back to his office and wrote the story of the dying boy who just wanted a few birthday cards. And the article appeared in the paper.

The results were immediate and overwhelming. The wire services picked up the story and it appeared in newspapers all over the world.

Thousands of cards poured into Lakeville. A trainload of toys came from Germany.

Birthday cakes arrived by mail, by express, and were delivered by hand.

Letters flowed in—many of them containing money—so that a special trust fund had to be set up in Francis' name.

Francis was unaware of all the commotion. He just lay in bed and stared into space.

Out in Hollywood, Jerry Lewis had cleared his calendar. Twenty-four hours before the special telecast was to go on, he sat down with songwriter Sammy Cahn to write the songs, the parodies, the orchestral arrangements, and the special sketches. They worked through the night. Gary refused to go to bed. He brought them coffee and sandwiches. He copied over the routines. He helped in every way that he could.

At dawn, the last word was put on paper. Then Jerry and Sammy went through the whole show, playing all the parts, singing all the songs. Gary sat there, trying to think and feel and react like Little Boy Blue would think, feel, and react. At the end he was smiling and clapping. "Great," he said, "great. He'll love it." And he went over and hugged his father.

At 10 a.m. some of the most famous names in show business gathered on the TV sound stage. Jerry, who had just taken enough time out to shave and shower, stood before them. Gary sat sleepily in a corner.

"You all know why you're here, otherwise you wouldn't be here," Jerry said. "I just want to tell you that I thank you, Gary thanks you, and Little Boy Blue thanks you. End of speech. Let's go to work."

In Lakeville, Francis had found out he was going to have a party. Too much was going on to keep the secret. Cards were suspended on strings in the auditorium. Balloons hung from the walls. Huge TV sets were placed around the room. Mrs. Leo Gibbons, party supervisor, and her helpers, women from nearby Middleboro, set the punch, ice cream and fruit out on tables. Four huge birthday cakes were arranged against a floral design of bronze chrysanthemums and huckleberries. Volunteers were still working on the 147 mail sacks—literally two tons of mail, containing 200,000 cards and letters, and more than \$10,000 in cash.

Yes, Little Boy Blue had found out. Proudly he invited the other eighty children and the hospital staff to be his guests. When he was told about all the gifts, his eyes widened and he said, "Good. Now it can be everybody's birthday. Let's all share everything."

Four hundred GI's in Alaska sent 400 presents. And 400 more came from GI's in North Africa. Fifty smaller cakes and

enough toys for more than a hundred kids waited in the auditorium. Ted Williams sent an autographed baseball; a model jet plane and a jet pilot helmet were personally delivered by three Otis Air Force Base pilots; a football signed by the Boston College squad and a special record cut by Tennessee Ernie Ford—"For Francis from Old Ern"—were on one of the tables.

At three p.m. the eighty youngsters were wheeled in beds or chairs to the auditorium. The last to arrive was Francis. Mrs. Reynolds wheeled him through the rows of happy children while they sang, "Happy Birthday to You." He was excited, pink and shiny. Francis' first birthday party had begun.

Now came the rustle and rip of tearing boxes, then the squeals of delight followed. Suddenly it was like Christmas in October. The punch, ice cream and fruit came next. Around five the harried staff straggled in. By five-thirty, Francis X could hardly restrain his joy. He stared at the TV screen. Here, any minute, would be Jerry Lewis putting on a birthday show just for him. The lonely little boy who thought nobody loved him leaned forward eagerly in the wheel chair, his heart pounding. His gay pink party cap and Halloween half-mask were still in place.

Suddenly Jerry was on the screen dedicating the all-star show to "my one boy audience." Francis drew a sharp breath. It was true. As the show unfolded—directly to and for him, his excitement was almost too much to watch. For the first time in his nine years, he was really somebody, he really counted.

He grabbed the arms of his wheel chair tight with excitement and as Dinah Shore came on and sang "Davy Crockett," he clapped his hands and hugged them tight. For the next hour and a half the greats of show business sang directly, right off the TV screen, to a little boy who the day before didn't think he had a friend.

One by one they came out: Mary Costa, Eddie Cantor, Pinky Lee, the Mouseketeers, Eddie Fisher, Tennessee Ernie Ford, George Gobel, Jim Arness, Hugh O'Brian, Jerry Lewis and his son.

And when at the end, everyone joined in both on the screen and in the hospital with "Happy Birthday to You," Francis' pale little face was transformed with such a look of glowing happiness that, for an instant, Mrs. Reynolds was possessed of the wild hope that he would live, that this was not just the most memorable event of a too-short life.

As the image on the screen faded away, Francis X sat quite still. For the first time in his life he felt the fierce desire to live. To get well. Somebody cared.

This all happened more than a year ago, on October 8th, 1957.

Miraculously, as this is being written, Francis X is still alive. As Dr. Jellinek said, "Before the party, Francis couldn't respond, he didn't respond. And suddenly, he had the will to live."

This year Little Boy Blue had a very simple birthday. A few cards, some presents from people in the immediate vicinity of the sanatorium, and, of course, something from Jerry Lewis and his son Gary.

Nobody knows how many more birthdays there will be. They can but wait . . . and hope . . .

Yet for one magical afternoon, Little Boy Blue was like every other little boy in the world, only more so. He was remembered, he was loved. And that love has sustained him ever since, and God willing, will do so a little longer. THE END

WATCH FOR JERRY ON "THE JERRY LEWIS SHOW." WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10TH AT 9 P.M. E.S.T. ON NBC-TV. HE ALSO APPEARS IN PARAMOUNT'S "THE GEISHA BOY."

TAFFY PULL

Continued from page 36

said that one reason he was sorry to see the Nagels go was because he kept thinking of what our phone bills will be like. We all laughed at this, but we still felt blue until our mother, whom everybody calls "Sis," thought of an idea to cheer us up.

She suggested we have two Christmas celebrations this year, one early enough so that we could do the same things with the Nagels that we've always done. It was a wonderful idea, because it doesn't matter what date the calendar says, it's never too early to be with people you love, and go carolling and have fun. Why, somehow it seems even more special having the Christmas spirit three weeks early.

Mommy suggested that we have a little party, too, and to add to the fun we all decided not to even let the Nagel sisters in on our plans. We couldn't wait to see their faces when they heard us serenading them from their front porch. Then mother came up with a pile of striped mufflers and wool stocking caps so it would look like Christmas when we went over to the Nagels to surprise them.

And were they ever surprised! Diane, Kathy, Peggy and I went down the street to the Nagels' old house just after sundown and DeeDee and I held the carol book open so that everyone could see, even though we knew the words by heart anyway. We sang "Oh Come All Ye Faithful" and after about four lines of it Little Bit, or Mary Elena, the Nagel sister who's closest to my age, peeped out of their front door. "See," she said, "I told you it wasn't just a loud record!" And then Mary Sharron, Mary Maureen and Mary Kathleen were crowding behind her. You should have seen their faces. When we finished the first carol, we all sang together, "Good King Wenceslas"—and they had to admit that even that is easier to say than Calabasas.

After that, they invited us into their house. I could hardly keep my face straight as I told them, "Nope, we have to get home."

"Why don't you come with us?" DeeDee said, trying to keep her voice very casual. They asked their mother, and Peck Nagel, who was in on the surprise with us, said okay. She said she and Mr. Nagel might stroll over a little later.

While we'd been gone, Mom had dug out some of our old Christmas decorations and hung them around the house. When the Nagels saw them, they were surprised again. "Aren't you a little early . . ." Sharri started to say. And then she and her sisters all looked as though they were going to say "Oh!" but they didn't make a sound. That was when they realized what we'd been planning and their eyes all got a little misty. Mom stepped in before anybody could get too weepy.

"Well, girls," she said, "I'm glad you're all here. And now, if you'll adjourn to the kitchen, I have loads of dishes you can help me with." We all pretended to groan, but the Nagels didn't seem to mind at all. They politely said they'd be glad to help with the dishes and we all marched off to the kitchen.

That was the best surprise of all. There was the sink, shining and not a dish in it. And next to the sink was a pile of bright Christmas aprons that Mom had laid out. On the cupboard closet was the recipe for taffy she'd tacked there. We all got very busy right away, setting out all the different ingredients. Then the doorbell rang and that was Mr. and Mrs. Nagel. Mom left, but first she said, "Now please, Janet dear, do be a little more careful this time."

Mom just can't seem to forget the time I tried making taffy with grandpa and grandma and I ended up spilling most of the pan down my nightgown and the rest of it all over everybody else. Well, all I can say is this time it wasn't me who spilled the noodle soup into the taffy pot. It was Kathy.

—JANET LENNON

I'm Kathy, and I have to admit Janet's right. I did spill the noodle soup into the taffy, but it could have happened to anybody. Little Bit was perched on top of the kitchen cupboard, reading off the ingredients we'd need and the directions. I stepped on a chair to reach one of the top shelves in the grocery closet, but I was also busy gabbing with Kathy Nagel about the very special party she was going to the next night.

I was trying to describe my pink party dress, the one that goes with a petticoat that has a million ruffles. I was going to lend it to her, since all of her clothes were already packed for moving. And then . . . plof! I knocked a package of noodle soup mix off the shelf and it landed right smack in the taffy pot.

Janet was stirring the mixture with a wooden spoon and she used that to fish out the molasses-soaked package. Every-

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body laughed, and nobody louder than Janet. Later on, though, she managed to have an accident, too. She brushed the back of her hand against the hot pot and was burned. It must have hurt terribly, but she was very brave about it. I got some butter and baking soda to put on the burn and then back she was at the pot, stirring away.

Maybe we had too many cooks, because Peggy was the only one of us Lennons to emerge without an accident, and the way "the Brain" was clowning, tasting and stirring after Janet got tired, she was really the most likely candidate. Everybody was talking at once, remembering all the good times we'd had together, like last Christmas when we were carolling in our neighborhood or the Christmas before when Daddy took all of us to sing for the patients at the sanitorium in Monrovia. And what with making plans to see each other again, and teasing DeeDee and Dick Gass, and with everybody wanting a lick of the mixing spoon, it was pretty confused.

So DeeDee said, "This is a perfect example of how *not* to have a taffy pull." And then she took a step backward and dipped her elbow right into the open can of molasses!

Maybe it just went to prove she was wrong. I think it was the perfect example of how to have a taffy pull.

—KATHY LENNON

It was like Christmas—it was so much fun. Taffy, in case you've never made any, is slow as molasses to cool and then set for pulling. So while we waited, Kathy made hot chocolate and we all sat around in the playroom. That's kind of my favorite room, because we made it all ourselves, out of what was once a garage. And while we waited, we made up a set of mock rules for taffy pullers. And let me be sure to warn you, in case you really haven't ever made taffy, these are don't's, not do's.

1. It really isn't necessary to follow the recipe to the nth degree. Go ahead and switch ingredients. If it says a cup of sugar, why aren't two cups better?

2. Have a radio or record player in the kitchen playing rock 'n' roll, so that you can beat with a beat.

3. Only three tastes to each participant. Except for the oldest one—that's DeeDee's contribution and, natch, she got top priority in scraping the pot.

4. Be sure to leave all dishes with molasses mixture in sink for at least two days. Then, instead of washing them, all you have to do is take a hammer and chip the hardened goo off.

5. Wear your best dress, preferably one with a billowy skirt and long sleeves.

6. Be sure to stop at a candy store the day before and buy lots of ready-made taffy—just in case.

After we'd made up the rules, we cut up Christmas paper and wrapped packages of the taffy Mom had made the day before for the hospitals. We also wrapped some of the popcorn balls that we'd made from the taffy mixture. After about half an hour, we went back to the kitchen to have a look at our work of art.

It was still too gooey, so we went back to the playroom for some community singing. Mom remembered that it was almost ten, past Janet's bedtime. It was really getting late for all of us, 'cause we had school the next day. But Janet, though she could barely keep from yawning, begged to be allowed to stay up. "We didn't even pull the taffy yet," she said.

The taffy! We all sort of shrieked together. We were so busy talking and singing we'd almost forgotten all about it. It was almost too hard to get out of the pan it had been cooling in, but somehow

we managed. "See, Mommy," Janet giggled, "you said not to let it drip all over me. Well, it's too hard now to drip, that's for sure!"

We made a tug of war out of the taffy pulling, the Nagels vs. the Lennons. Daddy and Mr. Nagel declared it was a tie. Then we cut the taffy into pieces and wrapped it. By that time it was quite late and the Nagels walked home. For a minute, I felt kind of sad, thinking that when the Nagels moved, we'd no longer be able to just walk down the street to see each other. But thirty miles isn't really so far. If we can't see each other quite so often, we'll simply have to stay longer at each visit.

—PEGGY LENNON

The part I liked best about our taffy pull was the singing. The Nagel sisters have really beautiful voices and they've already made a record for RCA Victor, "If You Don't Love Me" and "Goody, Goody Gumdrops." We sat around the playroom singing carols and hymns, popular songs and school songs. At one point, Maureen asked, "What shall we sing now?" Then she said, "Oh, I know, do you remember 'Ding, Dong, the Bells Are Ringing?'" Golly, we all learned that one together when we were in grammar school.

After a while, Daddy and Mr. Nagel came and stood in the door of the playroom and sang along with us. Their deep baritones were great for the harmony. But they hadn't been singing with us long when we remembered about the taffy. We got there just in time.

Janet and Elena scooped up some soft butter and spread it over their hands. Then Peggy, Kathy and I got behind Janet, and Sharri, Maureen and Kathy got behind Elena. The two leaders gathered the taffy into a ball and we started to pull. Daddy began to tease. "Why, when I was a boy," he said, "I remember pulling taffy and it was a much longer piece. Why, I was on one side of the room and my brothers were clear across on the other side. You girls are practically on top of each other."

Mom helped us wrap the taffy, and she was so pretty in her red maternity top that she almost looked like another sister. The twelfth Lennon, counting Mom and Daddy, is due at the end of January. The youngest till then is Joey, and he woke up crying as we were saying good night.

I ran upstairs and brought him down so the Nagels could see him—he's so pretty. "Dood nitie," he said. By that time, it was a contest as to who was sleepier, Joey or Janet. Kathy ran upstairs to get the dress she was lending Kathy Nagel and then Janet woke up for a minute. "We forgot to sing 'Silent Night,'" she said. And so all of us sang:

"*Silent Night, Ho-ly Night,
All is calm, all is bright . . .*"



DeeDee with Maureen and Kathy Nagel.

"I don't think any of us have ever sung better than we did just then.

—DIANNE LENNON

Well, I guess my girls have told you just about everything. There's nothing much I can add—except, that is, my recipes for taffy and chocolate popcorn balls.

—"SIS" LENNON

MOLASSES TAFFY—LENNON-STYLE

Time to prepare: 1 hour

Makes approximately: 30 pieces

½ cup granulated sugar

½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed

1 cup molasses

6 tablespoons water

2 tablespoons butter or margarine

1/16 teaspoon baking soda

⅛ teaspoon salt

Rub a shallow pan with butter or margarine. Mix granulated and brown sugars with molasses and water in a sauce pan. Bring to a boil and cook, stirring often to prevent burning. Cook until a little of the mixture dropped in cold water forms a hard ball (270°F). Remove from heat, add butter or margarine, salt and soda. Stir just enough for all the ingredients to be mixed together. Pour into the pan and let stand until cool enough to handle. As edges cool, fold them toward the center or they will harden before the center cools—but do not mix. Now comes the fun!

Butter the fingers and fold or gather the taffy into a ball. Keep pulling the candy, folding it over upon itself and stretching it until it is firm and its color has lightened. Then stretch taffy out into a long rope, twist halfway, lay it on wax paper and cut with scissors into 1-inch lengths. To keep your scissors from sticking, dip them frequently into hot water. Recipe makes about a pound.

LENNON . . . CORN BALLS (Chocolate Popcorn balls, that is)

This recipe is enough for 1 dozen popcorn balls.

**6 cups popped corn

1 cup sugar

½ cup corn syrup

1 square (1 ounce) unsweetened chocolate (or cocoa)

½ cup water

Put sugar, syrup, chocolate and water into saucepan. Let simmer until a few drops form a hard ball in cold water (265°F). Pour this mixture over the popcorn, mix thoroughly. Gather corn together to shape individual balls, a palmful for each ball.

**Since we'd already made molasses mixture for taffy, we just added chocolate to taffy mixture and, following directions above, put taffy mixture (about 1½ cups) plus water, plus chocolate into sauce pan and then followed the above directions for the rest of it. If you do what we did, naturally cooking time of mixture will be less than if you start out making balls from scratch—'cause your taffy mixture will already have come to a boil.

Let us know how *your* taffy pull turned out.

—DAD LENNON.

BE SURE TO SEE THE LENNON SISTERS ON "THE PLYMOUTH SHOW" STARRING LAWRENCE WELK, WEDNESDAY AT 7:30 E.S.T. ON ABC-TV AND RADIO AND ON "LAWRENCE WE K'S DODGE DANCING PARTY," SAT., ABC-TV, 9 P.M. E.S.T.

Sara Hamilton's

INSIDE STUFF

They're saying over canapes that **Vic Damone** is visiting a psychiatrist. If the sessions are fruitful, and **Pier Angeli** hopes so, they may both be able to stop visiting divorce lawyers. . . . After a misunderstanding in Paris, **John Saxon** is back to dating **Viki Thal**. . . **Kim Novak** claims she's on the lookout for someone to take her out. be her beau, keep her company, etc. . . . Friends felt **Dolores Hart** might have enjoyed "bachelor girling" it for a change while in New York for "The Pleasure of His Company," but her mother trailed after Dolores. . . . Since he's become director of the weekly shows at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, **Russ Tamblyn** is a happier GI. . . . The **Jeff Richards'** reconciliation failed, but at least they tried.

Sight of the month: **Diane Varsi** buzzing around town in **Tab Hunter's** pick-up truck, after a friend borrowed Diane's car and smashed it flat. . . . I stick my neck out and predict **Susan Hayward's** next visit to Hollywood will be Academy Award night, with Susan winning an Oscar for U.A.'s "I Want To Live." . . . Content that daughter Cheryl will be happy with her grandmother, **Lana Turner** goes to Europe for a long two-picture stay. . . . It happened at Dino's on the Strip, where a twice-a-week sight is the entire **Dean Martin** clan—part-owner Dean, Jean, the seven children and a nurse for the youngest—dining together. A waiter sidled up to **Bob Wagner**, coughed apologetically,

then asked to see proof of his date's age. "I hardly think she's old enough . . ." he began, when Bob let out a whoop of laughter. "She happens to be my wife," Bob explained, "Mrs. Cleopatra herself." And then **Natalie Wood** got her glass of champagne. . . . Did you know **Mitzi Gaynor** used to be a chubby? . . . Next time you're at the beauty parlor, start envying **May Britt**, who's so pretty in spite—or because?—of her straight hair.

In a layer-cake house atop its own mountain, a little like Bali Hai rising in the midst of a California evening, architect **Hal Hayes** gave a birthday party for **Cobina Wright**. Stars, socialites and movie moguls mingled on each of the house's six floors, amid the music, the color, the beauty of the decorations. **Bob Cummings** and his wife Mary hailed us on the second level and together we climbed the outside wrought-iron steps that were almost lost in the abundant shrubbery. We stopped to chat with **Jeanne Crain** and **Paul Brinkman**. "I'm happier now than I've ever been in my life," Jeanne confided, "and, Sara, you've known me a long time. I'm taking this period in my life to enjoy my five children and my home. My screen career now comes second." And husband Paul just looked on and beamed. . . . "Hi!" a familiar voice greeted us from the fourth tier, and **Red Skelton** and his Georgia, seldom seen at parties, gave out with happy (*Continued*)



Bob Cummings and his wife Mary joined me at a fabulous party that could only have happened in a dream—or in Hollywood.

INSIDE STUFF

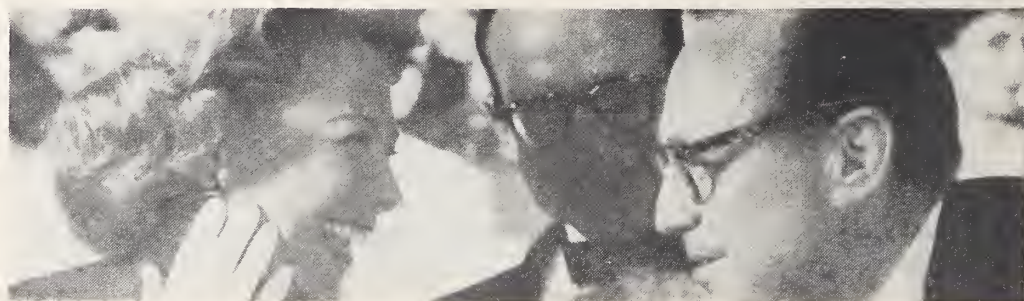
continued



It's always great fun running into Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh.



Zsa Zsa Gabor swirled about in yards of red net at the big Hal Hayes party.



What do you bet Dinah Shore's telling Jack Benny about husband George's TV show?

smiles. Under the canopy roof of the very top level. **Judy Garland** and **Sid Luft** joined our table overlooking the dance floor and the whirling figures of **Ginger Rogers**, **Rhonda Fleming**, **Zsa Zsa Gabor** in yards of red net, **Cesar Romero** with handsome **Agnes Morehead**.

Dave Nelson, 22, feels the warm breath of the draft board down his neck. but brother **Rick**, 18, is counting on four more years before Uncle Sam wants him and his guitar. . . . **Dinah Shore** and **Jack Benny** are good friends but it was another comedian. **Eddie Cantor**, who gave Dinah her big break. . . . After their silent and not-so-silent battles during the making of "The Devil's Disciple," London dubbed **Burt Lancaster**, **Kirk Douglas** and **Laurence Olivier** "The Three Egos." . . . I'll

go out on a limb to say that, no matter what happens in between, **Eddie Fisher** may one day return to **Debbie Reynolds**. Such things have happened before, you know.

Deborah, the Woman: She emerged from a scene in M-G-M's "The Blessing," her hand outstretched in greeting. "It's so good to see you again, Sara." The sincere appeal of **Deborah Kerr**, I decided, rests in the fact she's a woman before being an actress, a human being in touch with the emotions of others. I admired the forest-green wool suit she wore in the scene, a straight, short, boxy jacket over a slim skirt. "And have you noticed my new figure?" she asked, whirling about for inspection. Then as we posed, Deborah remarked out of a clear blue sky, "Why you and I have eyes exactly alike. I never noticed that before."

*Sweden's May Britt
tours the town with
husband Ed Gregson.*



Jack Bean has his wife Mitzi Gaynor eating out of his hand.



*Bob Wagner calls her "Cleopatra" since
they told Natalie Wood she was too young.*

Flattered? I was knocked edgeways. . . . "I've never felt such love as I have since I returned to Hollywood," she confided. "I feel it everywhere and I'm so grateful." Rumor had her husband **Tony Bartley** coming to Hollywood to effect a reconciliation. Of this Deborah said not a word. But she had seen her two little children before leaving England. "They are quite efficient, you know. And adjusted to their environment," added the fair-minded Deborah, "they'll get along very well."

The Weeping Deb: When **Tab Hunter** arrived to take **Tuesday Weld** to the Deb Ball, he found her in tears. "I can't go in this," she wept. "I just can't."

Late that afternoon, the dress Tuesday and her mother had planned so carefully had arrived from the dress maker's

—ruined. The only alternative for Tuesday, chosen as one of the thirteen most promising starlets of the year, was the short white Chinese sheath, a \$14.95 number, that had hung in the closet unworn. . . . "You look wonderful," Tab assured her, "you'll be the prettiest girl there." And with Tab's encouragement, Tuesday, plain, simple and unadorned, in the only short frock among the long bouffant gowns, looked exactly as Tab predicted—just wonderful.

Sal Mineo has a realtor scouting him a home in Hollywood and that has the town wondering what Sal's mother thinks about her son going it alone. If he does, that is. . . . **Audie Murphy** built a landing strip on his 350-acre ranch out in the Valley, but Mrs. Murphy, a former airline hostess, refuses to have any part of his flying hobby. (Continued) ^P

INSIDE STUFF

continued



Carolyn Jones and her husband Aaron are a beaming pair.



Dwayne Hickman joined Carol Lynley at Deb Star Ball.

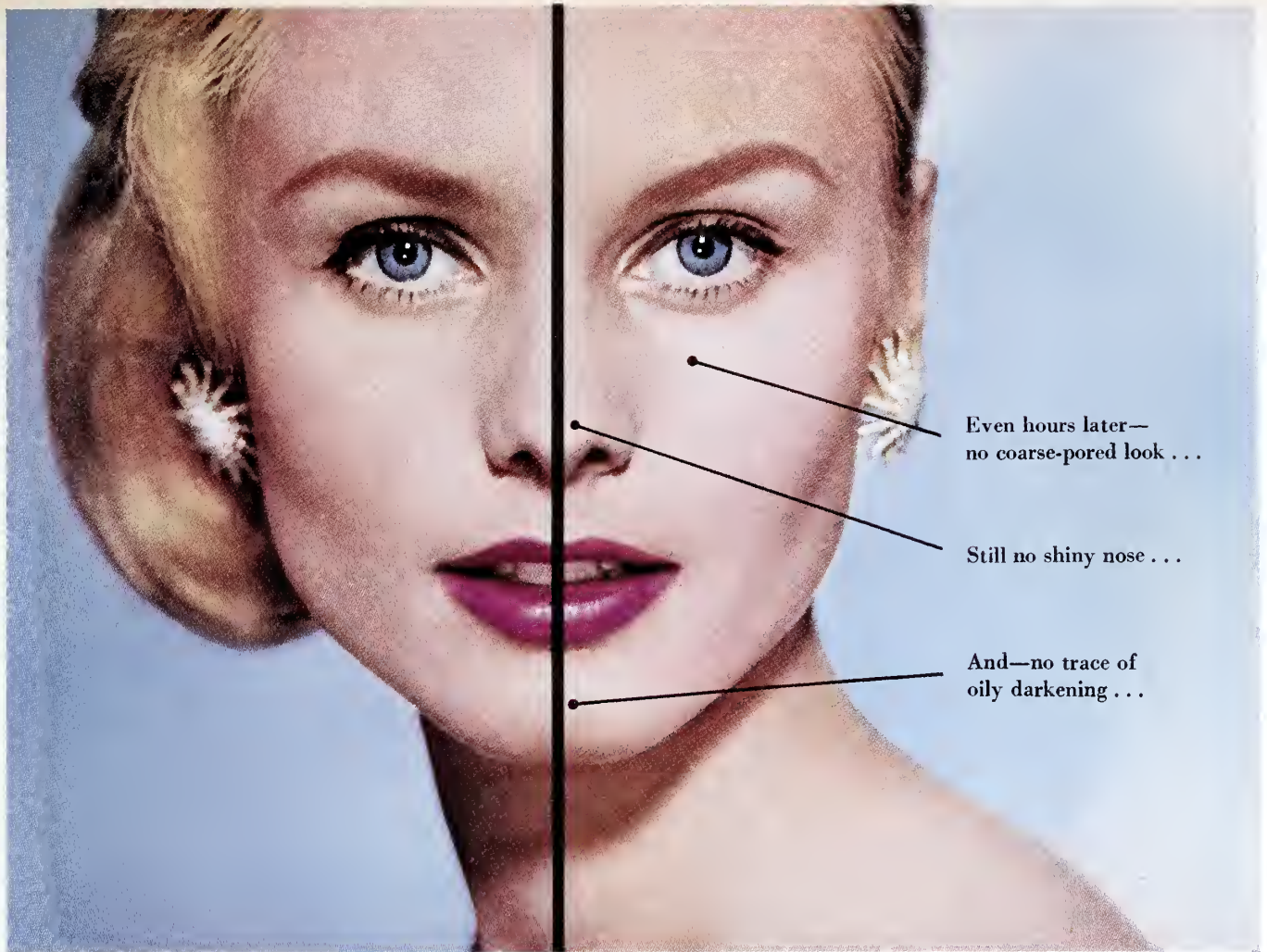


Deb Tuesday Weld wept till Tab arrived.

... **Lance Reventlow** may introduce **Jill St. John** to his mother at Christmastime in New York. ... **Gene Tierney's** first film in four years will be Ibsen's "The Doll's House." ... **James Darren** and wife **Gloria** have called it quits. ... **Carolyn Jones** and **Aaron Spelling** never looked happier than they did at the new Whispering Waters hotel in Palm Springs, which she owns along with **Hugh O'Brian**, **Lloyd Bridges** and **Dennis Weaver**.

Bundles From Heaven: Rumors flew as high as the stork itself but now they seem to be true. The nursery that **Marilyn Monroe** and **Arthur Miller** built may have an occupant this spring. ... It was a baby girl for **Hope Lange** and **Don Murray**. ... **John Wayne** paced hospital corridors with son-in-law **Don LaCava** when his first grandchild, Anita Maria, was born. Big John doesn't mind being a grandfather one bit. "I'm still an actor, aren't I?" he asks. He sure are. ... **Art Linkletter** claims that, in a few years, he'll be able to write another book, "Grandchildren Say the Darnedest Things." ... **Shirley Jones'** and **Jack Cassidy's** son Shaun Paul arrived sporting enough hair to keep **Bing Crosby** in toupees for life. As for **Nanette Fabray's** and **Ronald MacDougall's** son Jaime Lorne, he very casually draped his feet over the hospital crib—he's that **Gary Cooper**-tall. ... I vote for **Janet Leigh** as the year's best-dressed mother-to-be. ... The **Don Defores'** fifth child arrives this spring.

Cal York's Jottings: They say **Rock Hudson's** become a hula hoop champ, but that's not as surprising as the usually prim **Ann Blyth** demonstrating her hoop-de-do for minutes on end at a recent party. ... Rumor has it **Tuesday Weld** is older than she's owning up to. ... The **Jerry Lewises** are hosting **Liz Taylor** quite often these days, kids and all. Says Liz of **Mike Todd**: "I don't want anything to destroy that memory." ... **Eddie Fisher** quietly moved into an apartment. ... **Tommy Sands** is opening a rock 'n' roll school in Hollywood. ... **June Allyson** is taking bongo drum lessons from **Carolyn Jones**. ... **Tina Louise** is learning all about celestial navigation, aboard **Fess Parker's** racing sloop. ... The **Barry Sullivans** may give their marriage a try after all. ... **Monty Clift** denies he's beat, angry or anything else. "I concentrate on what I am doing," says he. "I find it easier to work that way. To some this makes it seem as if I were taciturn or introspective. I am quiet when I work because I have nothing to say at that moment except the lines I'm supposed to say." ... Paintings signed "Smylla," are the work of **Vanessa Brown**. ... **Sophia Loren** claims the best kind of man for a woman is an intellectual. "because he has interests which involve him fully, leaving you plenty of time for dressing and doing your hair." ... **James MacArthur** chose November 2 to wed **Joyce Bulifant** in New York. ... **Nina Foch** ended her marriage to **James Lipton** but she and **Bob Horton** have no announcement to make. In fact, half of the time these two are not even speaking. The other half, they're madly in love.



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FEBRUARY 25¢

959 Pinup Calendar

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3 HAPPIEST
MARRIAGES LAST?**

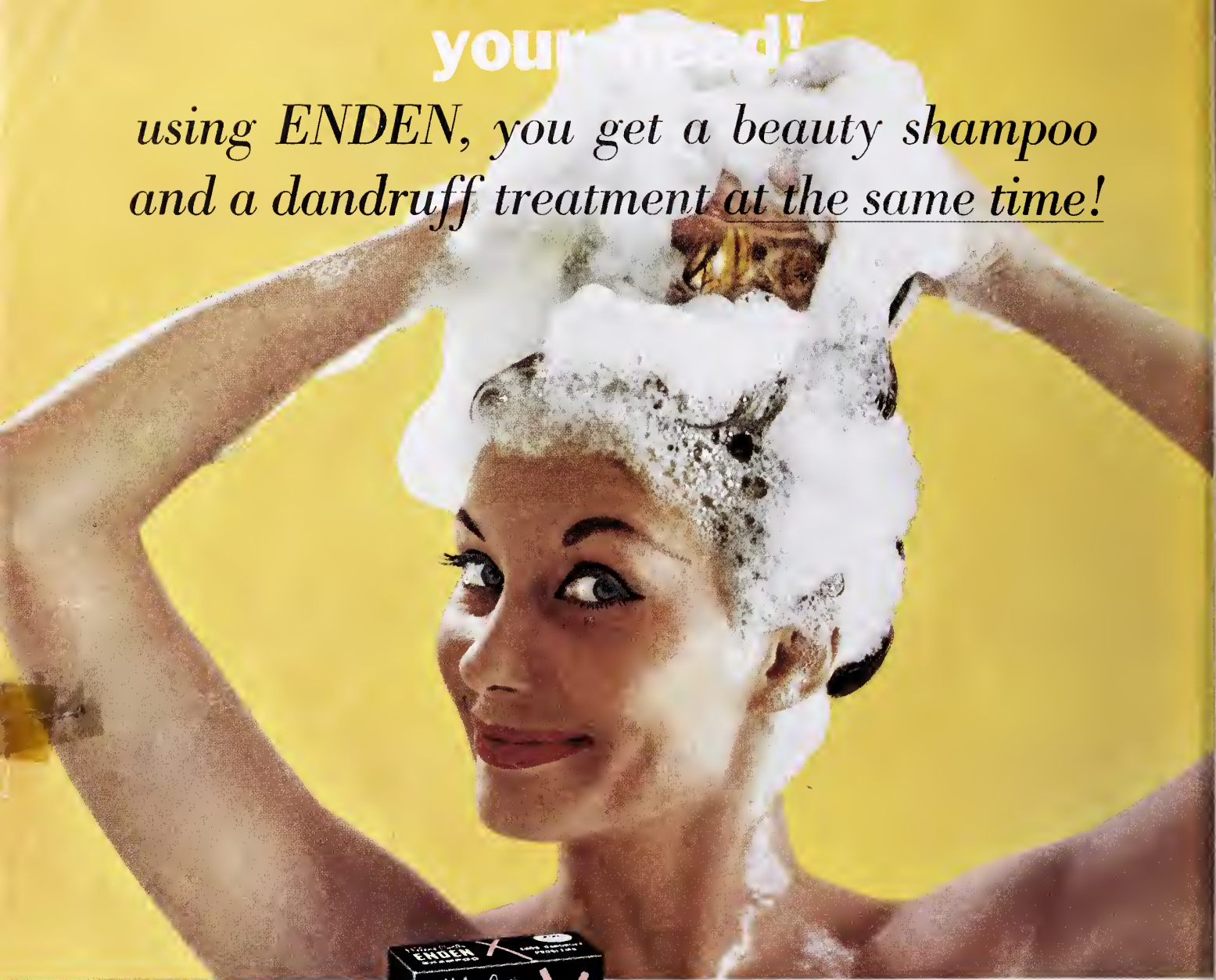


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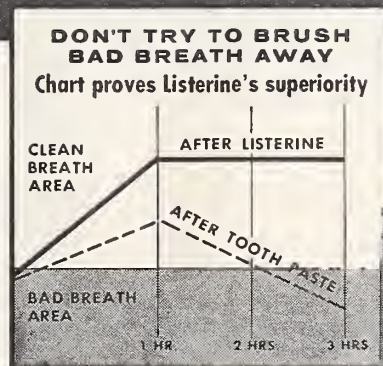


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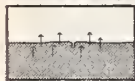
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HAPPY NEW YEAR

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NORMAN SIEGEL, West Coast Editor

CLAIRE SAFRAN, Managing Editor

JOAN GUERIN, Assistant Editor

DICK CLARK, Contributing Editor

JIM HOFFMAN, Contributing Editor

KENNETH CUNNINGHAM, Art Director

PAMELA LAW, Fashion Editor

HARRIET SEGMAN, Beauty Editor

ROGER MARSHUTZ, Staff Photographer

RICHARD ADELSON, Art Assistant

MAXINE ARNOLD, MARCIA BORIE, West Coast Contributors

Your March issue will be on sale at your newsstand on February 5th



Photoplay is Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. Executive, Advertising and Editorial Offices at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Lee Andrews, Vice-President; S. N. Himmelman, Vice-President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer.

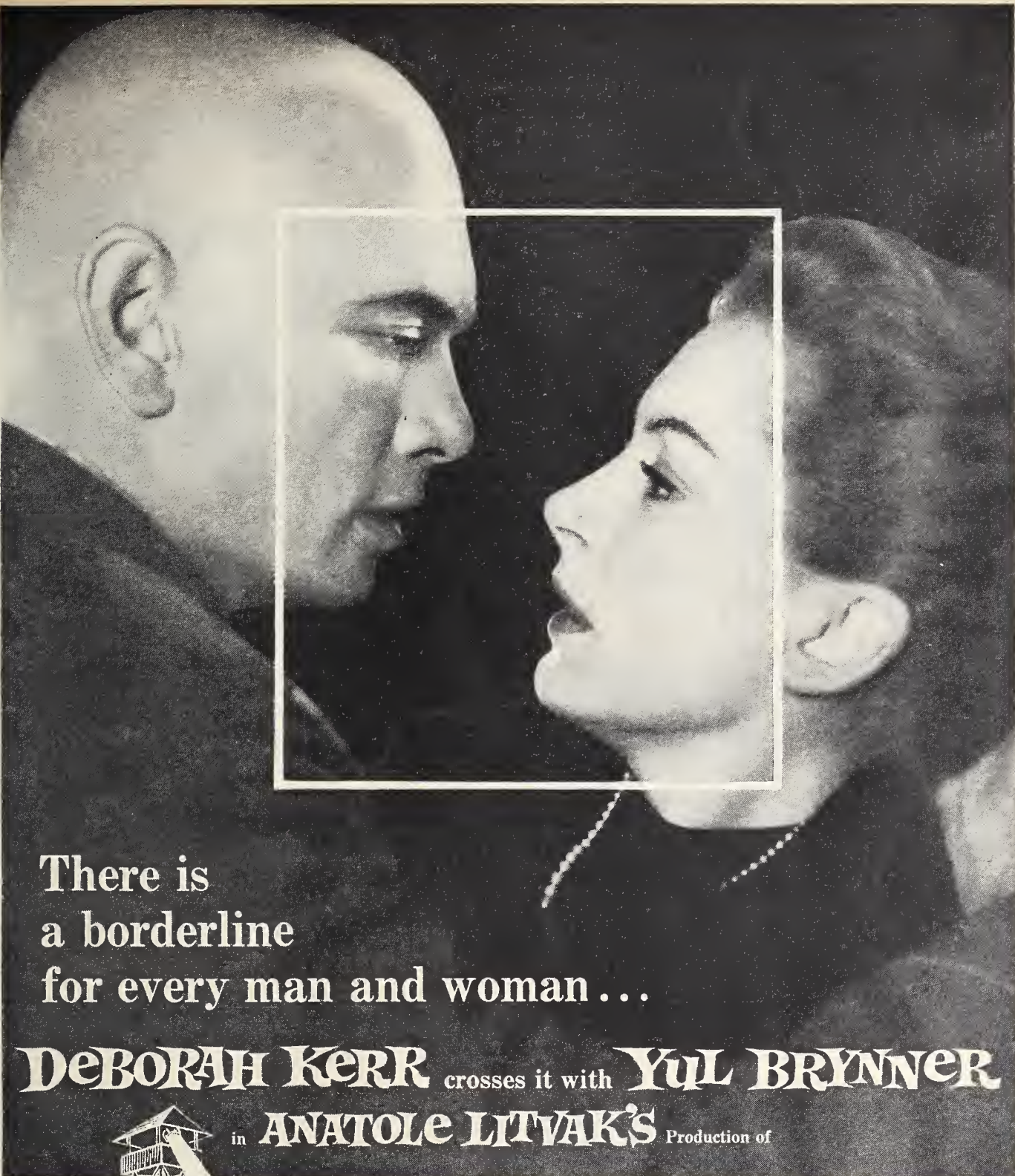
Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco. Subscription Rates: \$2.50 one year, \$4.00 two years, \$5.50 three years in U. S., its possessions and Canada. \$5.00 per year all other countries.

Change of Address: 6 weeks notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Manuscripts, Drawings and Photographs will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only material accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned.

Foreign editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President.

Re-entered as Second Class Matter May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and other post offices. Authorized as Second Class Mail P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1959 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados según la Convención Pan-Americana de Propiedad Literaria y Artística. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U.S.A. by Art Color Printing Company. Member of True Story Women's Group.



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I don't care what the song is. Anything Keely Smith warbles, I dig it.



Marilyn Monroe had two surprises for me when I went to see her.

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

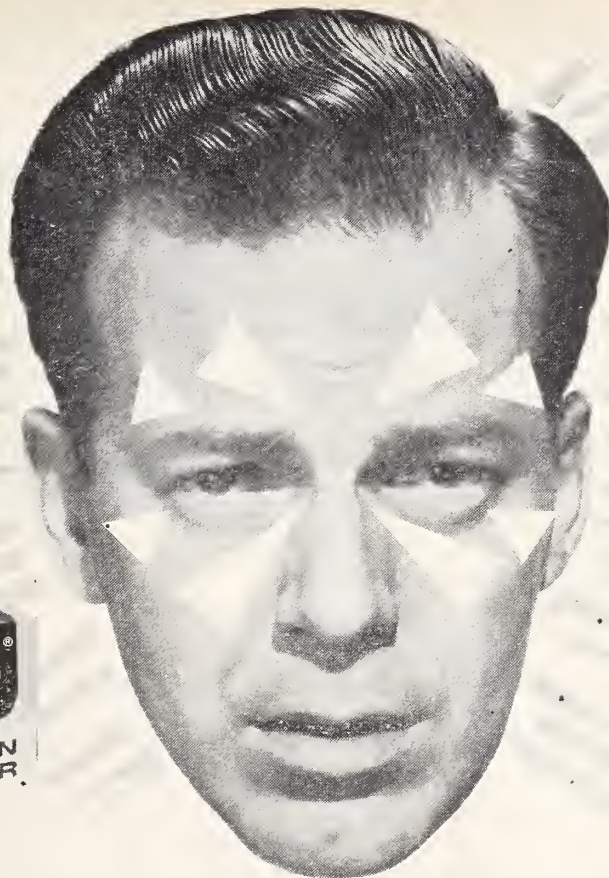
Yul Brynner wears hair for "The Sound and the Fury." Crazy!



I get the impression Joanne Woodward is amazed that she's a glamorous movie star. . . . Rick Nelson doesn't dig those coffee houses because too many people are pushing to be characters. . . . In his own quiet way, soldier boy Russ Tamblyn does as good with the girls as Presley. . . . Most frightening thing about the movie industry today is that if Greta Garbo were starting, she couldn't become a star! . . . When I visited Marilyn Monroe on the set of "Some Like It Hot," she surprised me by 1.) saying that few of the girls in the picture's all-girl orchestra were very good-looking—MM seldom comments about girls—and 2.) showing me the Photoplay plaque she won a few years ago and commenting: "I kept this award because I got it for my acting." . . . Have you noticed that the thinner Audrey Hepburn is, the better performance she gives?

Betsy Drake hypnotized Cary Grant in about everything except staying married. . . . I watched Gregory Peck at the movies. He gives a great performance crossing and uncrossing his long legs. . . . Shelley Winters said to Tony Franciosa: "There's no use arguing with you because you won't agree with me." . . . I like Rock Hudson because he became a movie star despite his name. . . . I think conserva- (Continued)

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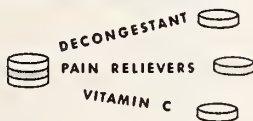
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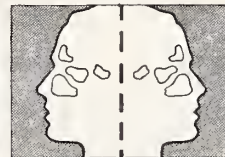
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HOLLYWOOD

continued



Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell have good reason to look happy—they are!

tive Don Murray is the big non-conformist because he doesn't wear a T-shirt or a beard, doesn't shuffle along or mumble his words. . . . Description of Kim Novak: A lazy girl who likes to work. . . . Alex Guinness looks more like Oscar than any actor who ever won one. . . . I'm willing to bet that the Oscar for the best song goes to "Gigi." Any song in that movie could win it without a squawk from me. . . . Mickey Spillane's *Mike Hammer* is fortunate he is Darren McGavin. . . . Include me in as a member of the Keely Smith Fan club. I like her singing any song. . . . Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell very happy—and they look it. . . . Have you caught Yul Brynner with hair?

I'd say B.B. always looks as if she just finished playing spin the bottle. And is getting ready to play again. . . . A group of starlets look great to me until Lana Turner enters. Then even the starlets turn to case Lana. . . . Description of Burt Lancaster: The athlete who got lost in the library. . . . Tuesday Weld was born on a Thursday. . . . They can stop aheady with those jokes about Loretta Young's TV entrance. . . . I've been told that Zsa Zsa gets as dressed up when she goes to bed as when she goes to a premiere. . . . That's Hollywood For You.



Thursday's child, otherwise known as Tuesday Weld, dates Dennis Hopper.

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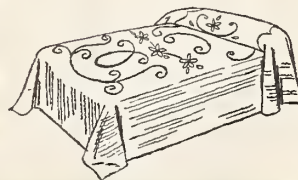
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ON THE RECORD

by TOMMY REYNOLDS

He sat hunched over at the edge of the bed, absent-mindedly tossing a ball up and down in his baseball-mitted hand. In a corner of the room stood his guitar. The radio was on but he hardly heard it. Conway Twitty, who was still known as Harold Jenkins then, was fresh out of the Army. "Which will it be," he wondered. "baseball or singing?"

Suddenly, the radio shattered his thoughts with the persistent, driving beat that was Elvis Presley singing, "Heart-break Hotel."

"Hmm," he thought, "I can do that." And he did.

Conway forgot about digging his spiked shoes in at home plate and walling away the home runs that had made the Philadelphia Phillies offer him a contract. Instead, he picked up the guitar his father, a pilot on a Mississippi ferry boat, had taught him to play when he was a young boy. He planted his two feet in front of microphones across the United States and Canada and sang away in that big voice of his.

As Harold Jenkins, he got to first base, all right, but he didn't come near to a singing home-run till his manager Don Seat renamed him Conway Twitty—Twitty because his manager liked it, and Conway after a town in Arkansas and because it went well with Twitty. Then, last February, during an intermission in Hamilton, Ontario, he wrote "It's Only Make Believe." He wrote it in seven minutes. "Sometimes you can sit around

Let's Preview

"Things Are Swinging'" (Capitol 1049)—Peggy Lee, with orchestra conducted by Jack Marshall. This LP includes a dozen solid standards, given the Peggy Lee treatment, no gimmicks. Peggy projects all the way as things get swinging in a relaxed and interesting session.

"Frankie Laine's Greatest Hits" (Columbia CL 1231)—If you're a Frankie Laine fan, this LP makes it possible for you to have Frankie's big hit singles all on one well-produced package. A clever idea.

"Bobby Hackett at The Embers" (Capitol T1077)—Bobby Hackett's trumpet soloing, backed by a politely swinging rhythm section, makes this a good relaxed LP. As usual, Bobby's playing is warm, imaginative, neat and tasteful. All the ingredients for easy and enjoyable listening are here.

for days and nothing happens," he said. "And sometimes a song just spills out of you, like you had dreamed it."

Oddly enough, in these days of overnight record hits—or flops—Conway's M-G-M record took six months to really get started. When it did, it landed in the number-one spot on the hit parade and soft-spoken Conway Twitty could crinkle his hazel eyes in a big smile and know that he'd chosen right.

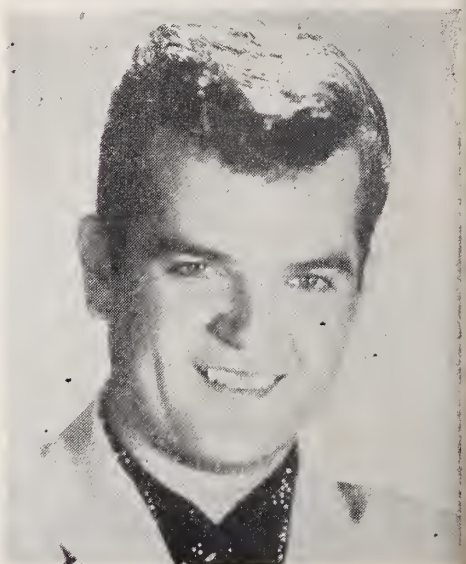
Born in Friar's Point, Mississippi, Conway grew up across the river in

Helena, Arkansas, then moved a few miles up river to Mariana, Arkansas, where he met his wife, a beautician. Mariana is still home for Conway, "Mike" and their four-year-old son, a going-on-two daughter and a brand-new baby girl. Conway's twenty-five now, and still keeps the strong religious feeling that once made him think earnestly of becoming a preacher. He takes his work and himself seriously. "You've gotta be yourself at all times," he says.

HAVE YOU HEARD . . .

1. "BIMBOMBAY"—*Jimmie Rodgers* (Roulette)
2. "PROBLEMS"—*Everly Brothers* (Cadence)
3. "WORLD OUTSIDE"—*Four Coins* (Epic)
4. "I WANT TO BE HAPPY CHA CHA"—*Enoch Light* (Grand Award)
5. "LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND," and "MANDOLINS IN THE MOONLIGHT"—*Perry Como* (RCA)
6. "PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A."—*Nu Tornado* (Carlton)
7. "SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES"—*The Platters* (Mercury)
8. "MY HAPPINESS"—*Connie Francis* (M-G-M)
9. "SEPARATE TABLES"—*Vic Damone* (Columbia)
10. "I GOT STUNG"—*Presley* (RCA)

continued



Conway thanks Elvis for his career.

^P Tommy Reynolds produces "Bandstand, U.S.A.," over Mutual Radio. Sat., 8:05 to 10 P.M. EST.

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COLOR HAIR RINSE



ON THE RECORD

continued

These happy tidings came the other morning. "Dear Tommy," read Patti Page's letter, "Why haven't I written to you before? *Busy, busy, busy!*

"First, there's my ABC-TV show (Wednesday at 9:30 p.m. EST). Conferences with Ted Mills (producer), Dave Geisel (director), Vic Schoen (conductor), the network (brass), the Oldsmobile people (bless them!), et cetera. And gown fittings and hair settings and song sessions, and more et ceteras! No time for coffee breaks. . . .

"Second, Tommy, I've been having just about the busiest recording schedule of my career and one of the most gratifying. I did singles and albums. It seemed that every time I turned around there was that Mr. Mercury man waiting for me. Out of all this wax work came 'Left Right Out of Your Heart' (that was a big one!), 'Fibbin' (my current single), and believe it or not, *four* albums. Only two of the albums have names so far—'Let's Get Away From It All' and 'East Side, West Side.'

"Lastly, Tommy, I vacationed! My husband and I relaxed it up as best we could before my return to New York and Charlie's to Hollywood. As you probably know, Charlie is one of film-dom's busiest dance directors. One thing, though—this love of my life better stop messing around with other singers! His last Hollywood chore was 'King Creole' starring that Army fellow—what's his name?—oh yes, *Presley!* . . . Warm regards, Patti Page."

And warm regards from us for the mostest of the bestest this new year!

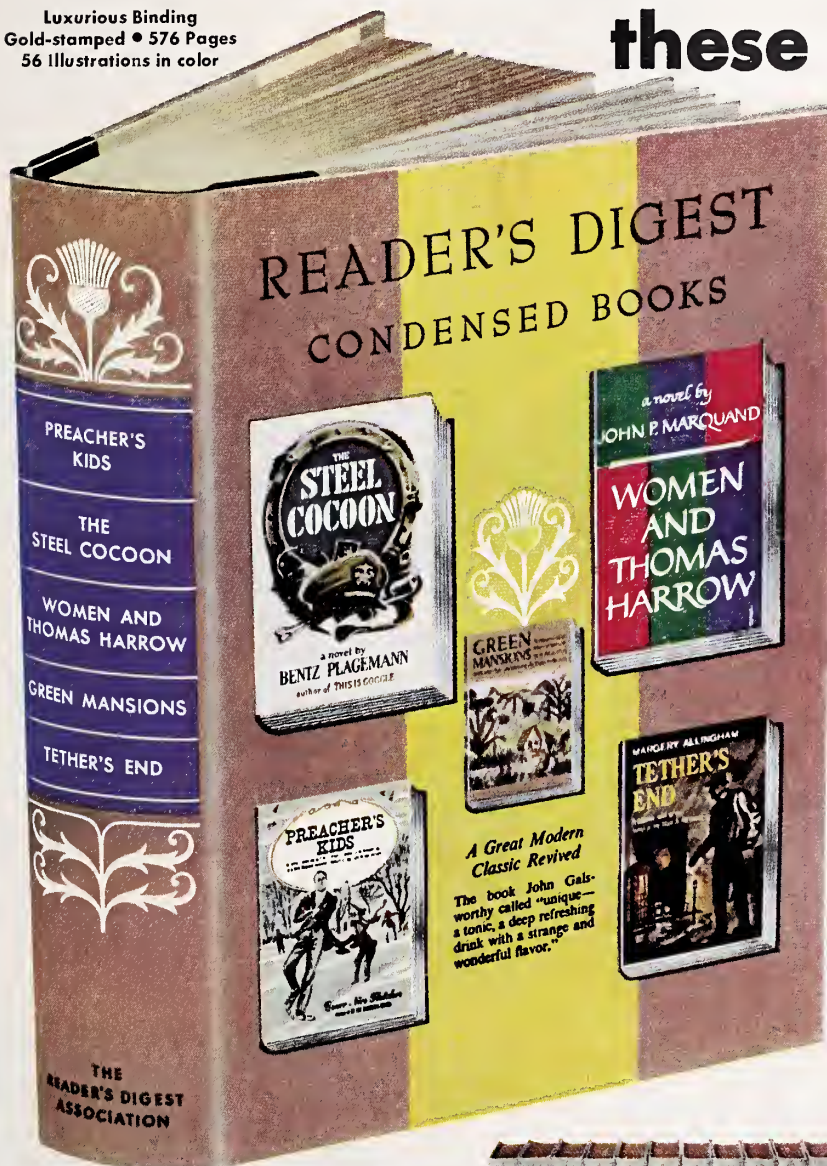


Patti's never been busier—or happier.

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READERS INC.

Open Letter to Rick Nelson

You don't remember me, Rick, I know, for we met only fleetingly in your dressing room at the Carter Barron Amphitheater in Washington, D.C., on your first night's performance there. I was with a party of six or seven girls led by a columnist, and as we approached your dressing room, my feelings were pretty well mixed. I was a little bit afraid and shy and very much excited. I was the last one to pass through the door and as you stood up to greet us, I received an impression I will never forget.

Maybe your face really was pale or maybe it was just the stage makeup but to me, Rick Nelson, you looked scared. Oh, not scared of those of us in the tiny dressing room, but of the howling, screaming, hysterical mob that awaited you outside. Scared, yes, and a little lonely, too.

As we were introduced, you said, "Hi," to each of us and when someone mentioned autographs you said, "Sure," and sat down to sign as many as we wanted. I had heard rumors that Rick Nelson was a snob but that was straightened out right away. I don't think I've ever met a nicer boy than you, Rick, and my friends felt the same way. All too soon it was time to leave and return to our seats and as I stepped out into the cool night air, I almost felt like crying for you.

Oh, I'd read plenty of stories about stars who weren't happy with all their money and fame and who would sometimes wish to be like everyone else. I never honestly believed them, though, until I caught the most wistful look in your electrifying blue eyes. Were you wishing that you were just another teenager? Was it possible that you were envying us because all our friends were in the same town and our parents weren't hundreds of miles away? Was it envy that we didn't have a constant mob around us, never letting us alone, even in the privacy of a hotel room where guards were posted day and night?

Just as we got back to our seats you came on stage to sing your first number and immediately the screaming and shrieking began. You looked quite pleased and happy. The crowd loved you and you seemed to love the crowd. I began to wonder if I hadn't imagined how unhappy you looked backstage. I wondered if I had dreamed the expression in your eyes before you rose to meet us. And like I said, I guess I'll never know.

MARY BETH BOISSEREE
Arlington, Va.

That's where you're wrong. Rick will know now, when he reads it right here in Photoplay—Ed.

Brief Encounter

Recently I went to New York and the main thing I wanted to do was see some movie stars.

Anyone who says movie stars are too busy to take time for young (teenage) fans doesn't know what he's talking about.

My aunt and I went to one TV studio to see the show and take pictures of the well-known panelists. We were standing outside talking when a taxi pulled up and Gordon MacRae stepped out. I ran over to get a picture while he was signing someone's autograph book, but it was so crowded I couldn't reach him. A man started to take him into the studio but he stopped him, smiled at me and said for me to take the picture if I wanted to. Well, today that picture is my prized possession.

SUSAN FOX
Tipp City, Ohio

Oscar for Entertainment

Here goes my first letter to my favorite movie magazine. Academy Award time is rolling around again and I hope, for once, the voters will not overlook the fine, care-free and brilliant performance of Mitzi Gaynor in "South Pacific." It's a shame that many think to be eligible for an Oscar nomination the role must be that of insanity, alcoholism or frustration. It's about time the movie industry recognized a performance that really *entertains* the movie-goer!

TOM PAUL
Palm Beach, Fla.

Circle this date, April 6, on your calendar. That's the night when you'll see whether your favorites win or not, when the Academy Awards are televised coast to coast over NBC-TV—Ed.



A reader suggests bright musical for usually serious Dorothy Malone. Why not?

Fat, Flabby, Sagging? ! !

I have certain views concerning the caliber of Hollywood leading men which I've been keeping to myself entirely too long. It takes courage to cite them, because a "lady" isn't supposed to have such thoughts—much less express them! I guess I'm not a lady then, so here goes:

Sometimes after seeing a motion picture, I get the feeling that the producers have only the male members of the audience in mind when casting their films. (This is a great mistake, for I'm sure women comprise a larger part of the theater-going public.) When selecting male leads, apparently their only thought is, "He's a good actor." Ah! but the *female* lead! That's another matter entirely! She must not only be a capable actress, she must have eye-appeal. Even our ageless cinema queens (many of whom will never see fifty again) can wear low-cut gowns or don swimming togs and in the process reveal figures that the average teenage girl might very well envy.

But not the man of the species! He can be fat, flabby, sagging and downright ancient-looking and still command leads opposite the finest female specimens in movie-land. Of course, the producers can truthfully say (in many cases) that they continue to use these actors because they still draw the crowds. I don't want to see them turned out to pasture—I simply want them to keep themselves in shape as do the actresses. If some actors can do it, so can the others. Among the few who have kept faith with the female public are Cary Grant and Gilbert Roland. I still remember a movie in which Roland and Bob Stack were co-starred. What a field day those two afforded the female who truly appreciates the handsome male physique!

EDITH RODGERS
Troutdale, Ore.

Set to Music

In my opinion, Miss Dorothy Malone is great in every part she's ever had in a movie.

In my opinion, that Academy Award that she won was one of the most deserved Oscars ever.

I do wish some studios would get on the ball and star her in a musical or musical comedy. Miss Malone has a lovely voice, can dance and is a top actress. What more would be needed to make it the hit of the year?

MRS. ALICE HUGGINS
Harlingen, Texas



A fan asks: Should teeners envy Rick?



Modess *because*



continued

Contest Winner

You may think this a queer letter to write, but it was my daughter Barbara who won the trip to Hollywood in connection with the John Gavin contest. She enjoyed it so much and was treated royally.

Now, my problem is this—being the proud mother, I told all of our friends about the trip in great detail, hut, so far, no mention has been made in Photoplay of the event. Everytime I see any of my old friends or neighbors, they always ask when the picture of Barbara is going to appear. Soon, I hope?

MRS. HELEN E. BURNS
Denver, Colo.

Right now, Mrs. Burns!—Ed.

Heh, Heh, Heh !!!

Herein I make my bid
For movies to get rid
Of weird heasts on the screen,
Monsters are what I mean.
Those quite fantastic ghouls
That rise from murky pools,
Or, breathing fire on high,
Go soaring through the sky
With fang and scale and claw.
There ought to be a law
Against such hideous creatures
With their repulsive features.
Right now I'm telling you, man,
I want to see a human!

LOUISE DARCY
Biddeford, Maine

One of Tab's Fans

I was reading in the article, "How to Sew-Up a Date with Tab Hunter." It was the greatest, but I am a little too young to enter the contest.

The reason I am writing is I would like a signed photograph of Tab. After he gets the right girl, I would like a signed photograph of both of them.

SHARON NAIL
Indianapolis, Ind.

Tab wants to know how old are you. His signed picture is in the mail.—Ed.

The Movies: Perfect Gloom Chaser

Thanks to old Tom Edison for a swell invention—the motion pictures! It's a great thing when people can turn their eyes to the screen and forget their troubles.

What is the movies' appeal? I think, for a girl, it's that she can go to the movies Friday night and be a sultry temptress, Saturday night she can be a gracious lady, revered by all, and Sunday night she can be a poor waif in the north woods looking for her old pappy's lost map to the secret underground hidden passage to the fertile and rich valley (also secret) which was closed up many years ago along with the little boy who used to dip her hair in the ink well.

All kidding aside, it is the answer to our desire to see things and do things we'd never be able to experience without the aid of the screen and the transporting powers of our mind.

KAREL RAST
Grandview, Mo.

Those Russell Girls

Back in the days when father was young
And rose to a toast as flings were flung,
Who was the beauty whose fame was sung?
Lillian.

Along came the movies, with color and sound.

And up came a star who was gorgeously gown'd.

In Hollywood, Broadway, queen she was crown'd.

And who do you reckon this Venus was?
Roz.

Later, we went for a black-haired dish,
Shipwrecked on an isle with her was our wish;

When figures were figured she was ultra-cotish.

Can you guess the subject of this refrain?
Jane.

JULIAN D. CORRINGTON
Coral Gables, Fla.

Elvis and Liberty!

In a recent issue I read that a school threatened to expel some girl students because they wore Elvis dog tags. This is stupid! I wear mine to school and though my teachers tease me, if anybody threatened to expel me, I'd transfer—and fast! I bet a lot of Photoplay readers feel the same.

BONNIE NELSON
Omaha, Neb.

Do you?—Ed.



Ode to Roz (Auntie Mame) Russell.

A Housewife's Notes

Have room for a few random notes from a housewife? Hope so—here they are:

It's surprising how children, my own included, know instinctively which stars are people worth knowing. Unfailingly, they seem to recognize—even underneath a role—those we'd be proud to have living next door to us. My two girls, ages eight and six, were discussing Ward Bond of TV's "Wagon Train" the other day. The oldest asked, "Do you really want to marry Ward Bond?"

The youngest stopped for a moment, thought, then answered, "Sure, he's really nice—not at all mean like he wants people to believe. I'll bet I could get all the ice cream I wanted from him." Bet she could, too! . . .

I have nothing against Marilyn Monroe or Jayne Mansfield, but for the men in our house, Barbara Nichols can out-Monroe Marilyn and out-Mansfield Jayne. My husband, who usually groans about traipsing off to another movie, will even struggle into a tie for Barbara . . .

Comments heard over the backyard fence on Monday while hanging up the wash: "Who is this Sandra Dee? She's as cute as a button." . . . "Diane Varsi is much too tense in her acting. The feeling comes over to the audience that it's all acting." . . . The grand dame of our coffee-kitchen set had this comment, "Did you ever see as nice a boy as Tony Curtis?" We think Janet and he are just about perfect and our fingers are crossed that the Curtises stay in love in matrimonially wild and rough Hollywood.

THIRD ON THE AISLE
Benton Harbor, Mich.



Contest winner Barbara Burns (center) and the John Gavins enjoy a get-together.

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.

"No other beauty soap quite so gentle"

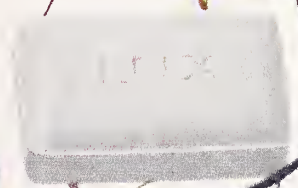
says Anne Baxter



ANNE BAXTER starring in "SUMMER OF THE SEVENTEENTH DOLL"
A Hecht-Hill-Lancaster Production. Released thru United Artists

That's the beauty of LUX

Gentle is the word for Lux. Its wonderful lather caresses your complexion . . . *softly* it cleanses . . . *lightly* its fragrance surrounds you . . . *delicately*, Lux pastels add a note of color to the bath. For Lux is all gentleness, day after day. And from this comes beauty . . . a "natural look" . . . a "radiant glow." 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars know it. You, too, should know the beauty of Lux. You'll love Lux—or Lever Brothers will return your money in full.





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Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern
cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible . . . the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich
brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today — with pure, sparkling Halo.

HALO glorifies as it cleans

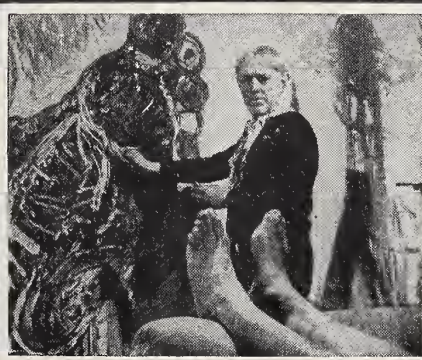
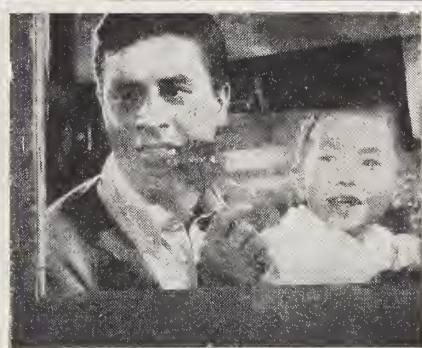


✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓ GOOD
 ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓ FAIR

get more out of life—
**go out to a
 movie**

What's on tonight?

You've got to go out
 to see the best! Look for
 these new pictures
 at your favorite theater



The Geisha Boy

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION.
TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Never funnier than in this, Jerry Lewis (top left) vies for honors with his picture side-kick, a big white rabbit named Harry, and it's a toss-up as to who steals the picture from whom. As a butterfingerted magician with a small brain and a heart as big as all outdoors, Jerry stumbles in and out of Japan and Korea on USO tour, demolishing Army press relations, playing second fiddle to Harry—the kind of little prima donna who, at times, ought to have his paws slapped—and bringing happiness to a Japanese orphan. The entire film is full of absolutely nutty ideas, as when Sessue Hayakawa is introduced to the strains of a now familiar marching song and we see him in full dress uniform supervising the building of a bridge, only this time it's over a goldfish pond—not that certain river. And then, of course, there's Harry whose sunburn sequence is one of the shortest and funniest on record. And it's mostly because of Jerry Lewis' slick counterpoint playing as the loving but slightly subservient master that Harry springs to life as such an enchantingly real character. They say he's only a rabbit, but . . . FAMILY

A Night to Remember

J. ARTHUR RANK

✓✓✓✓ You may well leave this movie with the chilling thought that there is such a thing as "fate"—a fate which no human agent can change. From the beginning of the Titanic disaster to its end there were dozens of chances to save the giant ship from sinking with a loss of over 1,500 passengers, yet each chance failed. Why? It took Walter Lord seven years to gather authentic information for his book, and no dramatic script was necessary here, for the true events of that cold April night were full enough of real drama. They're faithfully and excitingly translated to the screen in this fine film. Nothing has been spared to bring the story to full visual life and everything from Kenneth More's performance as *Lieut. Lightoller* (see page 18, bottom center) down to the last prop shows meticulous care.

ADULT

The Horse's Mouth

U.A.; TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ The wise oral cavity of the title belongs to Alec Guinness (bottom left). And the superb manner in which he delivers everything that comes out of it may well win him another Oscar. An eccentric painter thought by some to be a genius (and by others, a madman), Guinness strides joyfully through the film bellowing and badgering, ruining people's homes, battling with his ex-wife, pilfering and raising general havoc. He is aided by uniformly crack performances, notably by Kay Walsh, whose entire face is so arranged and photographed as to bespeak a lifetime spent in stopping clocks. The film's chief joy lies in the fact that not only are most of the characters off their trolley, but so is the whole picture. The point of view is always slightly askew, and there is enough of the nuttiness in human nature to fill a book. Color photography and the musical score are decided assets, as is the crackerjack script. By a promising new writer—named Alec Guinness.

FAMILY

(continued)

MOVIES *continued*

The Perfect Furlough U-I; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ Growing in stature as an actor with each movie, Tony Curtis now takes a fling at comedy, and Janet Leigh tags merrily along as his team-mate onscreen, too. To save the morale of GIs on vital Arctic duty, the Army offers to send one lucky man on a perfect furlough, which his buddies can share in spirit. The brass is horrified when Tony wins the drawing, because this lad's a notorious wolf, whose girl-chasing has kept him in constant jams. He chooses to go to Paris, with movie queen Linda Cristal as his companion. In terror of scandal, her studio assigns publicity gal Elaine Stritch to chaperone Linda, while Tony's steps are dogged by officers, MPs and a psychiatrist—a pretty but prissy WAC. That's Janet, and you can imagine what Paris and Tony do to her. The pace is fast; all the wacky proceedings have a winning air of gaiety; and Tony has himself a ball.

ADULT

Sheriff of Fractured Jaw 20TH. CINEMASCOPE, DELUXE COLOR

✓✓✓ In his first American movie, British star Kenneth More comes in a winner. The only trouble is, the picture isn't as good as he is. Heir to an ancient gun-smithing firm (c. 1605), Kenneth decides to haul it out of the red by selling guns in the wild west to whoever will buy them. And that's just what he does, with wacky results that rock the pioneer-land to its foundations. What's best in this is held together by Mr. More's sure comedy style. As the very civilized English tenderfoot who thinks it's rude for Indians to attack white men and sheer nonsense to have range wars, he's so deadly correct about it all and so completely innocent of the seething passions

surrounding him that, at times, he makes the picture uproariously funny. Unhappily, the times don't come often enough, and while his costar, Jayne Mansfield (pictured at bottom right, below), is much more natural and honestly charming than in some past pictures, her role as writ doesn't give her much help.

FAMILY

Anna Lucasta

U.A.

✓✓✓ An all-Negro cast headed by Eartha Kitt comes to grips with this one-time Broadway hit about a good-hearted bad girl who tries to live down her past despite the muddling interference of her family. It's an odd picture because it's so good and bad by fits and starts. *Anna's* father (Rex Ingram), for instance, obviously hates her and he projects this with energy, but his motives are never clear. The final effect is one of slowing down and diffusing the story. But sometimes there are striking moments, as when Sammy Davis Jr., a rejected lover, and a sort of latter-day Mephistopholes, pleads with *Anna* to go back to her old ways and we see *Anna's* resolve to lead a decent life drained, second by second, under the sheer power of his hammering, persuasive words. Even with its faults, this is a powerful picture, peopled with actors of vigor and talent. Fine assist. too, from Lucien Ballard's fluid, low-key photography.

ADULT

Pather Panchali

EDWARD HARRISON

✓✓✓ Hailed as the greatest masterpiece ever to come out of India, this is a truly absorbing and interesting film—but masterpiece, well, that's a mighty big word. Telling the story of a Brahmin family's every day joys and sorrows, it has a simplicity of acting and truth of theme that can't help but touch the heart. But the thought occurs that the "inside" dope on how the picture was created should

not sway the opinion of the finished product. Started as a source of Sunday amusement by an amateur Indian photographer, the leading characters are all portrayed by members of a non-acting Indian family. The film was finally financed by the government but, in the main, it's a non-professional venture. In view of this it's a truly amazing accomplishment which Hollywood and its mass-production thinking could well ponder on. And while it can easily take its place with many past movie milestones of earthy simplicity (especially French and Italian) its chief value seems to us to lie in its promise of even better things to come from the country of its making.

ADULT

The Silent Enemy

U-I

✓✓✓ Seven Englishmen and five Italians in a luxurious Spanish villa on the opposite shore battle for control of the narrow waterway which separates them—the Straits of Gibraltar. To the victor may very well go the winning of World War II. Into the fray comes young Navy Lieutenant Lionel (Buster) Crabb (played by Lawrence Harvey), a mines and explosives genius with a bad temper and holes in his socks. He and his hardy little band of seamen exude so much charm and efficiency it's hard to believe they won't win. This is a war picture, all right, but it hasn't a cliché in a carload and it can, besides, boast a highly polished and attractive performance by handsome newcomer Michael Craig as Lieutenant Crabb's assistant. There's never a dull moment here as interesting characters and humorous moments spice the heart-stopping action. Be sure and see it, even if you can't swim.

FAMILY

The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker

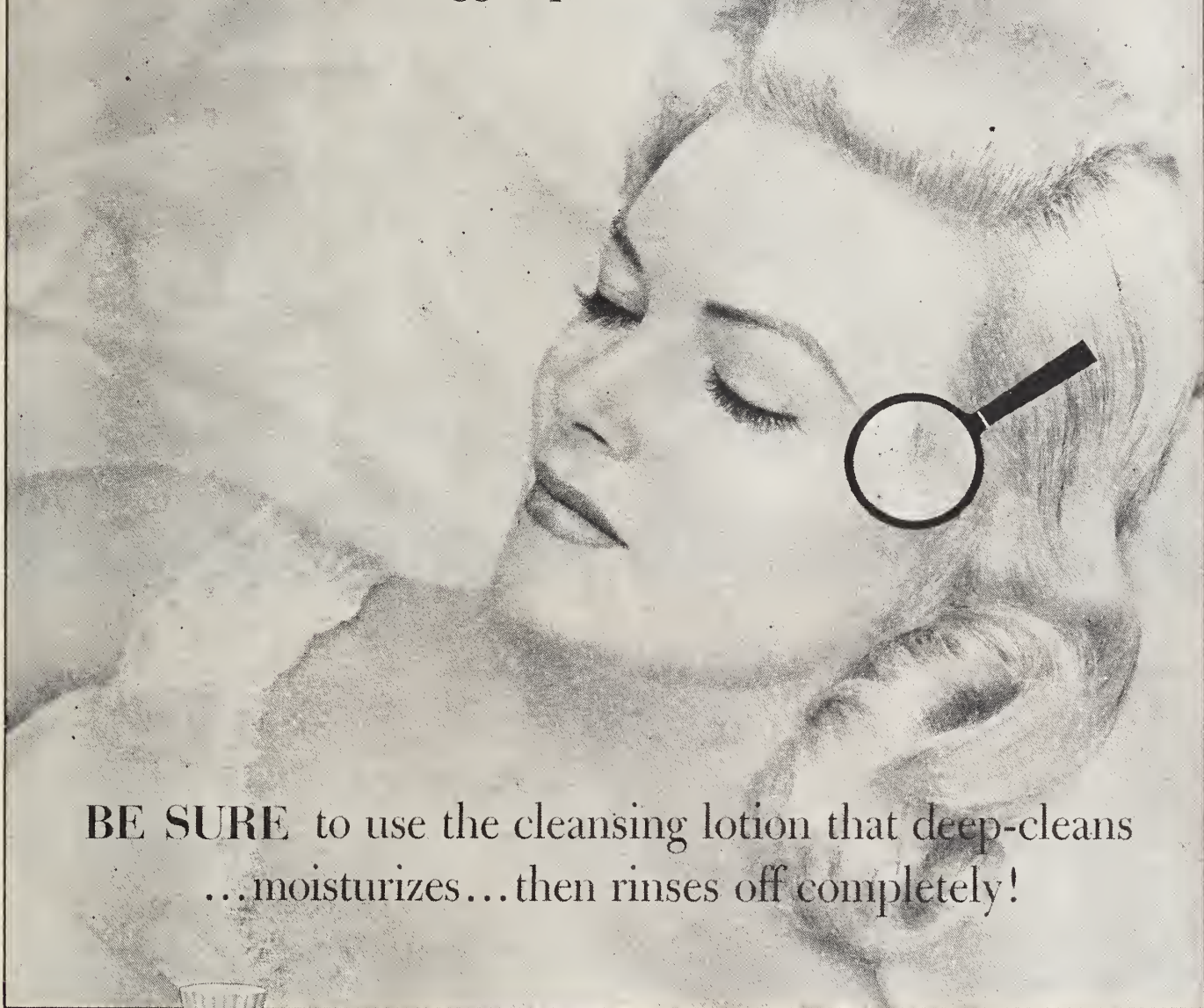
20TH. CINEMASCOPE, DELUXE COLOR

✓✓ And remarkable he is, for Victorian

Continued



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BE SURE to use the cleansing lotion that deep-cleans
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Actual photo of First Prize Silver Dollars

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CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

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I am enclosing 3 wrappers (or facsimiles of the face panel copied from any source) from any size of Ivory Soap.

☐ \$5,000 Bonus Prize. Check (✓) here if your 3 Ivory Soap wrappers (or facsimiles)—include one from each size—Large, Medium and Personal—to be eligible for the \$5,000 bonus prize.

Mail to: Ivory Give-Away, Dept. A, P.O. Box 243, Cincinnati 99, Ohio. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, May 1, 1959, and received no later than midnight, May 15, 1959.

**Plus \$5,000 Bonus
for 1st Prize Winner! (See Rules)**

2nd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible plus half the amount of money in the pile

3rd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible plus one-third the money

4th PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible plus one-fourth the money

5th PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Belvedere Convertible

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1. Estimate the total number of silver dollars in the pile shown in the picture. Write your estimate on either a printed entry blank or a plain sheet of paper. Print your name and address plainly. The estimate closest to the actual amount of money in the pile shown in the picture will win first prize, the next closest will win second prize, etc. The first five prizes are as follows:

- 1st PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible plus the amount of money in the pile.
- 2nd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible plus half of the amount of money in the pile.
- 3rd PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible plus a third of the amount of money in the pile.
- 4th PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible plus a fourth of the amount of money in the pile.
- 5th PRIZE: 1959 Plymouth Convertible.

Each bag shown in the picture is packed full of silver dollars, as obtained from a Federal Reserve Bank.

2. Mail your completed entry, together with three wrappers (or facsimiles of the face panel copied from any source) from any size of Ivory Soap, to: Ivory Give-Away, P.O. Box 243, Cincinnati 99, Ohio.

SPECIAL \$5,000 BONUS

If your three Ivory Soap wrappers include one from each size—Large, Medium, and Personal (or facsimiles copied from any source), you will receive a \$5,000 bonus if you are the 1st prize winner.

3. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must comply with all the rules and be mailed in a separate envelope. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, May 1, 1959, and received no later than midnight, May 15, 1959.

4. In addition to the five major prizes, there will be 75 other prizes as follows: 6th Prize will be a Natural Mink Stole, plus a sixth of the amount of money in the pile. 7th Prize will be a Natural Mink Stole, plus a seventh of the amount of money in the pile. 8th Prize will be a Natural Mink Stole. 9th Prize will be an RCA Victor Color TV Set, plus a ninth of the amount of money in the pile. 10th Prize will be an RCA Victor Color TV Set, plus a tenth of the amount of money in the pile. 11th Prize will be an RCA Victor Color TV Set, plus an eleventh of the amount of money in the pile. 12th Prize will be an RCA Victor Color TV Set. The next 68 Prizes will be a matching set of a man's and a woman's Bulova Wrist Watch. All money prizes will be awarded in silver dollars or check, whichever is preferred.

5. In case of ties, which are quite possible, tying contestants will be required to complete a statement about Ivory Soap. The most apt of the tie-breaking statements, written in the contestants' own words and expressing the contestants' own thoughts, will be selected and rated for prizes. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties in statements judged. Only one prize will be awarded to any winner or family.

6. Entries are limited to residents of the Continental United States (including Alaska) and Hawaii, except employees of Procter & Gamble, its advertising agencies and their families. Government regulations apply.

7. Judges' decisions will be final. Mechanically reproduced facsimiles will be disqualified. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein belong unqualifiedly to Procter & Gamble for any and all purposes. The winners or tying entrants will be notified by mail about 8 weeks after close of contest. A list of winners will be available upon request approximately 3 months after close of contest.

1959...IVORY SOAP'S
80th ANNIVERSARY

MOVIES *continued*

Mr. Pennypacker (Clifton Webb, pictured bottom left, page 18) has a lot of advanced ideas, especially about marriage and children, that are still awfully illegal, even in wicked old 1958. The acting is uniformly good, what with Mr. Webb being just as suave, nasty and lovable as ever, and it seems quite believable that he could oversee sixteen kids without turning a hair. Dorothy McGuire is warm and winning as *Mrs. P.* and Dave Nelson puts a lot of personality into the part of one of the elder *Pennypacker* children. Visually, too, the film's a pleasant excursion back to the dear, dead '90's of ladies' parasols and lazy afternoons. So what's so wrong? The plot, that's what. It wavers between the comic and serious and finally loses its balance in the sentimental. You might say, the recipe sounded yummy but the cake sank.

FAMILY

The 7th Voyage of Sinbad

COLUMBIA;
TECHNICOLOR,
IN DYNAMATION

✓✓ Who could ask for anything more—a beautiful princess, an evil magician, a handsome, stalwart hero and such horrors of gigantic proportion as a one-eyed giant and a snarling green dragon who snorts flames. The latter non-human stars are through the courtesy of dynamation, a new technical process so realistic it somewhat overshadows the live performers. On the whole, though, this is a most enjoyable film which tells the story of *Sinbad's* (Kerwin Matthews) trials and tribulations as he tries to obtain materials for the magic formula which will restore his beloved (Kathy Grant) to her original state. (No fair telling the dire spell under which Torin Thatcher as the magician cast her.) It's all good, clean, frightening fun—a real treat for the kids and fast-paced enough to grab the old folks' interest.

FAMILY

Inspector Maigret

LOPERT

✓✓ *Inspector Maigret*, for those unacquainted with him, is a middle-aged French flatfoot who lives in a modest apartment, sighs occasionally over his childless marriage, and is always making plans for a vacation. He never gets it because the Paris police always need him to solve their toughest cases, like this one, about a fiend with a sharp knife who crouches in dark alleys waiting for shapely blondes to pass by. He calls the police each time—even sends them notes about it. *Maigret* must trap this maniac, and the clues and suspects keep piling right up to a very tricky ending. Jean Gabin and the capable cast will make many a viewer sigh for something Hollywood used to make before teenage tarantulas got to be all the rage—that is, the good old-fashioned murder mystery. In French; English titles.

ADULT

Senior Prom

COLUMBIA

✓ There's going to be a Senior Prom, see, and the campus VIP, *Carter Breed III* (Tom Laughlin), big wind-bag if there ever was one, just about louses up the whole thing, as well as the tender romance between Jill Corey and Paul Hampton before he's through. Justice finally triumphs all over the place, and while this may not be the greatest musical ever produced (the multitude of songs has a strange way of all sounding alike—only in different tempos), Paul Hampton as the singing hero bears watching. He's a rock 'n' roller who looks like an Ivy Leaguer. Make of that what you will—and we certainly would if we were you.

FAMILY

A Question of Adultery

NTA

✓ This just goes to show how rocky the course of true love can run or, at least, how stubborn two people can be—even to hauling their lovers' quarrel into court for a precedent-setting trial. It seems that *Mary Loring* (Julie London) is going to have a baby but her husband *Mark* (Anthony Steel) views the idea with alarm. He's so upset, in fact, he runs his car (with both of them in it) over a cliff. Well, things go from bad to worse, much worse, at which point the picture starts dealing in earnest with its very touchy theme, artificial insemination. The end result is the court trial we spoke of, instituted by husband *Mark* who is still mad as anything. Somehow, out of all this chaos comes a better understanding between the couple and they walk off together with wife *Mary* tactfully soft-pedaling all that baby business.

ADULT

A Stranger in My Arms

U-I,
CINEMASCOPE

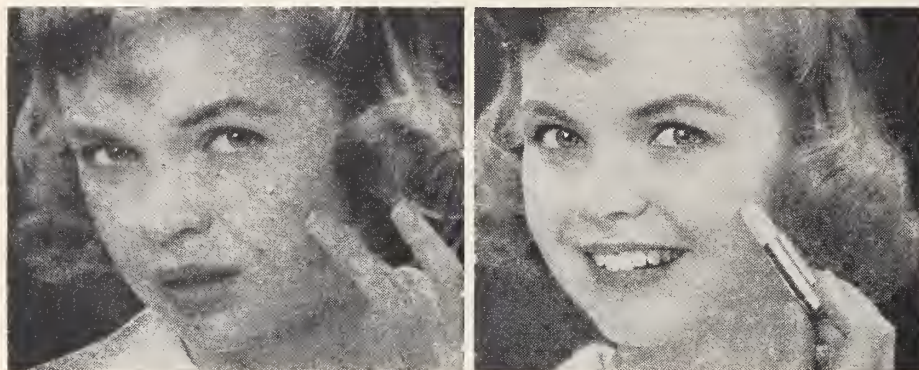
✓ Everybody in town worships the memory of *Donald Beasley* (Peter Graves) who is reported having died nobly at sea after his Army plane crashed. His mother (Mary Astor) adores her dead son and uses all her money, power and influence to see that everybody else does, too. Enmeshed in this situation are her daughter-in-law, June Allyson, her son's Army buddy, Jeff Chandler, and various other unfortunates. It's pretty soap-opera throughout and sheds not a gleam of new light on either love, war or human frailties—the subjects it meanders through. Miss Allyson and Mr. Chandler look bored—with justification. Mary Astor makes the most of a few good moments and Sandra Dee adds a springlike note.

FAMILY

COMING ATTRACTIONS

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New medicated acne stick nips pimples in the "bud"



Acts fast to stop pimples from
"blooming" and spreading...conceals and
helps heal pimples in all stages

Never again need you watch helplessly while a small blemish grows into a big, ugly pimple. For now there's a new kind of medication that acts *fast* to heal and dry blemishes in their *bud* stage—or *any* stage. It's Sentor—the new, skin-toned acne stick that soothes and helps *heal* as it conceals.

Today's most effective treatment for pimples. From the very first time you dab it on, Sentor does *more* to help heal pimples than any other product you could buy before. For only Sentor contains

this new combination of four ingredients that skin specialists prescribe for their patients. Sentor Stick works so well—so *fast*—pimples just seem to melt away.

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SKIN-TONED—CONCEALS WHILE
IT HELPS HEAL!

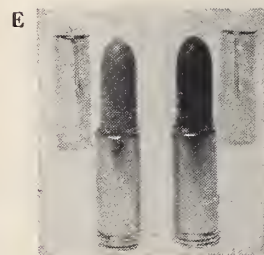
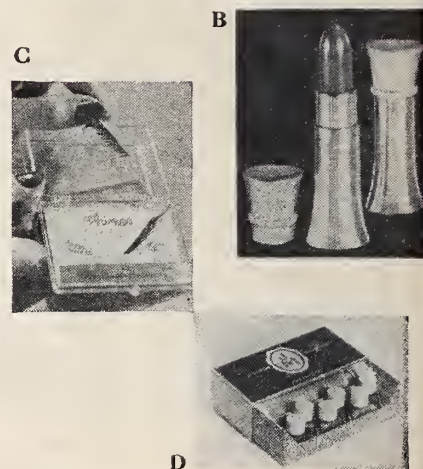
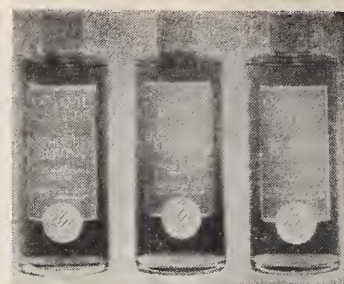


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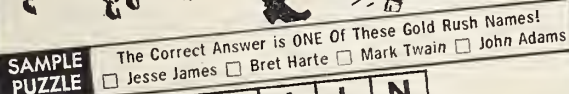
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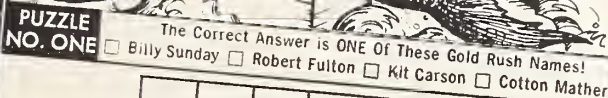


T	W	A	I	N
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SEE HOW MUCH FUN IT IS TO SOLVE!

SEE HOW MUCH FUN IT IS TO SOLVE!

This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here it shows the cowboy saying MARK, and he also mentions the word WAY. The letter "T" and the letter "N" appear. What else can the answer be but MARK TWAIN?



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GOOD FAIR

VERY GOOD
A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see contents page.

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF—M-G-M; Metrocolor: Tennessee Williams' explosive tale of a squabbling Southern family makes an absorbing session as Elizabeth Taylor takes her final step to full film maturity, with an invaluable assist from Paul Newman. (A) October

HOME BEFORE DARK—Warners: Jean Simmons takes full advantage of her first really superior acting opportunity since *Ophelia* in "Hamlet." As a discharged mental patient returning home to the very family atmosphere that destroyed her balance in the first place, she gives a beautifully shaded performance that ranks this picture high. (A) January

HOUSEBOAT—Paramount: Vista-Vision, Technicolor: Cary Grant, Sophia Loren, three children and some friendly termites set up housekeeping on the Potomac in the year's most charmingly unlikely story. (F) November

INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS, THE—20th; CinemaScope, DeLuxe Color: A vivid dramatic experience and an inspiring testament of faith. Ingrid Bergman's performance as an English missionary to China

is a crowning achievement. In the last performance before his death, Robert Donat is magnificent and touching as the elderly mandarin. (F) January

I WANT TO LIVE!—U.A. The true story of Barbara Graham, California murderess who goes to the gas chamber, may be sordid, shocking and awfully hard to take during the stark execution sequence but it's well worth seeing for Susan Hayward's brilliant full-length portrait of moral abandon and human heart-break. (A) January

MARDI GRAS—20th; CinemaScope. Deluxe Color: Pat Boone, Gary Crosby, Tommy Sands and a couple of hundred VMI cadets in a raffle—with Christine Carere as the prize. (F) December

MY UNCLE, MR. HULOT—Continental; Eastman-color: A sequel to "Mr. Hulot's Holiday," but even better than the original—and that's going some. Hysterical French satire on modern architecture, liberally mixed with screwball antics by writer-producer-director-star Jacques Tati spells plenty of laughs in any language. (F) January

RESTLESS YEARS, THE—U-I; CinemaScope: Burdened with problems of growing up. Sandra Dee and John Saxon also have to deal with their problem parents. The fact that the teenagers represented are neither giddy nor delinquent makes this a refreshing film. (A) January

SEPARATE TABLES—U.A.: Deborah Kerr's performance as the repressed and timid spinster is a revelation. Every word and action rings true. In this story of an oddly assorted group living in a seaside resort hotel. Miss Kerr is surrounded by an immensely able cast including David Niven, Burt Lancaster, Rita Hayworth and Wendy Hiller. (A) January.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

ANNA LUCASTA—U.A. Directed by Arnold Laven: Anna Lucasta, Eartha Kitt; Danny Johnson, Sammy Davis, Jr.; Frank, Frederick O'Neal; Rudolph Slocum, Henry Scott; Joe Lucasta, Rex Ingram; Theresa, Georgia Burke; Eddie, James Edwards; Stella, Rosetta Lenoire; Katie, Isabelle Cooley; Noah, Alvin Childress; Blanche, Claire Leyba; Stanley, John Proctor; Lester, Charles Swain; Cop, Isaac Jones; Secretary, Wally Earl.

GEISHA BOY, THE—Paramount. Directed by Frank Tashlin: Gilbert Wooley, Jerry Lewis; Lola Livingston, Marie McDonald; Mr. Sikita, Sessue Hayakawa; Major Ridgley, Barton MacLane; Pvt. Betty Pearson, Suzanne Pleshette; Kimi Sikita, Nobu McCarthy; Mitsuo Watanabe, Robert Hirano; Ichiyama, Ryuzo Demura; Guest stars, The Los Angeles Dodgers; Harry Hare, Himself.

HORSE'S MOUTH, THE—U.A. Directed by Ronald Neame: Gully Jimson, Alec Guinness; Coker, Kay Walsh; Sarah, Renee Houston; Nosey, Mike Morgan; Sir William Booder, Robert Coote.

INSPECTOR MAIGRET—Lopert. Directed by Jean Delannoy: Maigret, Jean Gabin; Yvonne Maurin, Annie Girardot; Inspector Lagrume, Olivier Hussenot; Mrs. Maigret, Jeanne Boitel; Mrs. Maurin, Lucienne Bogaert; Marcel Maurin, Jean Desailly; Guimart, Jean Debucourt; Police Decoy, Guy Decomble; Mauricette, Paulette Dubost; Jo Jo, Gerard Sety; The Butcher, Jacques Hilling.

PATHER PANCHALI—Edward Harrison. Directed by Satyajit Roy: The father, Kanu Banerji; The mother, Karuna Banerji; Apu, Subir Banerji; Durga, as a child, Runki Banerji; Durga, as a young girl, Uma Das Gupta; Old aunt, Chuni-bala Devi; Mrs. Mookerji, Reva Devi; Ranu Mookerji, her daughter, Rama Gangopadhyay; Schoolmaster, Tulshi Chakraborty; Doctor, Harimoran Nag.

PERFECT FURLOUGH, THE—U-I. Directed by Blake Edwards: Paul Hodge, Tony Curtis; Vicki Loren, Janet Leigh; Harvey Franklin, Keenan Wynn; Sandra Roca, Linda Cristal; Liz Baker, Elaine Stritch; Henri, Marcel Dalio.

QUESTION OF ADULTERY, A—NTA. Directed by Don Chaffey: Mary, Julie London; Mark, Anthony Steel; Sir John Loring, Basil Sydney; Mr. Jacobus, Donald Houston; Carl Dieter, Anton Diffring; Dr. Cameron, Andrew Cruickshank; Mario, Conrad Phillips; Judge, Yvonne Reeves; Mr. Stanley, Frank Thring; Nurse Parsons, Mary MacKenzie; Mrs. Duncan, Georgina Cookson; Mr. Duncan, Richard Caddicot; Dr. Martinez, Arthur Gomez; Clerk of the Court, Philip Holles; Foreman of the Jury, John Rae; 1st Barrister, John Fabian; 2nd Barrister, Rodney Burke.

REMARKABLE MR. PENNYPACKER, THE—20th. Directed by Henry Levin: Pa Penny-packer, Clifton Webb; Ma Penny-packer, Dorothy McGuire; Grampa, Charles Coburn; Kate Penny-packer, Jill St. John; Wilbur Fielding, Ron Ely; Horace Penny-packer, III, Ray Stricklyn; Henry Penny-packer, David Nelson; Aunt Jane, Dorothy Stickney; Rev. Dr. Fielding, Larry Gates; Sheriff, Richard Deacon; Laurie Penny-packer, Mary Jayne Saunders; Elizabeth Penny-packer, Mimi Gibson.

7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD, THE—Columbia. Directed by Nathan Juran: Sinbad, Kerwin Mathews; Parisa, Kathryn Grant; The Genie, Richard Eyer; Sokurah, Torin Thatcher; Caliph, Alec Mango; Karim, Danny Green; Sultan, Harold Kasket; Harufa, Alfred Brown; Sadi, Nana de Herrera; Gaunt Sailor, Nino Falanga; Crewman #1, Luis Guedes; Ali, Virgilio Teixeira.

SHERIFF OF FRACTURED JAW—20th. Directed by Raoul Walsh: Jonathan Tibbs, Kenneth More; Kate, Jayne Mansfield; Masters, Henry Hull; Keene, William Campbell; Jack, Bruce Cabot; Uncle Lucius, Robert Morley; Toynebee (his Solicitor), Donald Squire.

SILENT ENEMY, THE—U-I. Directed by William Fairchild: Lieutenant Crabb, R.N.V.R., Laurence Harvey; Third Officer Jill Masters, W.R.N.S., Dawn Adams; Leading Seaman Knowles, Michael Craig; The Admiral, John Clements; Petty Officer Thorpe, Sidney James.

STRANGER IN MY ARMS, A—U-I. Directed by Helmut Kautner: Christina Beasley, June Allyson; Pike Yarnell, Jeff Chandler; Pat Beasley, Sandra Dee; Harley Beasley, Conrad Nagel; Virgily Beasley, Mary Astor; Vance Beasley, Charles Coburn; Donald Beasley, Peter Graves; Marcus Beasley, Hayden Rorke.

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I want to read stories about (please check names):

ACTOR

- | | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| (1) Elvis Presley | (15) Everly Brothers | (29) Jerry Lewis |
| (2) Rick Nelson | (16) Frankie Avalon | (30) Jimmie Rodgers |
| (3) Rock Hudson | (17) Richard Egan | (31) Cary Grant |
| (4) Tommy Sands | (18) Marlon Brando | (32) Manty Cliff |
| (5) Pat Boone | (19) Pat Wayne | (33) Clint Walker |
| (6) John Saxon | (20) James MacArthur | (34) Dale Robertson |
| (7) Tony Curtis | (21) John Gavin | (35) George Nader |
| (8) Tab Hunter | (22) Hugh O'Brien | (36) Eddie Fisher |
| (9) James Garner | (23) Perry Como | (37) Bob Horton |
| (10) Paul Newman | (24) Tony Perkins | (38) Mark Damon |
| (11) Nick Adams | (25) James Arness | (39) Pat Conway |
| (12) Dick Clark | (26) Robert Wagner | (40) Russ Tamblyn |
| (13) Peter Brown | (27) Will Hutchins | (41) Jack Kelly |
| (14) Sal Mineo | (28) Jeff Chandler | (42) Others you like |

ACTRESS

- | | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| (1) Debbie Reynolds | (14) Brigitte Bardot | (27) Kathy Nolan |
| (2) Liz Taylor | (15) Lana Turner | (28) Ann Blyth |
| (3) Carol Lynley | (16) Marilyn Monroe | (29) Patti Page |
| (4) Natalie Wood | (17) Dorothy Malone | (30) Connie Francis |
| (5) Dolores Hart | (18) Jane Powell | (31) Hope Lange |
| (6) Doris Day | (19) Jean Simmons | (32) Lennon Sisters |
| (7) Kim Novak | (20) Diane Varsi | (33) Dinah Shore |
| (8) Janet Leigh | (21) Deborah Kerr | (34) Audrey Hepburn |
| (9) Sandra Dee | (22) Sophia Loren | (35) Rosemary Clooney |
| (10) Joanne Woodward | (23) Molly Bee | (36) Shirley Jones |
| (11) Jayne Mansfield | (24) Annette Funicello | (37) Joan Collins |
| (12) Gale Storm | (25) Ingrid Bergman | (38) Others you like |
| (13) Carolyn Jones | (26) Diane Jergens | |

Others.....

WHICH SUPER-STARS DO YOU LIKE BEST?

I want PHOTOPLAY to tell me all about (check names of stars below):

ACTOR

- | | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| (1) Robert Montgomery | (11) Kirk Douglas | (21) Donald O'Connor |
| (2) Fred MacMurray | (12) Henry Fonda | (22) John Payne |
| (3) Joel MacRae | (13) Farley Granger | (23) Ronald Reagan |
| (4) Gene Autry | (14) Robert Mitchum | (24) Ray Rogers |
| (5) Paul Muni | (15) Charlton Heston | (25) Mickey Rooney |
| (6) Glenn Ford | (16) William Holden | (26) Frank Sinatra |
| (7) John Garfield | (17) Peter Lawford | (27) James Stewart |
| (8) Humphrey Bogart | (18) Van Johnson | (28) Robert Taylor |
| (9) Clark Gable | (19) Alan Ladd | (29) John Wayne |
| (10) Gary Cooper | (20) David Niven | |

ACTRESS

- | | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|----------------------|
| (1) Norma Shearer | (9) Jean Harlow | (17) Jane Russell |
| (2) Jean Arthur | (10) Carole Lombard | (18) Gene Tierney |
| (3) Irene Dunne | (11) June Allyson | (19) Esther Williams |
| (4) Greta Garbo | (12) Claudette Colbert | (20) Jane Wyman |
| (5) Ann Sheridan | (13) Ava Gardner | (21) Loretta Young |
| (6) Dorothy Lamour | (14) Betty Grable | (22) Shirley Temple |
| (7) Hedy Lamarr | (15) Rita Hayworth | (23) Others you like |
| (8) Grace Kelly | (16) Ginger Rogers | |

Others.....

If mine is one of the first 100 answers,

I'D LIKE AN AUTOGRAPHED PHOTO OF:

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

What did you like in this issue?

- (1)
- (2)
- (3)
- (4)

WHAT ARE YOU LIKE?

- Age:
- Three Favorite Magazines:
- Three Favorite Hobbies:
- How many records do you buy a month?
- What type of records do you like:
(popular, album, classical?)
- How often do you go to the movies?
- What helps you decide in choosing a movie?.....

WHAT YOU WOULD LIKE IN PHOTOPLAY?

- More stories on TV personalities?
- More on Recording Personalities?
- More beauty and fashion articles?
- More picture stories: candid
portraits
pinups

What is your favorite column: On the Record
Readers Inc.
Inside Stuff
That's Hollywood For You
This Page is Yours
Dick Clark

Would you like the articles to run shorter?
Yes No

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE DICK CLARK TO WRITE ABOUT?

- ... 1. Records and hit songs
- ... 2. Musical Personalities
- ... 3. Fads and fancies
- ... 4. New dance steps
- ... 5. Dating problems—with answers from Dick
- ... 6. Careers in music, television, films
- ... 7. Personality traits
- ... 8. Help wanted forum: Dick's points of view on
meeting new problems, making friends, getting
along with parents, etc.
- ... 9. Party Ideas
- ... 10. Jokes
- ... 11. Others

Enter the Shopping Spree Sweepstakes



MISS BERGDORF SALON, BERGDORF GOODMAN, NEW YORK CITY

Wherever you are, whatever you do, new Kotex nupkins with the Kimlon center protect better, protect longer. Kotex adds the Kimlon center to increase absorbency, to keep stains from going through. With this inner fabric, the Kotex nupkin stays even softer, holds its shape for perfect fit. Choose Kotex—the name you know best—in this smart new package.

KOTEX and KIMLON are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corporation



Nothing to buy,
nothing to write!

15 GRAND PRIZES

\$1,500.00

WARDROBE

by Estévez

and a New York
shopping trip for two

200 SECOND PRIZES

**ADMIRAL TRANSISTOR
RADIOS**

FREE from Kotex napkins

RULES

So Simple

1 There's nothing to buy, nothing to do but fill in the entry blank below. Entry blanks are also available wherever Kotex products are sold. Please, one entry per envelope.

But hurry

2 Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, March 31, 1959.

Designer originals, no less

3 Each of the 15 grand prizes consists of a \$1,500.00 Estévez wardrobe with accessories and a five day all-expense paid trip for two to New York City. Winners will select their wardrobes from a special showing of the internationally famous Estévez line. Any winner who prefers may substitute \$1,000.00 cash award for grand prize.

Cross your fingers

4 The 15 grand prizes and the 200 second prizes of an Admiral Pocket Transistor Radio will be awarded on the basis of a blindfolded drawing by name, under the direction of the Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation, whose selections are final. All winners will be notified by mail.

Everybody's eligible

5 Any resident of the Continental United States may enter except, of course, employees of Kimberly-Clark Corporation, their advertising agencies and their immediate families, residents of New Jersey, Nebraska, and other areas where prohibited.

Shopping Spree Sweepstakes Entry

Fill out and mail to Shopping Spree Sweepstakes, Box 8106, Chicago 77, Ill.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____

STATE _____



Is it
true...
blondes
have more
fun?

One sure way to find out is to be a blonde... and the wonderfully sure, *new* way to becoming blonde is with Instant Whip Lady Clairol! It's the great new creme-conditioning hair lightener that turns each treatment into a treat! Feels deliciously cool and gentle going on, works fast as magic, transforms

mousey brown or duldest blonde into lively, silky irresistible blonde—in minutes! So if you're a blonde at heart, be a blonde in fact! Act! Get Lady Clairol, new Instant Whip* or regular Whipped Creme. It's the happy new way to brighten your locks, your looks, your life!

Your hairdresser will tell you
a blonde's best friend is

Lady Clairol® NEW INSTANT WHIP Creme Hair Lightener

*T.M. ©1959 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn.



HAPPY NEW YEAR

CLASS OF SERVICE
This is a fast message unless its deferred character is indicated by the proper symbol.

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

The filing time shown in the date line on domestic telegrams is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.

SYMBOLS
DL = Day Letter
NL = Night Letter
LT = International Letter Telegram

EUA 268 56 NL PD= EU NEWYORK NY 7=

TO PHOTOPLAY READERS ANY STREET EVERYWHERE STOP HAPPY
NEW YEAR STOP HERES PHOTOPLAYS 1959 MAKE IT YOURSELF
PINUP CALENDAR TO DATE THE STARS ALL YEAR LONG STOP
CALENDARS ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES AND SAL MINEO AND
HIS SISTER SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE IT UP STOP HOPE YOU
ENJOY IT AND DONT STOP WARMEST GREETINGS FROM=
ALL OF US AT PHOTOPLAY.

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

TURN THE PAGE FOR YOUR PINUP CALENDAR

Rock Hudson



JANUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Kim Novak



JULY

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26	27	28	29	30	31	

Debbie Reynolds



FEBRUARY

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AUGUST

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30	31					



Pat Boone

Rick Nelson



MARCH

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SEPTEMBER

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Sandra Dee

Janet Leigh



APRIL

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Elvis Presley



OCTOBER

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25	26	27	28	29	30	31

SAL: Gee, Sis, how
do we make the calendar?

SARINA: Easy, Sal.
Follow the dotted lines



First we cut out each page
along the dotted line here at
the edge. Then we follow the
other dots and cut in half.

SAL: Say, do you think it'd be
a good idea to make the calen-
dar more permanent? For
backing, paste each half-page
to stiff paper or cardboard.

SARINA: Good idea. Then the
next thing to do is to crease
each half-page sharply down
the middle, between the months.

SAL: Ready for the ribbon
yet? Here, you take it and
sandwich it between each half-
page. I'll get the glue and then
we can glue each of the sides
to the ribbon and to each other.

SARINA: I told you it was
easy. Let's be sure to get the
year straight, though—the first
six months all on one side.

SAL: Gee, hope the year's as
good as it looks!

MAY

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24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						



Dick Clark



Tab Hunter

NOVEMBER

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Doris Day



JUNE

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DECEMBER

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27	28	29	30	31		



Sal Mineo



1914 — 1958

by CHARLOTTE DINTER

WILL TYRONE POWER'S LAST PRAYER BE ANSWERED?



Steel clattered against steel as the actors lunged, shouting at each other, their swords and shields reflecting the hot, late afternoon sun of Spain. Then the director yelled, "Okay, take five." The duelling scene of "Solomon and Sheba" hung in mid-air for a shimmering moment and then relaxed.

Tyrone Power brushed his arm across his forehead to push back the hair, wiping away the perspiration that stood out in beads on his forehead. He searched the crowd of people standing along the edge of the scene, and suddenly smiling, he spotted his young wife Deborah. Then he grinned, waved and began to walk over.

He didn't look like a man who knew his heart was bad. He looked tired, yes. But he had a right to be tired. The rehearsals for the duelling scene were strenuous and there was more to go. His makeup was streaked with perspiration and his voice was a little breathless, but the words were excited, vital, young. "I suppose you know what's happening to us . . ." he said, putting his arm around his wife.

"Ty, you tell everyone," Deborah laughed. "How could she possibly help knowing about it?" (Continued on page 98)

He'd said it so proudly, "We're going to have a son." The words echoed in her mind as Deborah left the hospital.



what's in the stars for the stars and you?

(Find your sign of the zodiac
and peek into the future)

The party's over—but do you remember that moment when the beat of the dance music seemed to fade, and suddenly you asked yourself, “Wonder where I’ll be this time next year? Wonder what I’ll be doing? What’ll have happened to me by next New Year’s Eve?” Well, let your imagination be our guest. Photoplay cordially invites you to our own dream of a mad party in Hollywood. Who else is coming? See opposite page. Can you guess? If not, then turn to page 73. If you can’t believe your eyes, neither can we! Elvis whisked in from Germany? Jayne and Rick splitting a cooky? Debbie and Liz dipping into the same punch bowl? Wow!

The guests—that means you and all the stars—have at least one thing in common, wherever they were on New Year’s Eve. They all wonder what 1959 will bring them. New friends? New fun? New romances? Dangers to be wary of? Good luck or bad ahead? For a peek at the answers, noted astrologer Ruth Hale Oliver (mother of actress Susan Oliver) has done some amazing star-gazing. The sign of the zodiac tells all—including the birthdays of your favorites. Why not clip these pages, so you can send them cards? Address studios, or c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.



MARCH 21
APRIL 19

Forecast for Stars: Debbie Reynolds (April 1) will spend the year concentrating on her career and trying to forget the heartbreak of her marriage to Eddie Fisher, for a reconciliation looks unlikely. She will hide much of her unhappiness within her, because she has too much spunk to make a parade of her feelings. . . . Doris Day and Marlon Brando (both born April 3) will be a little confused as to what they really want from life. Despite this, 1959 should bring Marlon more emotional steadiness; a real love seems to be forthcoming. Both he (Continued on page 70)

HOLLYWOOD AFTER DARK

It's impossible to keep up with Kim Novak these days. She's breaking hearts all over the place. For a while, a famous actor (recently divorced) was Number One on the Lavender Girl's heart-parade. Then she was spotted at different out-of-the-way dine-and-dance places with two different movie executives, each of them married. Kim's current flame is a famous director who's having marital troubles, and Kim's certainly not helping this fellow and his wife to patch up their difficulties. In fact, every time the director's wife sees the color lavender (or even hears the word) she sees red.

Kim Novak says:

I was all alone—
looking at the newspaper—
when I read the item above.
And suddenly I felt...

everybody's laughing at me

Kim Novak walked swiftly into my Hollywood apartment, nearly slamming the front door behind her. She tossed her tailored camel's hair coat onto a chair, sat down on the couch, slipped her shoes off and then leaned back against the large beige cushions. She didn't speak for a moment, then slowly her drawn, tense expression faded and her face began to relax.

"I'm so tired I could just about die," she began suddenly. "I haven't been sleeping well. Last night

I woke up crying and..." she hesitated, "...that's the way it's been so many nights ever since those rumors about me started. You know, I so much want people to know the truth about me but I don't know how to get it through to them." And then, in a tone strange to her, she said, "I'm up to here with all this! I'm just fed up."

In public, Kim seems to weather distorted headline, gossip item, rumor, and untruth very well indeed. But out of the spot. (Continued on page 88)

by MAXINE ARNOLD



we spend the day with DEBBIE



and get this exclusive interview

*“W*hen someone
you trust disappoints you . . .

*I guess all you can do
is start building all over again”*

From the pretty, brown-eyed blond receptionist at the M-G-M administration building next to the studio lot in Culver City, we picked up our gate pass to see Debbie Reynolds.

Ever since last September, when Eddie Fisher walked out of her life, Debbie has done the most natural, most instinctive thing she could do. She threw herself into her work.

It seemed ironic, I thought, as I walked toward the Publicity building, past Casting, Production, Costumes, Properties, that her work was playing a lightheaded, gay story of love, romance, dating, courtship—and marriage.

I met Mary Mayer, a distinguished-looking, gray-haired woman who has been with the studio since the early 1930's. Greeting me in her office in Publicity, she said, “We'll go right over to Debbie's dressing room.” As we threaded our way along the crowded streets, she told me:

“I've seen many stars come and go over the years,” Mary said. “But seldom have I met one as unusual as Debbie. It's not simply that she's cute, and lively and vivacious. She has a courage, a strength and a drive that make her unusual.

“I may sound old-fashioned, but I find these qualities very appealing. In many ways she reminds me of the young Carole Lombard.”

Debbie's dressing room, a stucco cottage set well back on the lot, was beautifully landscaped with lawns and shrubs. Beds of nasturtiums, zinnias and marigolds flanked the doorway.

Mary knocked at the door. There was no answer.

“She's probably still on the set,” she said. “She does that. If the take hasn't been just right she insists that they do it over and over again. She never spares herself. She only works to satisfy the director, (continued)

by EARLE HAWLEY

DEBBIE

continued

to give him exactly what he wants."

We walked into the dressing room. A rose beige wall-to-wall carpet contrasted with the pale grey walls. A twenty-foot long sectional ran along two walls of the room, curved at the corner. It was covered with a flower patterned quilted chintz.

A French provincial desk was at another wall, and two chairs, covered with saffron colored upholstery, were in the room.

A red leather engagement book with "Debbie" printed in gold letters on its cover lay atop the desk.

In the center of the room was a small, low table, glass topped. It was scarcely eight inches high.

Mary and I talked for several minutes about the stars of yesteryear, about their triumphs and tragedies. We spoke of Janet Gaynor, Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard.

Suddenly the dressing room door was pushed open, and a white toy French poodle bounded in.

"Rocky!" a girlish voice called. And Debbie rushed in.

"Rocky, come back here," she commanded. But the dog had (*continued*)



Waiting for the next take on "The Mating Game," Debbie seems to be relaxed. She's intent on director George Marshall's briefing as Ann Kirk checks her hair-do. But nobody knows what she's feeling.

Whatever her worries, they're not allowed to cast a shadow on little Todd Fisher. As a daily visitor on the lot, the baby loves the set and director Marshall's visored cap.



For Debbie, work has been a welcome refuge. She can even find heart to clown with her director between takes. About his young star, Marshall says: "She's a trouper, a receptive actress. And her sense of comedy timing is wonderful."



"Are those dancing shoes?" Debbie asks. "Yes!" says Carrie Frances Fisher, who watched her mom's impromptu routine.

DEBBIE *continued*

scampered under the sofa, his leash trailing behind. Debbie got down on her hands and knees, reached under the sofa, grabbed the leash.

She turned her head, looked over at me.

"Hi," she said. "I'm Debbie Reynolds. Rocky, you come out of there." And she dragged the dog back.

She sat on the floor, cuddled Rocky happily, and let him nuzzle her cheek. Then she unhooked his leash, and stood up.

"Excuse me a minute," she said, "I have to make a call to the house." And she picked up the white telephone on an end table near the sofa.

"How's Carrie?" was the first thing she asked when a maid apparently answered at home. "And Todd?" she asked.

As Debbie talked to the maid, a white coated waiter entered, laid silver and condiments on the low table. Debbie held her hand over the mouthpiece of the phone, called to him: "Milk to drink for me."

Debbie had the maid put Carrie on the phone.

"Hello, Carrie," she said. And then she listened, a serious expression on her face, as Carrie must have spoken a child's halting message.

Debbie smiled happily, then threw back her head and laughed. "All right, love. You be a good girl; I'll see you soon. Put Christine back on, will you?"

Debbie talked to the maid for a few minutes (*continued*)



Easy to see this girl has a double heritage of rhythm. Eddie visits his children daily while Debbie's off at work.



"My chief concern is my two children," Debbie says softly. "They are the new life, the thing I pin all my hopes on."



DEBBIE

continued

longer, then she hung up the phone.

"What did Carrie say?" I asked.

Debbie smiled, shook her head.

"Uh, uh. Secret." Then she kicked off her shoes, and sat down on the floor

at the side of the glass-topped table.

"I have to get up at six a.m. even though we don't start shooting until nine. It's a long way from Holmby Hills to (Continued on page 100)



can Hollywood's



3 happiest

marriages last?

Ever since Debbie and Eddie broke up, fans everywhere—and you may have written to us yourself — have asked: “Aren’t any marriages happy in Hollywood? Doesn’t anyone work hard at them?” Well,



we don’t have the answer, but we will take you, in the following pages, into the very hearts of three successful Hollywood marriages: Janet and Tony, Jean and Stewart, Natalie and Bob. Read them for your own answer to: Can a Hollywood Marriage Last?



#1

Janet Leigh—

**"SCOUT'S HONOR, TONY,
I WON'T BREAK THESE**

I resolve:

not to forget
all the wonderful ways
God has blessed us.

I resolve:

not to laugh when you buy me a
trapeze gown, thinking it's a maternity dress.

I resolve:

not to cry when Kelly gives the baby
a "doughnut cake" with a candle,
as a birthday present.



NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS"

Janet was just humming now. The soft glow of the night light caught the misty, tender look in her eyes—and the green glare in the eyes of the frowzy-maned yellow lion that snuggled in the bed beside Kelly Lee. The little girl's own eyes were closed, her arms curved around her favorite toy. And the last note of the lullaby trailed away. Janet looked up at Tony and nodded.

As he started across the dimly lighted room, the silence was smashed by a metallic clatter and a thud.

Janet said, "Shh!"

"Fine thing!" Tony whispered. "I almost break a leg, and . . ." He got up, holding in one hand a shiny 1959 model car, in the other the doll that had been "driving" it.

But Kelly slept and her parents tiptoed out of her bedroom into the adjoining playroom, also decorated in pink and red, like a strawberry soda garnished with whole strawberries. Gently, Janet closed the door and turned to her husband. "It's your own fault. Who bought all this stuff?"

With a convincing Spirit of '76 limp, Tony was circling the room, searching for a place to put the offending toys. He finally found an empty spot, between a beautifully dressed bride doll and a two-humped camel.

"Now that you've got two children to shop for, we'll have to build an extra wing on the house—for storage space."

"Can't help it," Tony shrugged. "Something just comes over me . . ."

"Well then, you'd better make a resolution: Stay out of stores in 1959."

"Not me. I'm going to make a resolution not to make any resolutions."

"Okay," he said resignedly, after seeing Janet's *(Continued on page 80)*

#2

JEAN SIMMONS and STEWART GRANGER

they said we had

NOTHING IN COMMON

but they forgot about love



Tracy's ponytail bobbed as she squatted down to pick a blue lupine. In the grass nearby, something moved sinuously, but neither Tracy nor her mother noticed it. Watching her fat and sassy two-year-old, Jean Simmons Granger enjoyed the warmth of the Arizona sun blazing in the deep blue overhead. In the winter, she tended to forget about the summer months, when the same sun might shoot the thermometer up to a merciless, bone-dry 105°. Now it sparkled benevolently on the lake and on the dazzling white Charolais herd that grazed along the margins.

These were cattle of a French breed, rare in the American West, and rancher Stewart Granger (once British gentleman James Stewart) was proud of them. With one of his cowhands, he was inspecting an unconcerned-looking cow.

Jean heard the murmur of the men's voices, then the reassuring slap of Stewart's hand against the creature's flank, as he straightened, grinning proudly at his helper.

She heard another sound, a faint rustling in the grass, and saw the snake. Lunging to catch up her child, she shrieked, "Jimmy! Jimmy!" He came on the run, but, after his eyes had followed her speechless pointing, he began to laugh. "That's only a blacksnake. It's perfectly harmless. They keep down the varmint population but they don't attack people."

More startled than scared, Tracy was crying. Jean patted the wet, sunburned cheek. "There, there. Daddy says it won't hurt you." Tracy had no idea of what it was that wouldn't hurt her; she hadn't even seen the snake; and the soothing note in *(Continued on page 74)*



Gee, she's been married a whole year, yet . . .

"ALL NAT TALKS ABOUT IS POTS AND PANS AND BOB"

It doesn't seem as though a whole year has gone by, but here it is, Natalie's first wedding anniversary. I'll never forget Nat's wedding. It was the most beautiful day of my life, that December 28, 1957. Nat looked so beautiful standing at the altar and RJ looked so handsome and I felt all warm inside. Mother told me to try not to cry during the ceremony and I said I wouldn't. I couldn't understand why people would want to cry anyway. But when I saw Nat standing there and I heard some other people sniffing, including Mother, I couldn't help it. The tears started streaming down my cheeks. I don't know why, it was such a funny feeling. After the ceremony, when Nat and RJ walked down the aisle. I tried not to let her see me crying, but she did. Nat let go of RJ's hand and she came over and kissed me and hugged me and we just looked at each other. I saw she had tears, too, so I didn't feel so bad crying myself.

At the reception I had my first sip of champagne. I didn't really like it because the bubbles made me sneeze. But I tried to act grownup so I took two sips and then ditched the almost full glass in back of the wedding cake.

Afterwards, I went up with Natalie when she changed from her wedding dress to her going-away suit. I wasn't going to go into her room because I thought I might bother her. She had so many things on her mind, packing and stuff. But she asked me to come with her. I sat on the edge of the bed while she changed.

Then she walked over to me and she combed my hair because it was kind of tangled up in my wedding hat. It wasn't really too messed up but I think Nat was trying to say something when she came over and started combing my hair. It was as if she was saying, "Don't worry, Lana, I'm still your big sister. Nothing's changed." Right before they left Nat and RJ gave all the bridal party gifts. They'd already given me a makeup case and now they gave me a gold angel medallion engraved, "To Lana-December 28-'57. Love Nat and RJ." I always wear it everywhere, even in the bathtub!

A lot of people ask me if I think Nat's changed much since she married RJ. I honestly don't think so; not much anyway. It's true that when she lived at home she was mainly interested in her career, going out to



parties, clothes, things like that. Now most of her conversation is about her husband and her home. Nat and RJ only live about a mile from us and we see them all the time. They come over to our house or we go to theirs and in between we talk on the phone, sometimes five times a day. So you see it's not like Nat moved far away or anything. We still go shopping and have lunch and talk and she and RJ take me lots of places with them. About the only thing I miss is having Nat home every evening so she can help me with homework. She's a real brain and if she were living home I'd pile my work on her. But I guess that really wouldn't be fair even if she were available!

RJ has brought a lot more laughs into our family. The day that Nat told us she and RJ were in love we were all so thrilled because we'd never seen her look quite so beaming. The next night RJ came over to our house and formally asked for permission to marry Nat. I can't tell you how pleased the folks were. My mother says boys don't do this very often nowadays. I sure hope when I fall in love the boy will ask my father, like RJ did.

It's a standing joke in our family that Natalie can't even boil water but really we just say that to tease her. She didn't do much around the house before she got married and although she still doesn't go into the kitchen very often, she's a great cook when she wants to be. When Nat and RJ first got back from their honeymoon she gave a small dinner party. We were all curious to see how she would be as a hostess. Even Mother was surprised. When we got there the apartment was so neat and there were flowers all over—the first few months they lived in RJ's bachelor apartment until they moved into their home, but the apartment was quite large and Nat had everything under control. Before dinner the grownups had cocktails and Natalie made delicious hors d'oeuvres; they tasted great with my Coke! Then we sat at the table and she helped serve the dinner. It was prime ribs of beef and some plain vegetables, like stringbeans, but Nat had fixed them so fancy that they tasted real exotic! And we had a gooey dessert—I don't think she made that—and everyone really stuffed themselves. She was so at ease, all dressed up pretty and yet we knew *(Continued on page 69)*

this page is yours

by Doris Cameron
Winter Park, Florida

We toasted the New Year with glasses of cold milk and it didn't matter that it was noon instead of midnight or that it was three weeks too early. It didn't matter because Tony Perkins was my date

No matter how hard I try, I can't remember what I said to him that first night! The one thing that *does* come back though is wishing I'd combed the curl back into the end of my pony-tail or tucked in my blouse before I answered that knock. Inside, to myself, I might even have said something like "Wow!" But not to him. One look at him—and I don't think I was capable of saying anything.

Mother was still picking up in the kitchen, and I had just started some pretty impossible-looking geometry problems, when there was a knock at the door. "Doris," Mother called, "would you mind getting that? I can't imagine who it is—one of the students maybe." (My mother was the librarian at Rawlins College, in Winter Park, Florida, and we had been living in a little house right on the campus since my father died two years before.)

"Okay," I answered, not even bothering to put my loafers back on. I went into the living room and opened the front door.

And there he was—on the other side of the screen door—the tallest boy I ever saw! He was wearing khakis and a cotton shirt with the sleeves rolled up. Under the straight, brown hair that hung over his forehead, I saw his eyes—warm and lively and kind of laughing even though it was easy to see, from the way he was standing, how shy he was.

"Is this where Mrs. Cameron lives?" he finally asked. Then, before I even had a chance to answer, "Is she your mother? My name is Tony Perkins."

"Yes, she is," I said, turning around to call her.

He came in and sat down in the living room on kind of a low chair. His knees seemed to come up almost to his chin. He began cracking his knuckles, one after another. I noticed that his hands

were large, with long and sensitive-looking fingers.

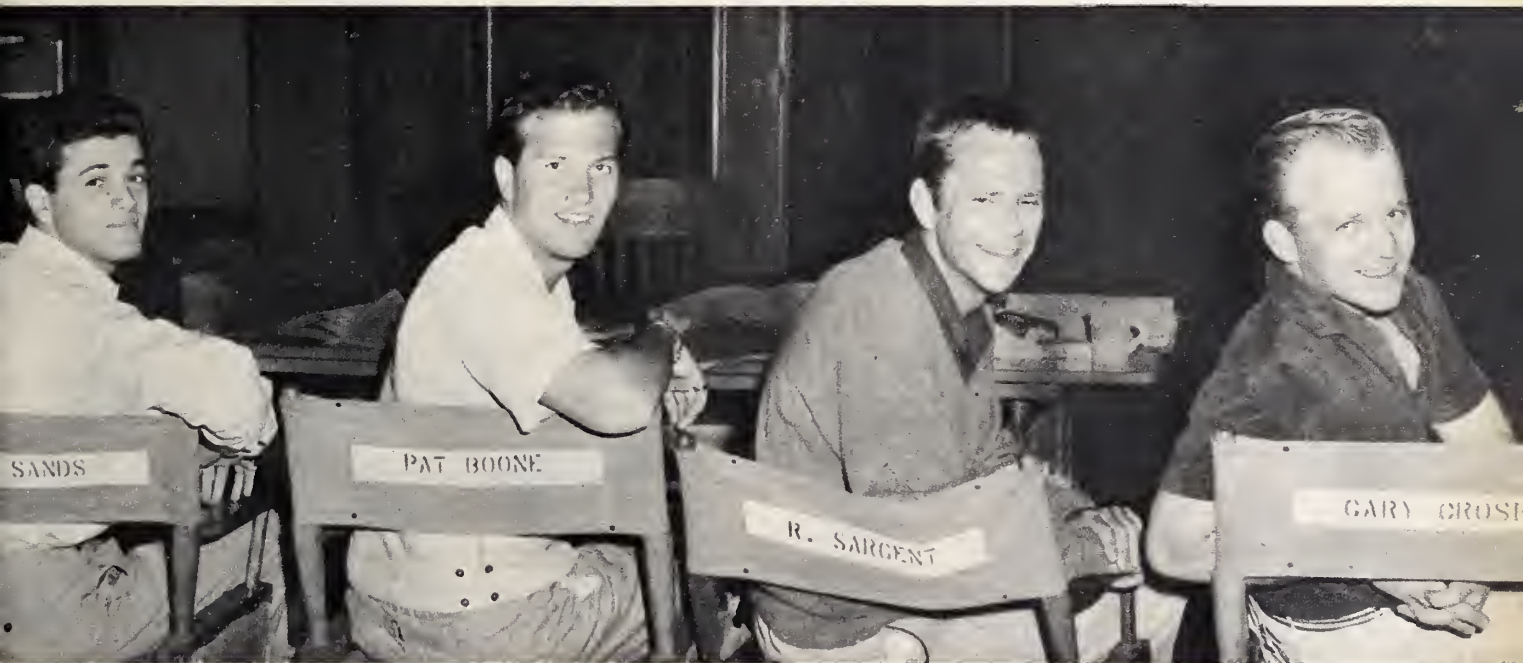
"Gee, Mrs. Cameron—I'm sorry. I mean, it seems terrible bothering you in the evening like this. But I'm in a real jam. You see—I wouldn't ever cause you so much trouble unless it was for something really important. But there was a required book for Music 1. Well, the exam's tomorrow! You must be thinking I should have gotten that book a couple of weeks ago at least. I guess you're right. I should have, but I was pretty busy and one thing led to another and then, the first thing I knew, the exam was here! And I still hadn't gotten that book." Once he started talking, he didn't seem to be able to stop. Words kind (Continued on page 96)



We'd biked out to the beach, the day this picture was taken. Then Tony asked me out for New Year's.

SPRING FASHION IDEAS

from the boys in MARDI GRAS



YOU: *"Boys don't know a thing about fashion"*

BOYS: *"Just give us half a chance!"*

All four of the "Mardi Gras" heartthrobs hollered out together. "What do you mean? Don't you think guys should have a say-so about the way you gals look?" Tommy Sands' voice was heard above the rest. "After all," Gary Crosby added, looking around at the other guys for support, "don't girls dress up for guys?" "Or do they think the way they dress makes no impression on a fellow?" Dick Sargeant said. "Supposing each guy gets a turn at sounding off," suggested Pat Boone. After another round of shouts, Dolores Hart modeled the gay, party-spirited fashions we'd chosen for the fellows. Before you knew it, the guys were lighting into a mighty important subject: how boys like a girl to look.

TURN THE PAGE FOR THEIR COMMENTS—

SPRING FASHION IDEAS

continued



Ship 'N' Shore midddy, \$2.98.
Collegetown pleated skirt, \$9.95.



Empire coat, \$55.00, by PRL.



Flowered hopsacking blazer, \$12.95; matching skirt, \$7.95; solid overblouse, \$5.95. Personal Sportswear.

Dick Sargeant: Mardi Gras is one thing and for a girl to have fun-type outfits is great, but when my date looks like a Christmas tree, decked out in everything from tiaras to slave chains—then I cringe! Don't misunderstand me; I love a little jewelry in taste and moderation, but, for my money, you should go easy on the trimmings and concentrate more on the main dish!



Tommy Sands: I like a girl to look her age. I mean, I hate dating a young girl who looks like a vamp in a slinky black dress and spike heel shoes. Another thing I like is neatness. A girl doesn't have to be pretty if she's got a neat appearance and likes to have fun; then the fellow's bound to have fun with her. I guess it all adds up to keeping natural. That's the most important thing.



Gary Crosby: Copycats! They're my gripe! Does a girl have to wear something just because everybody else is wearing it? Especially if it's terrible on her? Take the sack! I've seen some gals look swell in them, but others look sad and droopy. I don't mind a girl trying out new styles, but she should try them on her close friends or family first, to see if she's picked a winner.



continued

For where to buy Photoplay fashions, turn to page 78



After Dolores modeled four spring outfits, the boys made notes on the things they thought you should watch for spring. Sketches below give their tips on the new trends.



Pat Boone: First thing I notice are colors, and, like music, I like them to harmonize. Girls shouldn't be afraid of colors in new arrangements. As I tell my wife Shirley, it's a nice surprise for a man to see his wife wearing something different as long as it's in good taste. After all, clothes should say something about a person's personality—like Dolores' sweater that I sketched (left); red and yellow suit her so it seems to me.

The other thing I'm conscious of is whether clothes fit. Shirley spends as much time making sure her clothes fit as she does shopping. I guess it's like anything else—the more attention you pay to details, the better the results you're sure to get.

Striped pullover, \$7.95; cotton knit Capri pants, \$8.95. By Smartee.





who filed the alligator under "R"?

Dick Clark's away—and we, his ever-loving staff, wanted to know: Who *did* file the alligator under "R"? We found it the first day of Dick's brief vacation, but we were sure he couldn't have done it. Our boss is very meticulous about his filing. If he'd put it (*Continued on page 36*)





Left, Chris. I'm Joann.



That's me, Franny Gomel.



Here I am Teti-Babe,
in an aloof mood.



Having mad time. Wish Dick were here!



FRAMED!

“Girls should never pursue men,” says Dana Wynter. Then how did she win the most



sought-after bachelor in Hollywood?



“I have never once discussed my courtship,” Dana answered. But, then—to prove a point about American men, she did! *(Turn to page 94)*



BACKSTAGE AT THE BIG BEAT



with ALAN FREED

I knocked at the big backstage door of the Brooklyn Fox Theater. Alan Freed, the big daddy of rock 'n' roll, had invited us to a Big Beat session and then asked us if we'd like to go backstage to meet his singing stars.

"No visitors," a voice shouted back.

"I have an appointment," I said. I identified myself and the door opened.

Quicker than a whirr of bird-wings, three teenage girls ducked in behind me.

"Hey," a gruff voice shouted at them. "You can't come in here." The girls looked downcast, as if Elvis had left for Germany all over again—and Rick Nelson along with him.

"Oh, that's all right," I chimed in. "They're with me."

The man went back to guarding the door and the girls clustered around me.

"Gee, thanks, Mister . . ."

"Christy," I said, "George Christy. And don't mention it. I'm here to do a story for Photoplay. Why don't you tag along?"

The tallest one's ponytail was bouncing with excitement as she gave me her hand. "Golly, we'd love to," she breathed. "I'm Kathy and that's Debbie." She pointed to her blue-eyed friend, who was busy craning her neck up at the backstage maze of wires and pulleys, the beams of silvery light and midnight-blue velvet drapes.

"I'm Sue," piped up (Continued)

by GEORGE CHRISTY



THE KALEN TWINS

JO ANN CAMPBELL



FRANKIE AVALON



BOBBY FREEMAN

JIMMY CLANTON



THE BIG BEAT

continued

the third girl. She was just about five-feet tall, with grey eyes and cropped honey-blond hair. I could hardly hear her above the waves of applause that had just started.

Out front, every possible seat, including those on rafters, was taken for Alan Freed's "The Big Beat" show. Alan Freed himself was emceeing, introducing such sputniks as the "Ginger Bread" Kid, Frankie Avalon; "Bird Dogs" Phil and Don Everly; "Just a Dream" Jimmy Clanton; the "When" Twins, Hal and Herbie Kalin; the Elegants flying high with "Little Star"; the "Born Too Late" Poni Tails.

"Girls, look!" Debbie cried. They looked and leaped—right at the Everly Brothers, coming off-stage with their mahogany (Continued on page 91)



Frankie Avalon teased us about sneaking in backstage, then the "Ginger Bread" kid played guide.



Don and Phil Everly were the first Big Beat stars we met. Singing had made Don hungry. As to Phil, he was bushed!



That backstage jam session with the Kalin Twins, Jimmy Clanton and the Poni Tails was a thrill.

S-t-r-r-u-mmm! Imagine Phil Everly on guitar, Poni Tails—Toni, LaVerne, Patti—singing!



A teen pal joins Gina, of Gino and Gina, and Jo Ann Campbell to give a listen to Bo Diddley.

ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING WOMEN IN THE WORLD: **LONDON**



ENID BOULTING, glamorous, chic . . . and on-the-go every minute. The mother of 3 lively boys, she is also a talented dress designer, a serious painter and a noted hostess for her famous film-producer

husband. . . . "I often have frantic days but my face never shows it." She uses Pond's Cold Cream to deep-cleanse—to moisturize and ease away tension lines . . . "My skin stays beautifully soft and smooth."

*She's busy yet she's beautiful...
she uses Pond's*

- Pond's Cold Cream beautifies as it cleanses, moisturizes *below* the surface
- Replaces the inner moisture modern living drains away
- Goes on moisturizing long after you tissue it off—keeps your skin dewy-soft all day



Use Pond's to deep-cleanse at night—to moisturize under make-up all day.

WITH POND'S COLD CREAM YOU NEED NEVER BE TOO BUSY TO BE BEAUTIFUL

EVERYBODY AT HOME WAS PICKING ON ME....

My father asked me what was bothering me. I had a room of my own in a big beautiful house in a good neighborhood. I had a car, six sports jackets and a generous allowance. I was going to a good school. My brother was a regular guy and my sister a nice kid. I had plenty of friends and one particular girlfriend I was especially fond of. There was nothing more I could ask.

Yet all this wasn't enough.

I remember getting home from high school one afternoon, around three o'clock, soon after my sixteenth birthday. It was a Thursday and I was especially angry at the world. I didn't notice that the sun was shining and that it was a beautiful spring day. The house seemed like a prison, a place to stew in, and I just wanted to get away from it.

As I walked through the front hall I knew exactly what I was going to do. I had it all planned, carefully planned. I bounded upstairs, threw my schoolbooks on my bed and shouted to our maid, Roberta, "I'm leaving. And you can tell father I'm not coming back."

Roberta just stood there with a horrified gape on her face and her mouth forming a large "O" as I brushed past her, feeling very manly and grown-up, and marched out of the house and towards the turquoise-green Ford which was standing out in the driveway of the house. (*Continued on page 83*)

by ROBERT HORTON



ALL NAT TALKS ABOUT

Continued from page 53

Nat had spent most of the day preparing things. RJ sat at the head of the table.

Nat entertains just as well informally, too. A while back she and RJ invited RJ's parents and all of us to spend the day on their boat, which is named *My Other Lady*. Mother asked if she could bring anything and Nat said no, that we should all come and have fun and she was doing all the preparing. There were ten of us on the boat. It's not so easy cooking there because there isn't a very big kitchen to work in. Nat didn't seem to notice. She has a few little portable hibachi ovens that she uses to cook meat on.

She made a very good salad and then served hamburgers and vegetables, warm rolls, and cookies and ice cream. She wouldn't let anybody do anything, except RJ, who was in charge of seeing that the hamburgers didn't burn. They were the most delicious burgers I've ever tasted. Nat says it's a secret recipe she dreamed up with some special seasoning. She wouldn't even give Mommy the recipe. I don't blame her; anyone that can make a plain hamburger taste like that should keep it a secret!

I don't know exactly what to write about RJ. There is so much to say about him. Since we never had any boys in our family I didn't know what it was like to have a brother until Nat married RJ. Of course, our oldest sister, Olga, is married and her husband is a wonderful brother, too, but I don't have a chance to be with him as much as I do with RJ, since they live in San Francisco. I'm trying to think of ways to tell you about RJ but I guess it's easier just to say he has everything.

He has a way of getting a point across without getting angry. Like Nat's being late when he used to come and pick her up. He never came right out and said anything, but one night he was supposed to pick her up at eight and he didn't come until quarter of nine. When he finally arrived Nat was dressed and waiting and I think she was a little upset that RJ was so late. When he came into the living room he acted very cool, as if he weren't late. Nat frowned and he just grinned and said, "Are you ready so soon, honey? Take your time, we've only missed the *first half* of the movie." Nat started to say something and then she realized the message that RJ was trying to get across. She started to laugh. After they left the house, Mother told me RJ knew just exactly how to handle Natalie. She was so right; after that night, Nat was never more than five minutes late when RJ came over and that, believe me, was a real record for my sister!

He's very understanding, too. Last Christmas, as a surprise, Nat knitted an afghan for RJ's boat. She isn't a very fast knitter and it took her days and days to finish it. She made it in black and red, only by the time it was finished those colors didn't match the interior because RJ had traded in his boat and gotten a different one. But when he saw the work and time she'd put into making the afghan he had the whole boat redecorated on the inside just so it would match Nat's knitting. He said it was the most expensive gift he'd ever received but he was just teasing Nat. Still, there aren't many husbands who would go to all that trouble just so their wives wouldn't be upset about their knitting!

RJ's got about the best sense of humor of anyone I've ever known. He's always playing some practical joke—never anything to hurt anyone but just something funny enough so everyone gets a kick out of it. One of his pet tricks is disguising his voice or doing imitations of movie stars like Jimmy Cagney and Clark Gable. He's a panic.

I remember one night when RJ and Nat were going to a premiere; they'd stopped by the house on their way out and had dinner with us. About fifteen minutes after they left the phone rang. Mother answered it and the man on the other end said he was a reporter for a New York paper and that he'd flown three thousand miles to do a story on Nat and RJ. He said he didn't have too much time and would Mother mind giving him some information over the phone.

Then for the next thirty minutes he asked her all sorts of questions about Natalie, just like a regular interviewer. All of a sudden he lowered his voice and sort of whispered, "Now tell me, Mrs. Wood, what's Robert Wagner *really* like? You can tell me and of course I'll only print what's flattering." At first mother was shocked and then she started laughing and she said, "RJ stop teasing me, I know it's you." He was a little sheepish over the phone and he said, "How come you finally recognized me." Mother said, "Because no real reporter would come out and ask me point blank what Robert Wagner was like; a real reporter would beat around the bush and be much more subtle." That cured him, for the moment. A week later he called again, used another voice and this time it took Mother only fifteen minutes to find out she was giving an interview to her own son-in-law.

I think the thing about RJ that's so great is he knows when to be funny and when to be serious. He's someone you can talk to. You can ask him anything and he'll always know the right thing to do and say.

And I'm especially grateful for the way he treats my girlfriends. Whenever Nat and RJ come over, my friends immediately get either shy or very silly. Nat treats them swell and RJ does imitations for them

and before long my friends don't feel embarrassed any more. You know how some young couples can act so, so superior that it makes people my age feel like dropping into the nearest hole in the ground? Nat and RJ understand this and it makes life a whole lot easier for me. You see, a lot of kids, when they first meet me, automatically think I'll be stuck-up because Nat's my sister and she's married to Bob Wagner. Then when they get to know me and meet Nat and RJ, they realize it's foolish to think I'd be stuck-up. What would I have to be putting on airs about when Nat and RJ act so darn nice! *They're* the celebrities in the family.

Incidentally, I forgot to tell you one sort of funny experience Nat and I had together. It happened back in 1955, way before she and RJ were married. I guess it isn't good to suddenly go backwards when you're writing a story, but I'm not really a professional writer so I hope you won't mind. You see, I want to be an actress and right now I'm doing some TV shows and also pictures when there are parts for me. I never wanted to act when I was little. I wanted to be a writer. That's funny because now I'm an actress and here I am writing a story. My first picture role was playing Natalie as a child, in a movie called "The Searchers." It was very exciting since we went away to Arizona on location. Nat and I shared a room which was over a real authentic Indian trading post.

Nat is always so much fun to be with. That time she made up a whole story about how the Indians were raiding the village, and every night after work we'd get into our pajamas and pretend we were being raided. Since Natalie made up the story it was only natural she cast herself in the role of the heroine who rescued me and the rest of the town from being scalped.

One afternoon, we were having lunch at the cafe where the cast and crew ate all their meals. It was about a block from our rooms at the trading post. Suddenly, a dust storm blew up and we were marooned in the restaurant for nearly two hours. There were a few other kids there and Nat was about the oldest. She could see that we were all scared so she took charge. She explained our Indian game to everyone and we all got organized and pretended we were being raided by Indians. Before we knew it the storm blew over and we were able to walk home. I was so proud of Nat for helping all of us not to worry. When we got to our room I looked at her and she was green and she got sick. I guess she really wasn't so brave after all, but at least she pretended to be until it was safe for her to act scared.

When Natalie lived at home, before she got married, she always found time to play with me, take me shopping, fix my hair and give me advice. Nat loved to sleep late when she wasn't working but she was never too sleepy to roll out of bed and fix my hair before I went to school. Of course, when I was really little, Mother used to comb my hair, but when Nat started changing her own hair styles every week I decided I wanted her to fix my hair like hers, and she always obliged. One time she'd braid it; then she'd cut it into bangs like hers; once, she even made me a French knot in the back. That really looked a little too grownup for the fifth grade, but it came out when I played at recess, anyway.

When Natalie first started dating I used to think to myself that soon she'd get married and move away. It made me sad, because she's such fun to have around all the time that I worried about what it would be like when she got married and went away from home. That was sort of silly of

Continued on page 73

MORE JOBS
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When you have good news, you spread the word to all your friends. That's exactly how advertising works. It spreads the good news of products and services that are new and interesting.

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Look over the variety of ads in this magazine. You'll see how advertising work for you . . . bringing you good news of the latest and best in a vigorous America.

Advertising works for you!

Wish upon your birthday star, then just see what the

Continued from page 37

and Doris are in a rising cycle and will gain extra stature in the roles they play on the screen. . . . Tony Perkins (April 4), too, will continue to climb. However, with his Saturn (the planet of limitations) blocking Mars (energy), Tony may find it difficult to express himself; he may not be able to get the kind of roles he wants to play. This frustration will clear up in November or December. . . . Jayne Mansfield (April 19) should be successful in her business venture into health salons with husband Mickey Hargitay. But Pluto passing over Mars will bring a big change in her life some time in April or May. . . . James Garner (April 17) will feel a new creative urge this year. He'll want to reach out for fuller self-expression as an individual—but he'd better step carefully.

Characteristics: If you also were born under the sign of Aries, you are ardent, spontaneous and have an infectious enthusiasm for life. You like to pioneer, to be the first to do something new; you are often the leader of your crowd. The Aries girl is alert, friendly and full of fire. The Aries man is active physically and mentally. He makes quick decisions and acts on them right away. In love, he's the dashing heman and likes his women feminine.

Forecast for You: Love holds a big place in your life this year, especially if you were born during the first two weeks of April. This can be romantic, heart-stopping love, but it will have some ups and downs. You may be able to gain an honor or reach a position of leadership in 1959, but only if you truly earn it. Don't defy authority. If you do, or if you become too self-willed, parents or teachers will crack down on you. If you are able to handle responsibility and work in cooperation with others, this should be a year to gladden your ardent Aries heart and give you scope for your talent in leadership.

Other Aries Stars: Diane Jergens, March 31; Alec Guinness, April 2; Spencer Tracy, April 5; William Holden, April 17.



April 20 to May 20

Forecast for Stars: Rick Nelson (May 8) may be re-nicknamed "Reliable Rick" this year. He has broken through obstacles that stood in his way last year and will continue to emerge in his own right in 1959. His strong Earth sign indicates that he has long staying power in addition to dramatic fire. However, like other Taureans, he should make changes slowly all through the year, never being too hasty about them. This year he will give great consideration to the idea of going out on his own, but he should think twice about breaking family ties. . . . For Mark Damon (April 22), the month of April or May will see a

sudden development that will change the course of his life. . . . Of all the newcomers in Hollywood, Al Hedison (May 20) is the guy to keep an eye on, says the zodiac. With Neptune (the ruler of the movies) in the mid-heaven (which governs career), Al should make the big time, given a year or two. He'll move ahead in 1959, though he has some delays to cope with until his next birthday.

Characteristics: If Taurus is your sign, you have patience and persistence. You are unswerving in your aims and faithful to those you love. Usually serene and easygoing, you have a fierce temper when aroused. Your ruler is Venus, the planet of love and beauty. You like the good things of life. Taurus girls often cook and sew beautifully and have musical talent. You have a poised but voluptuous charm. Taurus men give the impression of masculine strength and imperturbability.

Forecast for You: This is a year of changing relationships; you will be taken out of the old routine and brought into contact with expansive, very probably glamorous people. You shouldn't fight this change, for it can move you into a new and wonderful world. But, if you're going to make the most of the possibilities, you're going to have to use a little caution. Don't cut yourself off from the past or familiar ties too abruptly. Some of them may be more valuable than you realize. Don't be blinded by the stardust in your eyes. Some of your new friends could deceive you, if you're too gullible and trusting. Try to stand off from time to time and look at others objectively. Your down-to-earth Taurus common sense is your best ally all year. Let it guide you, and you can make inspiring friends, perhaps meet the love of your life.

Other Taurus Stars: Sandra Dee, April 23; Shirley MacLaine, April 24; Glenn Ford, May 1; Bing Crosby, May 2; Audrey Hepburn, May 4; Stewart Granger, May 6; Gary Cooper, May 7; James Stewart, May 20.



May 21 to June 20

Forecast for Stars: Typical of this sign is Pat Boone (June 1), with his serious interests, his many talents, quick friendliness and high standards. But even he should feel a lightening of his spirits in 1959. . . . Marilyn Monroe (also June 1) will be much in the limelight, full of bubbling, overflowing joy that will enchant her fans. In the autumn there may be a conflict between home and work, so that she'll feel obliged to choose between the two. Since her home and marriage mean everything to her, she may give up her career temporarily. But MM's astrological

chart is so gloriously actressy that she won't stay out of the public eye too long.

Characteristics: You are versatile, quick-witted and sociable, interested in everyone and everything. You can be light-hearted and serious in rapid succession. The hum-drum and routine are your bugbears. You're beguiling, hard to pin down, but never boring to the opposite sex, since you can be two or three people in one.

Forecast for You: You should get a big bang out of friends, neighbors, short trips, studies and group activities. You can meet stimulating people through these and learn a great deal that will help you in later life. You shouldn't overlook the possibility of taking a part-time job, for you could find much happiness through it (and put away a few pennies besides). The spring and late autumn should bring you generous, optimistic friends and add to your popularity. Even while you enjoy yourself, this is a good time for practical interests, for thinking seriously about your future and taking the first career steps.

Other Gemini Stars: John Wayne, May 26; Andy Griffith, June 1; Tony Curtis, June 2; Rosalind Russell, June 4; Dean Martin, June 7; James Darren, Dana Wynter, June 8; Audie Murphy, June 20.



June 21 to July 21

Forecast for Stars: The horoscope of Robert Evans (June 29) shows him to be very ambitious, and this characteristic will be strong all year. Bob is also a very sensitive individual, whose sensitivity is not always obvious to other people. This combination makes him vulnerable to criticism, which often hurts him deeply. His defense mechanism is a quick temper that can easily get him into unnecessary scrapes. He should be careful of it this year. Career-wise, Bob's glamour sign will rise, and he will have continued good fortune. . . . Natalie Wood (July 20) faces a career year that can be very fruitful, after the recent lull—but it also looks very chancy. The important news in her chart is a serious emotional upset toward the end of the year. Set this against the forecast for Bob Wagner (noted under his sign, Libra), and it appears that the Wagners may be heading toward their first real quarrel.

Characteristics: Your ruling planet (using the word in the astrological sense) is the Moon, so you are moody and emotional. Home and family mean a great deal to you. Cancer men have a way with a woman, for they are understanding of her moods, thoughtful and cherishing toward her. Usually, they are good providers. Cancer girls have a gentle and feminine enchantment, like Janet Leigh (July 6). They

future has in store for you and your favorite stars . . .

have a natural talent for flattering and comforting their men.

Forecast for You: This could be a magical year for love and artistic expression, especially if you were born in June or early July. If you haven't already met your one and only, you may do so now. Parties and social gatherings, club activities and sports should bring you joy. But you will have to use discretion if you are going to keep your position with the gang on a solid footing. You may feel that you're being asked to do more than your share when it comes to handling group activities or shouldering responsibility. If you let yourself get hurt, you'll wind up lonely and misunderstood. If you are generous and give of your time and interest freely, you can build lasting friendships and add to popularity. Be practical with money, which may come in or go out unexpectedly.

Other Cancer Stars: Judy Holliday, June Russell, June 21; Susan Hayward, June 30; Leslie Caron, July 1; Bob Hope, July 9; Tab Hunter, July 11; Pat Wayne, July 15.



July 22 to August 22

Forecast for Stars: John Saxon (August 5) got off to the start of a twelve-year Jupiter opportunity cycle at the end of last year. His magnetic appeal will be at a height in 1959, but he must be careful of quarrels and scrappiness that could set him back. . . . Eddie Fisher (August 10) also should be cautious of carrying a chip on his shoulder. He should, as well, be careful of seeming too unpredictable, for he will be restless, dissatisfied and not quite sure of what he wants. According to his chart and Liz Taylor's (see her sign, Pisces), the attraction between Liz and Eddie is far more serious than Hollywood suspects. But near the end of the year he will face a situation that poses a threat.

Characteristics: You are magnetic and warm-hearted. You have an instinctive feeling for drama and you like to be the center of the stage. You need praise to bring out the best in you. When it is given sincerely, you show your gratitude with generosity and devotion. You like to be boss. You have a quick temper, but don't hold grudges. Your manner is frank and friendly. You are ruled by the heart. When you let love guide you, you're wonderful, but if you push it aside—alas!

Forecast for You: 1959 will be a dynamic year. Particularly if you were born during the first half of August, your life is undergoing vital changes. You are no longer content with the old goals and are reaching out for fresh ones. You're discovering that you have capabilities, talents and de-

sires you never dreamed of before. At times you may be too restless and independent, because of your eagerness for new experience and a break with what seems monotonous. You should be cautious of this, for you could trip yourself up or destroy relationships that mean more to you than you realize. Don't rush changes. Let them develop naturally if you want them to bring the greatest benefit. Daily duties may seem boring, but you will gain by giving them attention.

Other Leo Stars: Richard Egan, July 29; Don Murray, July 31; Robert Taylor, August 5; Robert Mitchum, August 6; Esther Williams, August 8; James Cagney, August 17; Molly Bee, Shelley Winters, August 18.



August 23 to September 22

Forecast for Stars: Three or four months from now will be a crucial period in the life of Tommy Sands (August 27), though his general outlook will be optimistic. According to the stars, he should be able to take real strides toward his goal. . . . This will be a wonderful year for Ingrid Bergman. She will have happiness in her love and expanding good fortune. She should have even greater appeal for her fans than in the past.

Characteristics: You people of Virgo are the perfectionists of the zodiac. No detail is too small for your attention; you polish and rearrange things until you get them just right. Because of this thoroughness, you often come out 'way ahead of more flamboyant types, who've been making a lot of noise and getting very little accomplished. You have a quiet charm and unassuming manner, with a kind of sex appeal that sneaks up on people and lasts. Sometimes you are over-critical; you should be careful you don't seem to nag.

Forecast for You: In 1959, the delays and obstacles of recent years should fall behind you. Inspiration and outgoing happiness may be found with neighbors and close friends and through short trips or studies. You are maturing emotionally, either through a serious love that brings responsibility as well as pleasure, or through learning more consideration for the faults and foibles of those you care for. Listen to your hunches, for some of them could hit the mark. The spring and autumn should find your home a center for entertainment, happiness and love. Your own popularity should be at its height in late summer and autumn.

Other Virgo Stars: Mel Ferrer, August 25; Earl Holliman, September 11.



September 23 to October 22

Forecast for Stars: George Nader (October 19) is emerging from a period during which he felt lowdown and blue, but 1959 will be a challenging year for him. He will find opportunities galore to forge ahead in his career, though he may lose out if he becomes too exuberant and careless. The more realistic and practical his approach, the better his chances for present and future success. . . . This should also be a fine year for Charlton Heston, if he can sort out the confusing influences on his career. He should stay a free lance and avoid signing long-term contracts, because these may not work out the way he expects them to. Otherwise, his spirits remain light, and he will be surrounded by love and popularity.

Characteristics: You have real tact and social charm, both springing out of your desire to please. You have instinctive good taste, a love of beauty and proportion. Because your sense of fair play is so strong, people often come to you to ask help in settling their differences. Many Libra women are genuine beauties, like Deborah Kerr (September 30).

Forecast for You: The year will bring you stimulating friends, some of whom will help to broaden your horizons and give you a better goal to aim for. But use discrimination, for Bohemians, crackpots and eccentrics are likely to cross your path as well. You are in an important cycle, especially if you were born in September or early October; the choices you make this year are going to have a lasting effect on your future. You are being asked to take responsibilities and make decisions and should do so wisely. Look far ahead and see where you go, and then take the first steps in that direction. This is an expanding year financially. You could find a profitable part-time job.

Other Libra Stars: Aldo Ray, September 25; Julie London, September 26; June Allyson, October 7; Montgomery Clift, Rita Hayworth, October 17; Inger Stevens, October 18; Dolores Hart, October 20.



October 23 to November 21

Forecast for Stars: Rock Hudson (November 17) will find the emotional wounds of his divorce gradually healing. He will start a twelve-year opportunity cycle in

1960, but until then he should be flexible and ready to accept changing career conditions. For him, 1959 will be an up-and-down year—he must be very careful. . . . Anthony Franciosa (October 25) also must learn to play the waiting game, since 1959 is a mixed-up year for him, too. However, he's due for wonderful opportunities, in both his career and his personal life. First, he has to get past difficulties, which show up particularly strong in the spring. At that time, he should keep his temper down and have patience. By the end of the year, he should be past such blocks and on the road to greater things.

Characteristics: You belong to a class of people who usually have magnetism, great sex appeal and dramatic power. Yours is a strong-willed and emotional nature. When upset, you get melodramatic—an extreme you should guard against. In love you are possessive; but if you are loved in return there isn't any sacrifice too great to make for the one you care for. Despite your emotional depth, you are reserved and a little mysterious to most people.

Forecast for You: 1959 should be a happy year, when your charm is at its height and good fortune and popularity come readily. You should have a little extra magic when it comes to putting yourself across, especially if you were born in October. Your poetic and intuitive abilities should be strong. Your outlook is serious and purposeful, and you can put it to good use in grasping opportunity when it comes and in finding expression for your heightened creative abilities. Just be careful not to get too snippy with your elders, for they could surprise you by snapping back hard.

Other Scorpio Stars: Burt Lancaster, November 2; Robert Ryan, November 11; Jean Seberg, November 13.



November 22 to December 21

Forecast for Stars: This year Frank Sinatra (December 12) will more than hold his own as an actor. His popularity will continue to grow, while his love life will remain as changeable as ever. . . . Kirk Douglas (December 9), on the other hand, may find the going a bit rough in 1959. Dissatisfied with his roles or with the public's reaction to them, he may press too hard. Instead, he should relax, for by the end of the year he will enter a cycle of good fortune, expansion and opportunity.

Characteristics: The Sagittarian man (Sinatra, for example) likes women who are good companions, but he'll run from anyone who tries to fence him in too tightly. The Sagittarian girl, like Hope Lange (November 28), wants to share her man's major interests, is a loyal helpmate. You have a zest for life, a love of travel, sports and dancing. You are open-handed and outspoken; you like to do things on a lavish scale. You have high ideals.

Forecast for You: During the past few years, you've been carrying a heavy burden, but you can heave a sigh of relief as this lifts with the beginning of 1959. Interest now centers on exciting contacts made through long-distance travel, through friendships with those of foreign birth or a

background different from yours, through intellectual interests and studies. Your mind is growing and exploring new possibilities for your future development. If there is a pinch in your life this year, it falls in the money department. You may have less to spend than you like and should budget carefully. Your intuitions should be heightened. The spring and autumn months could find you feeling especially expansive and optimistic; this air of confidence will increase your popularity and attract general good fortune.

Other Sagittarius Stars: Kathryn Grant, Jeffrey Hunter, November 25; James MacArthur, December 7; Van Heflin, December 13; Jeff Chandler, December 15.



December 22 to January 19

Forecast for Stars: Fans of Elvis Presley (January 8) needn't worry about what will happen to Elvis' fame while he's in the Army. The stars say that 1959 will bring him hard work, as it will to other Capricornians, but the year should also add to his popularity. . . . Sal Mineo (January 10), too, will continue to grow in stature and popularity. However, 1959 may bring him a separation from someone he loves. He will be quite upset over this parting, but he shouldn't take it too seriously, for his real romance is several years in the future. Sal should be careful of restlessness; it might lead him to make changes too abruptly.

Characteristics: You're ambitious and practical in your outlook. Because you can organize activities and cope with crises, you often find yourself in a trouble-shooting role. You have a down-to-earth sense of humor, which people sometimes find unexpected, because of your usually serious manner. You mellow as you grow older. If you're good-looking to begin with, you gain attractiveness with the years. Marlene Dietrich (December 27) has a typically Capricorn kind of beauty.

Forecast for You: You won't be able to take 1959 lightly, for it will bring you responsibilities, and you will have to work hard for what you get, especially if you were born in December. But if you pitch in and do a solid job, you should be able to make lasting progress and win the respect of those you admire. Friends will add a happy, inspiring note, as you come in contact with generous, helpful people. They should brighten your spirits, share good times and fire your ambitions. Some of them may be glamorous or artistic.

Other Capricorn Stars: Ava Gardner, December 24; Richard Widmark, December 26; Robert Stack, January 13; Cary Grant, Danny Kaye, January 18.



January 20 to February 19

Forecast for Stars: The future looks bright for the career of Kim Novak (February 13), but in love her heart could play her tricks, especially at the end of the year. She could mistake a false romance for the real thing—and not for the first time! . . . Carol Lynley (also February 13), like Kim, may mistake a fleeting love for a real one. However, this will not have a bad effect on Carol, because in later years she will look back on it as a pleasant romance. Some of her plans may be suddenly changed. But, because she is protected by Jupiter, everything should work out to her advantage. . . . Robert Wagner (February 10) has the same shadow on his chart that wife Natalie has on hers: emotional upset late in the year. In Bob's case, another person's influence enters his life about the same time, though this may not necessarily affect his marriage.

Characteristics: Yours is a rounded, balanced personality. You are interested in all kinds of people and ideas; you have your eyes on the future; but you don't go to extremes or scorn everything that is traditional. You are curious, fond of gadgets, sociable, a fine companion. You are probably good-looking, without being flashy about it, and you have an electric impact on people. Man or girl, your affections are so wide-spread that it's hard for you to settle down to one personal love above all others.

Forecast for You: This should be a most important year in your life. You are meeting new, fascinatingly different types of people—especially if you were born during the first two weeks of February—and through them you are branching out and discovering new worlds to explore. This is all to the good—but you should use moderation in breaking old ties and discrimination in choosing new companions. There are longstanding obligations or connections you haven't really outgrown, and you shouldn't try to shove them into the background. Blend the new with the old, as you are temperamentally well-fitted to do, in order to gain the most from this year's influences. You may win an honor or added prestige this year; your standing with the big brass should be tops.

Other Aquarius Stars: Paul Newman, January 26; Dorothy Malone, January 30; Jean Simmons, January 31; Clark Gable, February 1; Jack Lemmon, Lana Turner, February 8.



February 19 to March 20

Forecast for Stars: Joanne Woodward (February 27) seems to be all shook up inside. She's restless and wants to reach out for something fresh. She will seriously consider giving up her career to go into a new one, but the movies will probably hold her, because of her strong appeal for the public. She could gain new acting laurels. . . . Elizabeth Taylor (February 27) will show brilliant progress in acting ability, which could win her an Academy Award and a reputation as a great actress. Surprisingly, her horoscope and Eddie Fisher's complement each other smoothly; hers indicates that she needs exactly the sort of masculine companionship Eddie can supply; Eddie's calls for a woman remark-

ably like Liz. But it is by no means sure that their love can survive the late-year emotional upset on Eddie's chart.

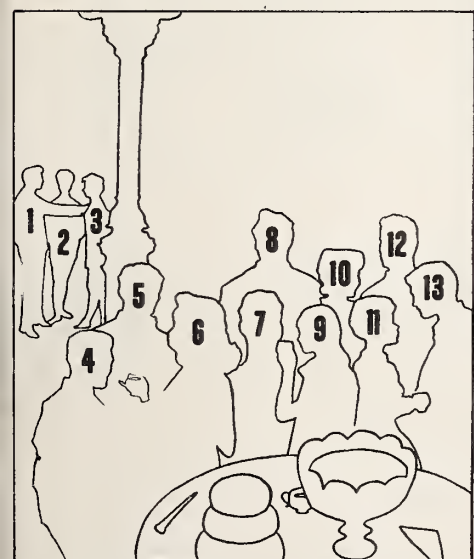
Characteristics: You are restless, intuitive and emotional, relying on your feelings rather than your mind to give you the right answers. At times sociable, the very best of host or hostesses, you have moods when you crave solitude, time to be alone and dream. You have instinctive sympathy for others. There is a mystery about you, often suggested in your beautiful, glowing eyes.

Forecast for You: 1959 should be an inspirational year. You are under less pressure than you have been in the recent past; things come to you more easily. You can form lasting friendships with older or influential people. Travel, study and religion mean much to you now, and through them you will receive encouragement and happiness. Whatever is poetic and creative in your outlook will be stressed. The only snarl may come in daily routines or in connection with employment skills. You have much to learn and a more modern viewpoint to adopt. If you try to stick with the old familiar ways, you'll be in for upsets. Your prestige should grow and your light shine brightly.

Other Pisces Stars: Cyd Charisse, Gia Scala, March 8; Jerry Lewis, March 16.

So the zodiacal year runs its course, from Aries to Pisces. As the calendar year of 1959 begins, you and the stars of Hollywood may look forward to an exciting twelve-month journey charted by the stars of the heavens. If anything goes wrong, just blame it on Sputnik.—Charts and Predictions by RUTH HALE OLIVER, as told to RONA BARRETT.

WHAT A PARTY!



Pictured on page 36, from left to right, are:

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Elvis Presley | 7. Sal Mineo |
| 2. Kim Novak | 8. Rock Hudson |
| 3. Doris Day | 9. Carol Lynley |
| 4. Rick Nelson | 10. Debbie Reynolds |
| 5. John Saxon | 11. Liz Taylor |
| 6. Jayne Mansfield | 12. Jim Garner |
| 13. Tony Perkins | |

ALL NAT TALKS ABOUT

Continued from page 69

me. Knowing Nat, I should have realized that getting married wouldn't change her relationship with me and the rest of the family.

All of the boys that Natalie dated were very nice to me, but sometimes I used to think they liked me only because I was Nat's little sister and they thought they should! With RJ it was different. He liked me right off, for real, I could tell. It's funny, but a year ago last July, when Nat told Mother and me she was going to date Robert Wagner, I didn't get too excited, at first. I'd never met him. I'd only seen his pictures in magazines and maybe I couldn't believe that he was really coming to our house.

But that first night when he came to the house to pick Nat up, it was really something! I had a friend over to dinner. We were just about through, when the doorbell rang. My girlfriend and I went to the door and opened it. It was RJ! Both of us took one look and we flipped. He was so good-looking, even more handsome than his pictures. RJ could see that we were embarrassed but he made us feel at ease right away. Nat was still getting dressed when he came in—she used to keep her dates waiting till RJ changed that! RJ came into the living room and sat and talked with Mother and Father and my friend and me. He was so relaxed and natural that we all liked him right away. He has a wonderful sense of humor. Even when Touché, our poodle, jumped on his lap and left white hairs all over his dark suit, he didn't mind at all. From that very first night I could tell he really liked me, and as for me I thought he was the nicest boy Nat had ever brought home.

Mother says I have a crush on RJ, but I don't, not really. Crushes are for kids! I was thirteen on March 1st and I'm in the eighth grade at Van Nuys High School, in San Fernando Valley, and I don't get crushes anymore, but I do sort of have his pictures pasted up all over my bedroom mirror! Natalie used to get crushes on movie stars, too.

I remember once when Nat was about fifteen. She had just gotten her Thunderbird and invited a friend and me to go driving with her. On the way home, Nat spotted Kirk Douglas in a car ahead of us. She had a crush on him and so she tried to catch up with his car. My friend and I were giggling, but we were just as eager! Finally we caught up with Mr. Douglas at a red light and we all shouted hello. He was so nice; he told us to pull up to the curb. Then he got out of his car and came and talked to us. When we ran out of things to say, we asked for his autograph. We looked all over the car and in Nat's purse but we couldn't find a piece of paper. Mr. Douglas just laughed, took out his pen and signed his name on Nat's leather jacket. Nat was so happy with his signature that she didn't take the jacket off for weeks. I still have it in the closet and now it's all full of movie stars' signatures.

My parents never believed in hiring baby-sitters so occasionally, when they had to leave me, Nat stayed with me. She was super. She'd read to me, or we'd watch TV or listen to records. She never made me go to bed too early. One time I remember my folks had to go out at the last minute and asked Nat to stay with me. She had a date that night but she

just said, "Okay I'll take Lana with me." How many big sisters do you know who would do that?

The three of us went to a drive-in movie. I sat in the back seat. It was one of the first times Nat had been out on a date and I don't think she was too relaxed. In the middle of the picture, the boy sort of casually put his arm around Nat's shoulder. Then she moved way across the seat in front of me and I couldn't see the picture and I was sleepy so I started to cry. I don't remember this event and I can't imagine myself being so silly, but it's one of Nat's favorite stories. Anyway, when I started crying, Nat told the boy she thought they'd better take me home. He did and I guess Nat was quite relieved. All I know is whenever she tells this story she says, "I started out to baby-sit with Lana and she wound up chaperoning me!" She told Mother that I had cried right on cue because she'd wanted to come home and yet she'd felt it wouldn't have been polite to her date—so I guess I really did rescue her that time!

Nat and RJ are always giving us so many presents. When RJ was first dating Natalie and then went to Japan to make a picture, he brought us back lots of things. He brought me a huge oriental jewel box—when you wind it up and open the bottom drawer a geisha girl does a dance to some tinkling music. And he gave me a clock, too. It has a girl hanging from a swing and she moves back and forth to tell the time. Nat and RJ are like year-round Santa Clauses, they always come over loaded with gifts. When Nat went up to Monterey while RJ was making "In Love and War," they brought me back a load of stuffed animals. My favorite is a mother kangaroo with a baby in her pouch. Touché found the baby kangaroo and now the mother is childless!

Our whole family is poodle crazy. When Nat got married, she left Touché at home with us and she and RJ got another poodle for themselves. Then just before they went to New York in October, they came over to say goodbye. Nat had a blanket in her arms and she handed it to me. Out popped a tiny black poodle, all my own. Her name is Coquette du Bois but we call her Quic-Qui (pronounced Key-Key) for short.

Even though Natalie's busy being married, she still has time to do special things for me. A few months ago, I was invited to a party given by James Mason's daughter Portland. The invitation said "formal." I didn't have a fancy long dress and they're so expensive and impractical that I really hated to ask Mother to get me one. I didn't even know that Natalie knew about the party, but a few days after I got the invitation Nat called and asked me to go to lunch with her. While we were eating she said she hoped I wouldn't mind, but she had some shopping to do before we went home. We went to Saks and Nat headed directly for the junior department. Before I knew what was happening, she'd bought me a white chiffon dress, gloves with little pearls on them, white satin pumps, an evening bag with sequins that change colors and even a wrap for my shoulders. She spent hours getting me everything for the party and she didn't get one thing for herself.

I really didn't think I would be able to write so many pages as this story. It's easier to do an essay for school on "What I Did Last Summer . . ." than it is to put into words how you feel about people you love. Besides, though Natalie Wood has been a movie star for as long as I can remember, she's always been just my sister Nat for as long as I can remember, too.

THE END

NOTHING IN COMMON

Continued from page 51

her mother's voice turned off the tears.

Smiling tolerantly, Stewart shook his head and said, "Women!" Then he bent over, hoisted Tracy up in his arms, and kissed her tears away. "Salty," he said, making a wry face, and his daughter laughed. He perched her on his left shoulder and with his free hand gently cupped Jean's face, and then he kissed her.

"Women!" he repeated, as he set Tracy down again in the grass, and once more he shook his head. "We've got some fence-mending to do over there," he said, pointing to a distant pasture, and started towards the cowhand. He took just a few steps and then turned around and came back. Again he kissed his wife gently on the forehead, and then broke away and strode off.

Jean watched her husband, tall and tanned, as he walked across the fields, watched him until he was just a tiny shadow fading into the rocks of the Canelo foothills.

She leaned back in the grass, closed her eyes, and felt the warm sun caress her face. Far away she could hear the lowing of cattle; near at hand she could hear the little movements Tracy was making. "And to think that it wasn't so long ago I was asking: What am I doing here?" she said to herself.

And now she heard other sounds, a voice out of her past, and she remembered what the voice said, and how she'd answered, when she announced she was going to marry Stewart. . . .

"Dear, you have absolutely nothing in common with this man."

"But you forget one thing. One little, important thing," she had answered them. "We love one another."

And here she was—a rancher's wife. It was John Rothwell, their studio publicity man, who could take the credit. But, at the time, he was more intent on preventing publicity than getting it. "I know just the place for a quiet wedding," Rothwell had said. "Tucson."

Puzzled, she had asked, "But we've never even been there."

Stewart had said, "Sounds interesting."

"I'll arrange everything," Rothwell promised. And he did. The wedding went off beautifully, even though Cary and Betsy Grant finally decided not to come

for fear of drawing newsmen. With Mike Wilding, Stewart's friend for twenty years, as best man, the wedding party took off for Tucson in a private plane.

As the plane neared the Arizona city, both she and Stewart saw weird enchantment in the scenes below: the wide, tawny valleys, with curves of lush green marking the river courses; the horizons jagged with mountains. On this first visit, the ranch country remained just a picture framed in the plane windows, and in the car windows as they rushed to the courthouse to get their marriage license the moment before closing time, thereby eluding the press neatly. As they said their vows in a private home in the exclusive El Encanto residential district, the windows looked out on evening darkness.

Afterwards, they drove only a few blocks to the luxurious Arizona Inn, where they spent the first few days of their married life, then they drove off on a sight-seeing trip to Nogales, on the Mexican border, sixty-five miles south of Tucson. Ten miles from Nogales, she was leaning back in her seat, wordlessly happy. Her shoulder against Stewart's, she could feel his muscles tense and relax as he guided the car along the road. She looked at his profile and thought for the hundredth time—but still with a sense of wonder—"This is my husband." Around them now were the Canelo foothills, but neither of them knew the name. If Jean took her eyes off her husband, she admired the scenery with the detached outlook of a tourist. She had no idea that she was looking at her future home.

"Such wild country!" she said.

"Wonderful!" her husband agreed. Apparently, all this was just a lot of picturesque scenery to him, too. But, way in the back of his mind, it had a deeper meaning—as though something whispered, "This is home. Here I am—come home to me."

The idea stayed in the back of his mind—not to pop out till some five years later, suddenly but very casually, in the British style. She had just started wearing maternity clothes and she sat contentedly knitting in the living room of their Palm Springs house. At least, they had moved this close to the open country, but only to a resort town where desert and mountains were a decorative picture, to be glanced at through glass. Strolling into the room, lighting his pipe, the master of the house asked, keeping his voice casual, "Could you live on a ranch?"

"I never thought of it," she answered, knitting away, "but I suppose I could. If you want to. . . ."

"Good!" Briskly, he strode out of the room.

Alone, she smiled to herself. Just a few weeks before, he'd talked enthusiastically about quitting this acting business. "It's all nonsense." He spoke of settling down on a tea plantation in Ceylon. Whatever had happened to that notion? she laughed to herself as Stewart talked on the phone in the next room. When he came back, he said, "I'm off!"

"For where?"

"New Mexico. I just managed to get a plane connection to Silver City and I can hire a car there and drive to Gila."

"Heela?"

Patiently, he spelled the name. "As in Gila monster."

"Oh," she said. She thought, "Charming!" She had seen the horny, scaly, fatally poisonous creatures in westerns, and she didn't care to get any closer.

But she raised not a word of objection when Stewart returned, flourishing the deed to 60,000 acres in New Mexico. "Magnificent!" he exulted. "Completely remote and unspoiled. Practically savage country. Of course, we'll sell this place."

Dismayed, she looked around at her lovingly decorated Palm Springs home. "Of course," she said.

"And all the furniture, too. What we'll need is this heavy Spanish stuff—antiques. Make a real hacienda of it."

"I'd like to see the ranch," she told her gay ranchero.

"Ummm . . . later. Better wait till after the baby comes. It's a pretty rough trip out there."

So she waited, knitting baby clothes, shopping occasionally for Spanish furniture. Meanwhile, Stewart was buying horses and making occasional treks to his property near Gila.

Even though she and Stewart brought Tracy home from the hospital to their penthouse apartment in Bel Air, she felt no sense of permanence there. For her, it has never been more than a place to stay while she or her husband works on a picture. Tucking the baby in one evening, she said thoughtfully to Stewart, "I wish we could bring her up in a country home. When am I going to see the ranch?"

"Well . . . I wouldn't exactly call it a 'country home'—not the sort of place one dashes off to for a weekend. Matter of fact . . . it's next to impossible to get to. Impossible to live there. But it's a splendid investment! Horses. Cattle."

So there went another dream, gone with the tea plantation. She felt a little sorry for her husband, sensing his disappointment. For herself, she might have felt relief—but she knew by now that Stewart had really been bitten by the ranch bug. She made a pretty good guess at what lay ahead when he suggested one day, "Like to take a run down to Tucson?"

"Love it." For her, just the name still carried an aura of honeymoon magic.

"I've got my eye on a piece of property south of there."

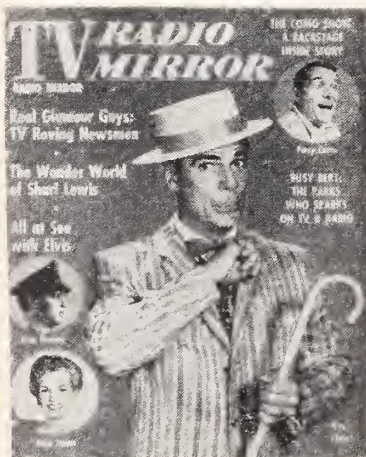
And they were on the road to Nogales again. Stewart felt that she shared his excitement, though he didn't know it was for a different reason. He began to look a little worried as the Canelo foothills came in sight. "Look—I don't want you to be disappointed. That's why I never let you see the New Mexico property. Afraid it'd sour you on ranch life forever. But this is no 'country home,' either. Right now, it's a widow-woman ranch."

"A what?"

"Neglected. You'll see."

She saw: shabby main building, tiles missing from the roof; ranch-hands' straggling cottages covered with peeling paint;

Continued on page 78



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**Once It Was My
Betrayal—but NOW—**

**MY BODY
IS MY
PROUDEST
POSSESSION!**



THE door slammed behind Marty, and slowly I crumpled to the floor. The sobs tore forth—deep and convulsive. "Marty . . . Marty . . ." I whispered, brokenly, and then his words came back and I shuddered and I shook my head violently from side to side, trying to fling what he had said away from me—trying not to hear him again. But his words hung in the room—toneless, cold, but searing my heart like dry ice pressed close against flesh. This had been Marty talking, I realized, numbly—*my* Marty—with whom I had planned our tomorrow—who would grin and tousle my hair when I insisted that the very first furniture we'd buy after the wedding would be that big, comfortable man's chair we'd seen at O'Rourke's downtown. The Marty whom I'd suddenly surprise looking at me with the special softness no one else ever saw. The Marty, whose wife I thought I was going to be—until a half-hour ago.

"I'm leaving, Maggie," he'd said. Unbelieving, I'd heard the words, but it was the deadness of his voice that made me understand what he was saying. "I'm leaving, Maggie—for good. I'm not coming around any more. And I'm sorry for you, for both of us."

"Sorry? Sorry for me?" I had flared, wildly. My voice rose in a scream. "Well, why not? Why not you? Everyone else is. The fat girl! Revolting Maggie Holland, once petite, demure Margaret and now offending the esthetic senses of her friends, her family—everybody! So why not you, Marty?"

His words had been flat, quiet. "You've let yourself go, you've given up on yourself, Maggie. Oh, I know there was a time when you really tried. I know you've taken pills, and gone on diets—even tried reducing salons. But the brutal truth is that you've stopped trying. You were my girl and I fell in love with you and I'd still be in love with the Maggie who could take it and still come back and win. But the Maggie I fell in love with wouldn't feel sorry for herself, wouldn't feel she was the only girl who'd ever been cursed

by overweight, wouldn't snap at her friends, quarrel with her family, permit the love affair with the man she was going to marry to deteriorate into irritable days and nasty evenings. In a simple word the Maggie I knew was the one I wanted for my wife, not the girl I'm looking at now."

I couldn't talk. Fury was choking me. At last the words had come in a strangled gasp. "Get out!!" And then, as I felt the tears beginning to burn my eyes I quickly turned my back. Just before he closed the door behind him, a pale shaft of sunlight came into the room, and then he was gone, and only greyness was left and that was the way it would be forever, I felt.

I didn't hear the door open minutes later, and I turned, startled, when I heard Ray's voice at my side. Ray is Doctor Raymond Holland and my cousin, and, at 32, one of the most respected and best-liked practitioners in town. His sympathetic eyes took in my disheveled hair and tear-stained face but all he said was: "I was on my way over and ran into Marty as he was leaving. We had a talk."

"I hope he was less beastly than when he left here."

Ray grinned. "He was quite civilized." Then he leaned down and lifted my chin with his fingers. "But he was suffering, Maggie. It isn't easy for a guy like Marty to walk out on something so important."

My laugh was as unpleasant as before. "Suffering, indeed. I'll bet he was—worrying whether my fingers have gotten too pudgy for me to get his ring off to return to him. Or wondering how many people have been laughing at him all the time he's been going around with fat Maggie Holland—or suffering over—" Suddenly the bitterness ran out of me, wretchedness thickened my throat, and burying my face in my arms, I cried and Ray let me.

After a while he dried my eyes with his handkerchief. Very quietly, he asked me: "Did you really understand what Marty was trying to say?"

"The Mail Order Shopper"

"But, Ray, I have tried. You know I have. I've exercised, gone through reducing routines. Even reducing pills have failed to help me, although I've known some girls who have lost weight using them. I've tried simple dieting and have failed at that. I have tried!"

He took my hand in his, affectionately. "I know you have, honey. Marty knows it, too." He grinned as he continued. "And while you haven't lost any weight you must admit you've acquired just about the most difficult disposition in the family."

I nodded, ruefully. "That's true enough. And I hated Marty for saying it. But how would you feel—or Marty, for that matter—if day after incessant day you'd stick faithfully to what someone promises will take the ugly fat off you, only to have the scales tell you differently? Wouldn't you feel irritable enough to bite the cat—as I almost have done once or twice?"

Ray's intelligent face broke into a chuckle. "I certainly would. And that's how most overweight people feel. And that's why they stay overweight."

"We stay fat because we're irritable?" I asked.

"Uh-huh. Look, Maggie—all these advertisements you see about losing weight—they aren't phoney. They just aren't enough."

"Enough?"

"That's right. We doctors know that most of these pills have methyl cellulose in them and that they can do as they promise—fill the stomach so that an overweight person won't feel the rumblings of hunger. That's simple and logical enough. But despite that, these products fail more often than not to do the trick."

I asked: "But why, if what you say is true?"

"It's true, all right. The trouble is that most reducing products don't take into account the most important element of all—the unbearable tension, the irritability, the feeling of all's wrong with the world that a girl like you has hanging over her all the time she's faithfully following instructions—or thinks she is. Maggie, my darling, tell Doc Holland—isn't it true that for the two months you were taking the pills that you bought in Marshall's drugstore you continued to over-eat even though you weren't hungry?"

Understanding broke over me. "Why, of course. I remember asking myself why in the world I kept going to the refrigerator when I wasn't hungry in the least. And yet I had to eat. I simply had to!"

"You see?" Ray said quickly. "You had to eat when you were taking the pills and weren't hungry for the same reason you got fat in the first place—by over-eating when you were hungry. In both cases tension, nervousness, irritability drove you as they drive most people for whom weight becomes a problem."

"Now see here, Doctor Holland, are you telling me that somebody—some firm—that understands this has come up with an answer to my problem?"

"That's just what I'm telling you, Maggie. A short time ago an important pharmaceutical house sent me several packages of their new product, SLIMTOWN. Doctors continually receive samples of things that are new. What these people had to say about SLIMTOWN made sense. They had combined 3 important ingredients into their capsule. One was *Antipatin* that lets you continue to enjoy all your favorite foods but the craving for them diminishes. . . . The second was *Gastrofilin*—tried and true—the ingredient that fools your stomach—makes it feel half-full to begin with even before you sit down to eat. . . . And the third—wonder of wonders—made the job complete and sold me immediately. That was the sensational new ingredient called *Pacifin* and its function is to remove completely the tension, the high-voltage irritability you and I have been talking about. They guaranteed that SLIMTOWN would melt off the pounds because the user would not only not feel like overeating—he would feel calm, easy-going, at peace with himself while the pounds dropped off. Clara Jenkins came into my office later in the day. You remember Clara—she weighs 200 pounds—or at least she did. I told Clara to take the SLIMTOWN I had received—told her to eat all she really wanted to eat and to take SLIMTOWN as directed. Clara pooh-poohed it. But finally she took the capsules. That was four weeks ago. Yesterday Clara was in my office. She had lost 23 pounds and had come to my office to kiss me and almost did right there in front of my patients."

I confess that if it had been anyone other than Ray Holland telling me this I simply wouldn't have believed it. But Ray is the most confidence-inspiring doctor I know—young enough to have been in recent contact

with the newest in the medical world and old enough to tell the gilt from the gold. My hopes began to rise like a rocket.

I said: "Let me get this straight. The pills I've been taking haven't helped because I was wound up like a clock and couldn't keep from nervous eating?"

"Correct," said Ray.

"And SLIMTOWN will have the calming and soothing effect on me that will let me eat what I want to eat and not go hog-wild?"

"That's right."

"And I'll be able to eat the things I love—steaks, desserts? All I really want?"

Ray nodded vigorously. "Absolutely."

"And the pounds will drop off in bunches?"

"As much as 7 to 10 pounds per week," Ray said.

"And Marty?" I asked, smiling for the first time.

Ray grinned back, "SLIMTOWN guarantees Marty, too, I'll bet."

"Well, what are we waiting for, Dr. Holland? Let's get over to your office and get those SLIMTOWNS before they're gone."

"They are gone," Ray said sheepishly. "My enthusiasm ran away with me and there's Jane Morgan and Mrs. Orikoff and several others who were simply made for SLIMTOWN. But you can buy SLIMTOWN. They cost only \$2.98 for a full 10-day supply. And \$4.98 for a big 20-day treatment. \$6.98 for 30-Day Supply."

Here's the address:

SLIMTOWN, Dept. H-42, 11 E. 47 St., New York 17, N. Y.

They're sold with an absolute money back guarantee if they don't do exactly as they say they'll do: take the fat off you quickly and agreeably. They really don't guarantee you'll get Marty back. That's up to you." And with a light kiss on my forehead, Ray left.

How can I tell you what Ray did for me? When I thought of the courage it had taken for Marty to talk to me the way he did, and of how I had screamed in return, my face burned with shame.

My impulse was to rush to the phone and call him, but I decided to wait, to surprise him. However, I hadn't reckoned on the meddling Dr. Holland. Because when 3 weeks later and 18 pounds lighter, with an elegant dress that showed off my figure and a sunny, smiling face to match I led Marty into the living room, he didn't look surprised one bit.

He said, right off: "I've arranged for my vacation in June. We can be married then. Okay?"

Just like that. I couldn't find words. I nodded.

He said: "I've found an apartment. You'll love it."

Ecstatic, I nodded again.

"We'll be able to get all the furniture except the couch. That'll take three or four months more."

I finally found my voice. I said demurely: "Not every girl gets two proposals from the same man. Isn't this one rather abrupt?"

The creases around Marty's eyes highlighted their twinkle. "I love you," he said.

Mischievously, I waved my hand at myself. "My dress too?"

"Love you," he repeated. "Know all about your figure. Knew about it first day you started. Doc Holland told me. SLIMTOWN, great stuff."

We've been married 3 years now. A wonderful marriage. Marty, me, little Martin. SLIMTOWN'S there too, any time I need it.

To the reader of this story: As the creators of SLIMTOWN, we have been pleased to present Margaret Holland's story. Miss Holland's experience is duplicated by thousands of women who have found new happiness through SLIMTOWN—whose lives have been changed by the greatest discovery for overweight people ever developed by medical science! We guarantee that you will lose up to 7 to 10 pounds the very first week without dieting, without exercise, without nervous tension. Never has there been any reducer like SLIMTOWN. You may order by sending \$2.98 for the 10-day supply. \$4.98 for 20-day supply. \$6.98 for 30-Day Supply.

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NOTHING IN COMMON

Continued from page 74

brown, burnt-dry grass all around. "It... has possibilities," she finally managed to say.

He turned to her eagerly. "You see them, too? Great!" Heavy-hearted, she wished she actually did have the same hopeful picture in mind. "The Yerba Buena ranch, it's called," he went on. "Means 'Green Mint.' People around here say Father Kino named it. He was the priest who came up from Mexico in 1690 and founded the first mission in Arizona. Yep—our place goes all the way back, Jean, to the Spanish Land Grant days."

She looked at her rancher husband. He wanted Yerba Buena; in his mind, it was already his. Again, she looked at the houses—and closed her eyes.

"Good rich farmland on the property," Stewart said. "Seven lakes on the property. Let's see—can you spot any of them from here? After all, it's 10,000 acres. Maybe we can pipe water in and have a couple of artificial lakes nearer the house."

Opening her eyes, Jean found the same sad bunch of buildings, same dry grass. But she suddenly felt happy as they jounced back toward the highway, along the dirt road. Stewart wanted to live here, so this would be her home. "You know," he said, "I fell in love with Arizona first time I saw it."

"That trip," she said, "I think we both had stars in our eyes."

"I knew we'd come back some day. We're going to reorganize our whole lives!"

"Well, this air will be wonderful for the baby. But what about the children? We can't have them going to school so far away from us." Toward Stewart's son and daughter by his first marriage, she felt a warm, big-sisterly devotion.

"Oh, I've looked into that, found two good boarding schools in Tucson. Jamie'll go to the Southern Arizona School for Boys—a really good school—and there's St. Joseph's Academy for Lindsay. Weekends they'll spend here with us."

"When we're here," she said drily. "After all, we still have to make pictures."

Stewart grunted. "We certainly do! Know what the asking price for Yerba Buena is? \$400,000! We've got to pay for it before we really start enjoying it. So we'll commute between here and Hollywood—and we'll be working hard at both ends of the trip."

That, Jean decided later, was the understatement of the year. For it did take a whole year to transform Yerba Buena into the ranch that Stewart demanded. This time, he was determined, there'd be no repetition of the New Mexico boner; this place was going to be easy to reach. When she saw the road-building equipment he'd assembled, she gasped, "What are we going to have here? A high-speed turnpike?"

"Don't worry your pretty head about it," Stewart said. "Just leave it to me. I've got another project in mind for that bulldozer."

And presently Jean saw the bulldozer shoving down the mesquite trees around the ranch-house. She saw a growing hole gouged out of the earth, and she realized, "The lake—he really meant it!"

Then the first of Stewart's Charolais herd arrived. As she watched the first of them come down the ramp from the truck, she admitted, "They are beautiful."

But then she learned the price of all

this beauty: from \$5,000 to \$15,000 for each of the thirty heifers—and \$50,000 for the prize bull Argus! Again, Stewart had a ready explanation: "I've got to think I have the finest Charolais bulls in the country, or I'd blow my brains out."

"And you used to be a Londoner!"

"But my father had a farm in Cornwall—wonderful times I had there as a boy. Always loved animals."

Her own big-city background made her very wary of four-footed critters. The cows looked mild enough; the bulls she regarded with sensible caution; but the horses just plain scared her. "No way around it," Stewart finally said. "If you're going to live here, you'll have to learn to ride."

She agreed to try a small paint horse, which stood with head lowered as she was helped aboard. Flapping the reins, she complained, "It won't go!" Stewart slapped the pinto's rump, and the horse promptly went into a diagonal dance step that had her slithering around the saddle and clutching at the pommel.

"Don't let go of the reins!" Stewart commanded.

Obediently, she grabbed the reins and hauled on them. The pinto stopped dancing, but tossed its head irritably, then flattened its ears and turned a sinister, white-rimmed eye toward her. "It doesn't like me," she said, and Stewart helped her down.

"That one's just a little balky. But I have an idea," Stewart's voice took on a mysterious tone. "Next week I'm going to Texas again. You can give it another try when I get back."

Soon after his return, his "idea" arrived: a bay gelding, carefully selected especially for his wife on his tour of several Texas horse-breeding ranches. "It's terribly handsome," she said, giving the shining

red-brown muzzle a cautious pat. She began to dodge away when the horse poked its head toward her; but it only rubbed its muzzle across her shoulder, and she relaxed, with a delightful smile. "This one likes me! Hello, Harry... For Harry Black," she explained, naming the title character in a Granger movie.

Stewart grinned his approval. "Now can the three of us get to work? You and Harry and I."

Her riding lessons weren't as grueling as she'd expected; she'd always admired the easy way Stewart sat a horse and he taught her. And when, several months later, she went to Stockton, California, to location for "The Big Country," Harry went with her and joined the cast of the picture.

Slowly, hardly realizing it, she was falling under the spell of Arizona. Though

Stewart had been sold on the state from the beginning, he had to learn some of the local ways, too. On one of their first trips from the ranch into town—Tucson—they both sported dashing new western outfits. People seemed to be looking at them, she noticed. Nobody asked for autographs; Tucson has long been used to vacationing or locationing movie stars. Finally, she overheard two teenage girls whispering.

"Look at his yellow boots," one girl said.

Said the other, eying Stewart's profile and the famous touch of gray at the temples, "Who's looking at his boots?"

Also glancing appreciatively at her husband, she began a sly smile, but it faded. Stewart's face had reddened; he wasn't amused. Suddenly, both of them felt self-conscious, conspicuous in their bright shirts and broad hats. Most of the passers-by wore city clothes; the occasional pair of cowboy boots were well-worn, subdued in design and color. "Let's get back to the ranch," Stewart said.

After that, they dressed for town on their shopping trips. These jaunts were rare, because they spent every possible moment between pictures working at the ranch and overseeing the alterations. When they finally settled in, Tucson night life didn't lure them; they did no more socializing than they'd done in Hollywood. Fourteen-year-old Jamie did persuade them to go to a parent-student dance at his school. And Saturday movies in Tucson soon became a regular treat for her, Jamie and twelve-year-old Lindsay.

On one of their excursions Lindsay insisted on sitting in the front row—because Elvis Presley was there on his last personal-appearance tour before his induction. And Elvis almost missed a beat when he looked down and saw Jean Simmons among his adoring fans. After the show, she told her husband, "You know, Jamie has eyes exactly like Elvis'. It's marvelous."

Jamie's kid sister hooted at the idea. So did Jamie, but she had caught his sheepish smile the moment before.

Each time she was away from the ranch, she found herself more eager to return. For there had been quiet compromises. Stewart had his ranch, his prize herds—but she had her country home, too. Made of adobe brick, with a roof of rough shakes topped by many chimneys, the rambling, six-bedroom house fitted into the landscape. Yet it had somehow taken on the look of a one-level English manor house. Grass seed had been sprinkled, and a green lawn—the talk of the neighborhood—sloped down to the first of the two artificial lakes, which calmly reflected the giant cottonwood trees around it.

Most houses in the section had the heavy Spanish furniture that had once been Stewart's ideal. But her own housewifely eye saw the intricately carved pieces as

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dandy dust-catchers. "We don't want anything too modern, though," she told her husband.

"None of those sugar-scoop chairs," he agreed. "Just solid, comfortable stuff."

So they furnished their house in an amiable variety of styles. Between pictures, she likes to do some of the light cleaning and takes care of Jamie herself; the only full-time house servant, they decided, would be a cook. On the cook's day off, Stewart, who fancies himself as a master chef, volunteered to take over the small kitchen.

"Okay," she said, never having claimed to be a good cook. "You cook, and I'll do the dishes." At times, she has regretted the deal. When Stewart tried out a curry recipe he'd gotten from an old India hand, she took one taste and rustled up some ham and eggs. Like most husbands, Stewart tends to use every pot and pan in the place and half the dishes when he cooks; evenings, while he's watching TV, she can only run in for an occasional look, dish towel in hand.

She opened her eyes suddenly to find Tracy perched on her stomach. "Here, Mommy," the little girl said, leaning forward and handing one of the blue flowers to her.

She laughed and stuck the flower in her hair. Then she cuddled the child in her arms.

Yes, it is wonderful country, she thought. Who cares about a few snakes? Taking little Tracy by the hand, she started up the hill, through the green grass. Hot in the summer? Yes, but the house is air-conditioned, and evenings are cool, with the incredible stars overhead—no city lights near enough to dim their glow. Now that it was winter there'd be logs burning in the big fireplaces this evening, as they had all through the holidays.

Stewart's mother and her own had come over together for the Christmas season, and the two English ladies had enjoyed seeing the standard tourist attractions: Disneyland, Malibu, Marineland, Palm Springs. But the most wonderful part of their stay was bringing them home to Yerba Buena, to see New Year in at the Grangers' own hearthside.

Home? It was home, Jean realized. The New Mexico property had been sold, back in November. And Hollywood was beginning to seem almost as remote.

She remembered her husband asking, "Could you live on a ranch?"

If he repeated that question, she wouldn't even think twice about answering, from the bottom of her heart, "Yes, I could live on a ranch—for the rest of our lives."

—IRENE REICH

CURRENTLY IN WARNERS' "HOME BEFORE DARK." JEAN WILL BE SEEN NEXT IN U-I'S "THIS EARTH IS MINE." THEN JEAN AND STEWART CO-STAR IN RANK'S "THE NIGHTCOMERS."



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JANET AND TONY

Continued from page 49

face. He raised his right hand. "I hereby resolve not to buy a single toy for either Jaimie Lew or Kelly unless it's absolutely necessary."

"And that's going to be pretty often," Janet laughed. "Come on. We'd better get dressed. It's almost seven-thirty."

"Hey!" Janet said entering her room. "What happened to your limp?"

"No damage. For sale is one old, battered parent." He collapsed into a slipper chair covered in ice-blue satin.

"Aren't you going to start dressing?"

Tony lounged back comfortably. "I'm giving you a handicap."

Making a pert monkey face at him, she took out her lingerie for the evening. She pushed aside the sliding door of the closet where her clothes were neatly ranged: dresses, skirts, blouses, pants, each in a separate section. "Trouble with you," Janet said, "is you're a compulsive shopper."

"Yes, doctor."

She was looking at the plastic boxes up on the shelf. "Who ever heard of a man buying his wife hats? And two or three at a time!"

"I send 'em on approval, don't I? You could always send 'em back."

"Yes, but I never do. Your taste is too good. Like the dresses you buy for Kelly's dolls. They're positively the best-dressed dolls in town."

Running a hand along the line of her own dresses, Janet paused and moved it back to a drift of pale blue. She lifted the hanger off the rod and drew out a silk dress cut in the trapeze style.

"You're not going to wear *that* tonight?" Tony said. "You've got your figure back—and cute new clothes to go with it!"

"But you bought this for me. Don't you remember?" Janet smiled slyly, holding the dress against her. "About time you got into maternity clothes," you said. The designer would have loved that! It's very high-style—last summer it was the latest thing."

"How was I supposed to know? I see it in the window—" Tony sketched its spreading outline in the air. "—Think it's good-looking, have 'em do a fancy gift-wrap on it, hand it to you. Then you look at the label and kill yourself laughing!"

The last of the smile trembled on Janet's mouth. "I'm sorry. Now I'll make a resolution: Next time you do anything that sweet, I won't laugh—even if it's funny!" Returning the blue trapeze to the closet, she took out a chiffon dress instead, nearly floor-length at the back, but with a slightly higher hemline in the front, flowing in soft folds. "I think I'll wear the yellow—'topaz,' they called it. Empire. But modified—it clings when I walk."

Arms folded, eyebrows critically bent, Tony inspected the dress. "I like it," he finally decided.

Getting up briskly, he went into the next room. Janet looked after him fondly as he switched on a lamp in his own brown-and-biege-tinted masculine domain. He paused to give a good-luck pat to a grinning, fat-bellied statuette of an Oriental god.

"And you're always buying things for the house—like that—" she called out from under her dress.

"Like what?" Tony's voice was raised over the beginning hiss of the shower. He was saying something, but now the shower was going full blast, and she couldn't understand his comeback. While she put

on her robe, she cocked her head, imagining she heard another voice—one that hadn't learned to shape any words yet, but could build up a volume to rival the hi-fi. Though there was reassuring silence out in the hall, away from the noise of the shower, she went on into the nursery.

A shaft of light touched on the gleam of white furniture and a patch of sunshine-yellow wall. Leaning over Jaimie's crib, Janet could just make out the perfect shape of the small head. As her eyes grew accustomed to the darkness, she could see the tiny fist curled next to the baby's face. She leaned closer. A clean healthy, happy baby has a special, sweet scent all her own, she thought. If you nuzzle close against it—maybe at the nape of the neck, below the silky hint of hair—it smells sweeter than any flower. But Jaimie was sleeping too peacefully, and Janet straightened, drawing a deep breath of contentment.

"Thought I'd find you here," Tony whispered. He was standing in the doorway, tying his terrycloth wrap, a damp towel slung around his neck.

When he came over to join his wife beside the crib, she began, "Did I tell you—" He put a forefinger against her lips, so she waited until they were out in the hall to continue, "Did I tell you what Kelly said the day Jaimie was a month old? I happened to mention it, and she said—very hopefully—'Birthday cake?' I got a cupcake and stuck a birthday candle in it. But she just scowled and said, 'Cake!' I thought she meant it was too little, so I said, 'Darling, it's big enough for just one month. When Jaimie's a year old—' And then I realized what she wanted. You wouldn't think she'd remember all the way back to June!"

"My birthday cake," Tony chuckled. "Can you imagine?"

"Her idea of a proper birthday cake is a doughnut on a plate, with a nice big candle stuck in the middle. I'll never forget her face when she carried it in. And everybody's birthday is 'Happy birthday, Daddy dear.'"

"We rehearsed that all day. And . . ."

"What's the matter?" Janet was caught mopping her eyes with the sleeve of her robe. "Nothing."

"If you bawl just talking about it, what're you going to do when Jaimie's a year old?"

Janet looked up, blinking the tears away. "I'll make another resolution: I *will* not cry!"

"You sure?"

"Oh, Tony, I shouldn't. We've been so lucky. When I remember how we worried before Jaimie was born. The night we were in that car crash—I was so afraid that—"

"I was pretty shook up too," Tony admitted, reflectively rubbing his hair with the towel. (Irrelevantly, Janet thought: His hair curls so when it's damp.) He started back toward his room. "If Sinatra hadn't been right in back of us. If he hadn't taken over the way he did—calling the hospital, calling the cops."

"Lots of ifs," Janet said. "That's one wonderful thing about trouble—the way real friends pitch in. Mostly, I think it's better to remember just the funny side of it. Like that fan of yours who came up while we were waiting."

Tony gave a whoop of laughter. "Was he a prize-winner! I didn't think I was hearing right. There I am, trying to talk to you as if I'm sure everything's going to be okay. Inside, I'm half-crazy worrying. And then this joker comes up and says, 'Gee, Mr. Curtis, I seen you in 'The Vikings.' You was great! Ya mind tellin' me—how'd they cut your hand off?'"

Applauding the impersonation, Janet hooted. "An Oscar for the grreat Mr. Curtis!"

CALLING ALL CATS!



HEY, ARE YOU HEP? DIG THAT PAGE 2

OF PHOTOPLAY, RIGHT WHERE IT SAYS

Dick Clark, Contributing Editor.



THAT

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MONTH, WITH COLUMNS



AND

COLUMNS



OF COOL NEWS. JUST

FOLLOW THAT BIRD DOG



RIGHT ON DOWN TO THE NEWSSTAND

FOR THE MARCH PHOTOPLAY. IT'S THE

MOST AND IT'S ON SALE



FEBRUARY 5.



With a deft flick, Tony tossed the damp towel at her, but she dodged and managed to catch it as it threatened to fall among her array of perfume bottles. Tony retreated to his room, where he began opening and shutting drawers and closet doors busily. As Janet went into her bathroom, she called out, "You'd better make another resolution: to stop throwing things at me, you brute. Remember those shoes?"

"I did not throw any shoes at you."
"Oh yes, you did—a pair of tennis shoes. I was so glad they missed me, because they'd really have hurt. They hit the wall and they bounced off and fell onto the floor—pigeon-toed!" Janet suppressed a giggle as she put on her shower cap, but Tony began to laugh almost as hard as they both had when they saw the pigeon-toed shoes. Beautiful, healing laughter!

"Don't insult my pitching arm," Tony said. "I did not throw those shoes at you—just in your general direction. Anyhow, you deserved it."

"Why were you mad at me?" Before turning on the shower, she waited to enjoy the silence in the next room.

Tony's puzzled answer finally came: "Darned if I can remember."

The water on, Janet smiled—smugly at first, then with genuine happiness. She couldn't remember the quarrel, either. But wasn't it fortunate that there had been no witnesses to the throwing of the shoes? After the incident had been passed from gossip to gossip—each one improving on it—the columns would probably have reported that Tony had blacked both her eyes and that she had kicked out all his front teeth. She'd have shown up next day bright-eyed and undamaged, and Tony's grin would have been as wide as ever, and then what would the gossips have said?

But it wasn't always funny. By the time Janet sat down at her dressing table to brush her hair, her face was serious. She wasn't much surprised to hear Tony's next words; their minds, starting from a given point, often would travel the same path. "Good thing nobody heard us hollering just then," he said. "We'd be reading another item about how we scream at each other at all hours."

"Ouch!" Janet had suddenly brushed with such a vigorous stroke that the bristles had hit her ear. "I got so mad when I saw that story! . . ." Glimpsing Tony in the mirror, she turned to admire the finished product, trim in a dark blue suit, hair neatly combed.

"I gave you a handicap, and I still won the race," he said, at ease in the slipper chair again.

"What race? I'm claiming a feminine prerogative, that's all." Leisuredly, she turned back to the mirror. "Tony . . . I do have a bit of a temper, don't I? Do you think I should make a resolution about that?"

"No! There are some things you *should* get mad at!"

"I guess I feel the same way about you. Like the time we were in Norway, trying to get the call through to London, and the connection was so terrible. You were fuming! But if you'd stayed calm then—I'd never have forgiven you."

"No chance of that, any time the kids are concerned. Uh . . . I think I'll look in on them again before we leave."

"But Kelly isn't seven hundred miles away now. They're both right here. And I haven't heard a peep out of them." Janet found herself talking to an empty room. But Tony's sudden anxiety didn't seem strange to her, now that she had reminded him of a frightening moment in their life together. Here, in the brightness of her

room, it seemed far away and unreal . . .

Both the trip to the Norwegian location site and the life there were far too rugged for a child not yet two. So they had left Kelly in London, in a nurse's care. Without even a town nearby, they did seem to have been transferred back to the Viking era, and it was a double shock when a messenger brought word of a telephone call for Janet, on the night of their arrival. A call from London! Janet and Tony had to retrace the messenger's journey, for the phone was five-and-a-half-hours away: four hours by car, along unpaved roads, passing only an occasional sleeping farmhouse, darkened for the night; an hour and a half on a motor launch, over black, quiet water, between the steep sides of the fjord.

Their clasped hands linked the worried parents, who shared the same terror-filled thoughts—no need to speak them aloud. When they finally reached the town, they had to jangle the bell to wake one innkeeper, who had the only telephone in the area. To Janet, it seemed that her call must be wandering through all the exchanges of Europe, the line crackled with static and clamored with languages she didn't understand. Tony halted in his angry pacing and tried to take the phone, but she said, "Wait! I think it's coming through now."

She heard the nurse's voice, unintelligible at first, then shouting, "You have a sick baby!"

The words seemed to freeze in the receiver; they went on echoing in Janet's ear. At first, when she opened her mouth to answer, no sound came out. Then she managed to say, "Have you called the doctor?" She repeated the question, shouting. Through the noise on the line, it sounded as if the nurse had decided to check with the baby's mother before call-

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ing the doctor. Dazedly, Janet hung up. "Kelly's sick. And I don't even know whether there's a doctor with her." The young parents looked at each other. Suddenly, Janet said, "I'm going to call Anne!" Kirk Douglas' wife had accompanied him as far as London and was waiting there until the location shooting was over.

Two miracles happened: This call went through quickly, and the connection was clear. Just the sound of Anne's charmingly accented voice, serene though blurred by sleep, was firm reassurance. She grasped the situation immediately and said, "Now stop worrying. I'll go right over there, and I'll call you the moment I hear what the doctor has to say."

They waited. The sun rose over the dark, stony hills and touched the white, neat town. Sympathetic, the innkeeper's wife made hot coffee for them. And then the telephone rang. "It isn't the slightest bit serious," Anne's sensible voice said. "Just an upset stomach."

"But you'll keep looking in on her?"

"Of course I will."

Two weeks lay ahead of them. Two weeks in this remote place. Two weeks before they'd see Kelly again, in Dinard, France, where the nurse would take her if she'd fully recovered.

"Sound asleep—both of 'em. Kelly'd wriggled out of her covers, but I tucked her in again."

At the sound of Tony's voice, Janet was startled into realizing where she was now and what she was doing: standing in front of her mirror, putting on a last touch of lipstick, wearing her new dress.

"Turn around. Let's see this great creation." Obediently, she turned, and Tony nodded approval. "Good color—goes with your eyes and your hair." The subtle shade accented amber highlights in her hair and golden sparkles in her eyes. "It's topaz, all right. If you'd dropped a hint, I'd have gotten you some real ones for Christmas."

"I like this better." She flickered her hand so the light would catch the facets of the diamond Tony had given her, a carat for every pound Jaimie weighed at birth (6 pounds, 12 ounces). Engraved inside the cocktail ring was the date of Jaimie's birth, "November 22, 1958." Affectionately, Janet curved her other hand over the precious ring.

"Let's go. Are you ready?"

"I just have to get my wrap."

Downstairs, the children's nurse was waiting. "Both asleep," Tony reported.

"Enjoy the party," the nurse smiled.

Against the color-accented black and white of the modern living room, the tree and the Christmas greens struck a note of the traditional. Janet brushed a hand across a glittery gold ornament as she passed. "When we take these down, we'll have to figure out something to keep Kelly's mind off it."

"She can look forward to next year."

"A whole year, Tony? That's all of eternity to a little girl, no matter how fast it'll go for us."

"Faster all the time. Sometimes I wish we could kind of slow down and appreciate everything."

As he closed the front door behind them, Janet turned to look at the wreath, at the graceful, New Orleans-style grillwork around the doorway, upwards at the darkened second floor. "Everything we have," she said. "Our children, our home, our friends . . . each other. Tony, I want to make another resolution: not to forget all the ways God has blessed us."

"I'll go along with that," he said.

—DOROTHY DAY

TONY AND JANET CO-STAR IN U-I'S "THE PERFECT FURLOUGH," AND HE'LL BE SEEN AFTER THAT IN U.A.'S "SOME LIKE IT HOT."

BOB HORTON

Continued from page 68

I had remembered to pick up the key from a hook in the kitchen where it was always kept when Creighton—he's my older brother—was away at school, medical school in Philadelphia. I got in, slammed the door, and turned on the ignition. They let me drive the Ford when Creighton was away. I had a driver's license and also a credit card for gas stations.

The first thing I did when I got out into the open city road was to look in the mirror to see if anyone was following me. Somewhere in the back of my mind I could picture Roberta rushing to the telephone and calling my father. But there was no one behind me; no one I knew, that is. I expect she just thought I was kidding. I was always saying things like that.

I drove past all the "nice" houses in the Los Angeles suburb where I lived; thinking how dreary everybody seemed doing the same things on the same days in the same way, year in, year out. They brought their children up to that way, too. And that was the way my parents wanted me to be.

"Sure I have everything," I mimicked my father. But nobody really understood me or cared how I felt about things. They tried to dominate me, to make sure I would grow up into the type who would be a credit to them. How I hated that phrase! Creighton was already like that and they were always comparing him to me. It was always Creighton-this and Creighton-that. No matter what I tried to do Creighton did it better. Creighton, six years

older than me, had left a trail of success that haunted me everywhere I turned.

In school the teachers always said, "So you're Creighton's brother. Well, you'll have to study hard to get the high marks he had." It made me want to scream. And it was not only in school. When I came home after school my mother would say—and she said it so many times—"Now how did you manage to get so dirty? When Creighton was your age, he could get through the day without getting so messy." Creighton-this and Creighton-that. Thinking it over I was getting madder and madder. And the madder I got the faster I drove.

What made me start remembering this all over again? I guess I had almost forgotten about it until, not long ago, I made that stopover in Washington, D.C., on my way back from New York to Hollywood and my current TV series, "Wagon Train."

I was standing in line with a crowd of other sightseers waiting to get into the Washington Monument. Just in front of me were a nice-looking couple wearing blue jeans and sweaters. He must have been about seventeen and I guess the girl was sixteen. Everybody else seemed relaxed, on a holiday, but this pair stood there looking so tense and worried.

Then I guess they must have felt my stare and they turned around. The boy looked belligerent, as though he wanted to fight me for just looking at them and then the girl recognized me. She smiled and we started talking and I found out their names were John and Susan.

"Do you live here in Washington?" I asked.

"Yeah," the boy said, "but we're leaving, we're running. . . ." He stopped himself short and hitched at his pants, em-

barrassed at having given himself away.

I didn't say anything then, but I tagged along with them as we went through the monument and then I asked them to have a Coke with me. They seemed so mixed-up and I felt so sorry for them.

"Our parents don't understand us," Susan said. "You don't know how it is. . . ."

But I did know how it was and I wanted to help them. So I told them about the time I had run away. I told them how I could still remember climbing into the car and driving away from home, driving fast and feeling as though someone were thumping me in my stomach.

I could hardly control my anger. Suddenly I became aware of the road again and that I was driving eastwards from the city—fast. But to where? I had planned my walk-out but not where I was going. Well, what did it really matter? I was getting away and that was all I cared about.

I drove and drove until all of a sudden it was cold. I hadn't noticed that it was beginning to get dark and cold. I only had on an open shirt and a light sweater.

I turned on the heater and rolled up the windows tight until it became stuffy and hot and I felt drowsy and the road looked like a never-ending snake. There was only one thing to do. I was angry but still I knew I had to stop. I pulled over by the side of the highway, turned off the heater and took a nap.

It must have been about an hour later when I woke up. The car had become cold again. I started to drive and then noticed that I had almost run out of gas. I put my hand in my pocket for money . . . only 75 cents. Not enough for much gas. I was lucky I had that credit card.

I stopped at the next gas station and

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told the attendant. "Fill her up." Over on the left I could see a Coke machine and candy machine by the side. "Can I have a Coke and candy on my credit card, too?" I asked. I felt kind of foolish, but by that time I was really hungry.

"Okay," said the attendant. Then he eyed me suspiciously.

"Where are you heading for, bub?"

"Oh . . . ah . . . East . . . Salt Lake City," I spluttered.

"You got 600 miles to go, bub?"

"I know. I make the trip all the time," I boasted.

Back on the road I didn't feel so confident. Salt Lake City was more than 750 miles from Los Angeles and I was alone, cold, broke and hungry. And I was beginning to figure that maybe my running away wouldn't solve anything anyway.

Maybe turn back? I thought it over, but then I got angry. "Got to show them I'm not a kid . . . I'm a man . . . I can handle myself," I decided.

That was another thing I was sore about. The folks always thought I wasn't able to look after myself. It was always, "Be careful, dear." Other fellows got messed up in football, but their mothers didn't get hysterical about it.

But my mother was different. She was always fretting over me. And, I guess, from the day I was born, I seemed to have been plagued with one illness or accident or something.

There was the time when I was ten. I woke up screaming one night. Mother hurried into my bedroom and after putting her hand on my forehead, said, "You've got fever." I was sweating like mad, too, and doubled up with a pain right in the middle of my stomach.

The doctors came—one by one—and examined me and said something about kidneys. Then they gave me some medicine to ease the pain. For two years from that night I had to visit the doctor twice a week, every single week. When the treatments didn't help, finally an operation was ordered. I was nearly scared to death.

It was okay and I was feeling better after that. But for months I was cooped up in bed. Finally, when I was able to go out and play with the kids, I lasted about one month. I needed another operation, quickly—an emergency appendectomy.

By the time I reached fourteen I had three major operations and felt like a surgical guinea pig. I also knew what it was to feel lonely. Those weeks of pain and loneliness, when I didn't know a single kid. I don't think I'll ever forget them. When I'd be half-awake and half-asleep . . . the nurses and the doctors and the relatives . . . and then the lingering days which sometimes stretched into months at home where I would sit, day after day, propped up in bed or by the window, not allowed to go out with the kids. And always being careful. It didn't seem as though I was ever going to be able to have the fun the other fellows had.

One day I spoke to dad about it. "I'm tired of staying in bed," I told him. "I always seem to get the bad breaks."

Dad explained that boredom and not having fun are all part of living. "It's part of the struggle for survival," he said. "Nothing comes easy in life . . . you don't get stronger by walking downhill . . . so we all have our struggles to strengthen us."

"But I always seem to walk uphill."

No, that wasn't quite true, I thought, as I glared at the road ahead of me. In many ways I had been blessed with a great deal other fellows didn't have. There was this car, for instance. Most of the other kids didn't have the use of a car.

Still, ironically enough, when I did get well again and was able to mix with the

other kids, I always seemed to be getting injured, knocked over or something like that.

Twice I was knocked down by a car. Once Creighton accidentally gashed me with a knife. Another time I broke my arm playing football and I broke my arm again while I was playing baseball one day. I just seemed to have a knack for that sort of thing.

Worse, there was the embarrassment of it all, like the time I was passing a football to a pal after school and the football coach said, "Horton, why don't you try out for the team?"

I remember wishing at that moment that the ground might open up and swallow me so to save me from having to tell him, in front of the others, that I had a kidney ailment and that I had to "take it easy." Because I looked so big and healthy.

"Ah, maybe Mom has reasons to feel like she does," I thought to myself, and swung the car a little as the road began to rise uphill and I realized I was approaching the mountains. Soon I would be entering Nevada. Over the high Sierras, then the stretches of plateaus and then the deserts; through Nevada and into Utah I drove completely alone and with all my resentments screaming at me as though there were a thousand people in the car.

The trip made no sense, I guess, and I know that now. But I couldn't turn back. It had become a matter of pride more than anything else that was urging me on. I kept thinking over and over about Creighton, about my parents, about my being sick, about the other kids.

Maybe I just wasn't like the rest of the Hortons. I liked sports cars, bright colors and sporty clothes. They all preferred big black Cadillacs, dark colors and conservative clothes. I began to feel sure I was far more suited to being an artist, a racing driver or a professional football player than a doctor, lawyer or educator. Maybe even an actor.

Sure, I had always enjoyed excitement, action, adventure, laughs and an actor had plenty of these. But truthfully I can see now that at that time I just didn't know what I wanted. And the journey wasn't helping any. And the more I brooded the more I felt the bridge between me and my parents widen.

Then I remember saying out loud, "I'm a rebel, that's all."

What about the time when I was six, I thought. Even then I was so keen to think for myself and be independent that I stood on a street corner and tried to sell lemonade. I had bought the lemonade from a store near the school with money I had saved up for weeks. I had also bought some little wax-paper cups and was doing a roaring trade with all the kids in the neighborhood.

Then someone shouted that my folks were parked in the family limousine around the corner, watching me tolerantly. I became furious. "Why can't they let

me alone?" I thought. But they were only watching, they didn't try to stop me.

Then I began to think about school again. Actually, studies had never interested me. I was always bored and found all sorts of ways of sneaking out of class and back again without being caught. Then the principal found out and warned me that he couldn't tolerate such behavior. There were more harsh words and my father was called in and warned that I would be expelled if I didn't change my ways.

At home Dad threatened me with a "tougher school." A military academy.

I thought back to that morning and the "final warning" the principal had given me because, despite all the rows, I had not improved and my marks were still far from good. It had been enough to make me really blow up and convince me that all those plans I had been storing up about running away should be put into action—now. Had that all only been a few hours ago? I couldn't believe it.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, I came to Salt Lake City. I must have been driving for fifteen hours. All I could think of was to find a piece of property I knew my dad owned and to park in front of it. Somehow I felt safe, knowing it was Dad's. I must have fallen asleep almost immediately because I can barely remember even pulling the car by the side of the road.

I woke fairly early, about seven, and felt numb with cold. I had to get a hot drink, something to eat. I could go to my cousin, a doctor, who lived in town. Then I noticed a luncheonette on the corner. I had enough for coffee. And I can remember cupping my hands around that cup of coffee as though it contained the only heat left in the world. Should I go on to my cousin? I began to feel alone and very small.

The coffee had warmed me but I still felt very hungry. I dug in my pockets and found forty cents, and then I ordered another cup of coffee and a toasted muffin to go with it. That made me feel better, good enough, at least, to go and see my cousin.

When I got there, he told me Dad had called and that he and Mother were very worried. He led me to a chair in the living room, put through a call to my house and then handed me the phone.

"Bob," my father's voice came through, "are you all right?"

"Sure, Dad, sure," I answered. "I'm sorry if I worried you."

"Well, I kept telling Mother you were a good driver," he said, "I knew you could take care of yourself." I didn't know what to say and there was a kind of uncomfortable pause. Then Dad said, very quietly, "Well, Bob, what do you want to do?"

"I want to stay here, through next week anyway," I told him.

"All right," he said. "Whatever you decide. But I've got to tell you that your principal says he'll expel you if you're not back in school by Monday. I don't say that to pressure you, Bob, but I think you ought to know."

"All right, Dad," I said. I hung up the phone, feeling relieved that he hadn't lectured me and wondering if he'd really meant that part about believing I could take care of myself. If he did, maybe we could be friends, but I'd have to go home to find out. Anyway, when I faced up to it, I really didn't want to be expelled from school.

I got some more sleep at my cousin's house, then woke up, showered and had some breakfast. Then, feeling terribly deflated, like a champion going down with his first blow, I started the trip home.



Here I am, at fifteen, at military school.

I was hardly out of the city when I noticed a stalled car with three men standing around it waving. I stopped and asked what had happened. One of the men came slowly towards me. When he thought he was at a point where I couldn't see him, he made a dash around the car.

A trap. I was sure it was a trap and, alarmed, I jammed my foot down on the accelerator. Soon I had left them far behind. That's when it struck me quite hard that there's no end of trouble just waiting around the corner for a young guy miles from home. Anything could have happened if I hadn't spotted the trap.

No one said anything much when I arrived home. Dad just said again, "Now what do you want to do?" And I didn't have an answer for him. All I knew was that it was nice to be home.

Dad had asked me what I wanted to do, but I guess I didn't have the answer to that one until after I left the Army. That was in 1945. I was twenty-two and had received a medical discharge. Those Army years had helped me to grow up and had given me a direction. I came out knowing definitely that I wanted to be an actor.

From then on, with the help of my parents, I studied hard, first at the University of Miami, where I majored in dramatics, and later switching to U.C.L.A. Then I went on to Yale University for drama courses, didn't like them and switched to the American Theater Wing and private classes under Lee Strasberg in New York.

My parents were wonderful all the way through but I took jobs where and when I could. Often it meant not even having time to sleep at night, but I'd never gotten over not wanting to be completely dependent on them.

Then I landed a role in TV's "Suspense" and won a Warners' movie contract. From Warners I moved to 20th Century-Fox and then free-lanced.

During this time I married Mary, a brunette script girl I had met and fallen in love with. We were divorced six years later and in 1953 I married again—Barbara Ruick, the blonde actress. We eloped. But three years later we got a divorce. In marriage, when you're up against problems you can't seem to solve and so you get a divorce, maybe that's a kind of running away, too. I don't know. But I do think that now I'm a lot wiser, that now I could solve some of the problems that I couldn't seem to find an answer to then.

Now, with "Wagon Train" such a success, I feel I'm more steady and certain of myself. I have been praised for my acting in many other roles, too, and I'm grateful for that praise and for the feeling of security it gives me. I feel I have mastered myself better, too, where women are concerned. I am far more in control of my emotions. I've come quite a way, in fact, since those mixed-up years, and I can see more clearly than ever that running away never does any good. In fact, I guess I'm lucky I decided to turn back when I did.

It seems a long time since then, when I was a kid, stranded, not knowing what to do. But meeting those runaways in Washington, I knew just how they felt and I wanted to do something to help them. I keep wondering what happened to them, and if they happen to read this, I hope they'll write to me, care of NBC-TV in Hollywood, California, to tell me what they finally decided. I'd like to think my story made them realize that running away doesn't solve anything, that it only creates new problems.

—AS TOLD TO PAUL DENIS

SEE BOB ON "WAGON TRAIN," ON NBC-TV, WEDNESDAY AT 7:30 P.M.

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DICK CLARK

Continued from page 60

in the cabinet, he'd have filed it under "A"—for Alligator or Animal. I'm sorry to say that we were wrong—we usually are where The Boss is concerned. In answer to our frantic wire he explained he had carefully put it under "R"—for Return. And then he said just what he'd said when he closed the door of the office and took off. "Remember, everyone, You're supposed to know what you're supposed to do while I'm away, so try, huh. Try."

And that's why, though this is supposed to be Dick's monthly column for Photoplay, we're doing it instead. We're pinch-hitting for Dick and we know what to do. At least, that's what Dick told us—twice.

I guess we'd better introduce ourselves. There's Marlene Teti. "Teti-Babe" for short. (I'm Dick's gal Friday and he just couldn't do without me.) Then there's Joann Malfi. (I'm Teti-Babe's assistant and she can't do without me.) Next is Frances Gomel who opens the fan mail along with Christine Beteljeskie—(no one can do without us) and last is Tony Mammarella, the producer of the show (I'm indispensable.) Oh yes, there's also Richie Kenny, who helps Dick with the show and generally gets in everyone's way. (Thanks for including me in. My pals!)

That takes care of that. Now that you know about us, we suppose you'd like to know about the show or how it runs or something. Great! If you ever get this information would you be so kind as to send us an air mail-special delivery letter care of Station WFIL, Philadelphia, Pa.? We've been trying to find out how this show gets on the air day after day for quite a while now. It's all because of this fellow, Dick Clark, The Boss.

Take for instance a few weeks ago when, twenty minutes before show time, Richie Kenny slips on a tuna-fish sandwich (we think) and all the records he's carrying for that day's program are not only all jumbled and not in order but they are somewhat jagged (what with the scratches and downright smashed appearance of the entire lot).

What does The Boss do?

He scoops them up and makes a mad dash for the camera just in time to make the opening announcement that—"this afternoon is dedicated to those records that are pretty plotzed and they originate from Clark's Cracked Corner. Won't you spend the next few hours with us?"

Man, did we ever have a time trying to keep up with the telephone inquiries on that show!

Then there was the time Franny Gomel was opening some boxes that had come in from fans—all gifts for Dick—and she came across this one in particular from New Mexico. It had holes at each end and there was something rattling inside. We knew it just couldn't be, so we told Franny to go ahead and open it and she did. That's right. It was a real, live rattlesnake. Somehow the attached scribbled note saying it was "friendly and playful" and the boy's "best friend" didn't make Franny feel any better.

Franny was going to quit there and then but Dick came in and convinced her the snake's rattle was probably worse than his bite. This didn't really carry too much weight with Franny, she was pretty shook up, so Dick went out and bought her a pair of heavy gloves and a welder's mask.

She looks pretty silly sitting at her desk in this get-up but Dick always introduces her to visitors with a straight face and never bothers to explain her appearance.

You'd be surprised how quickly people leave the office. We've gotten used to ole Franny looking that way, day in and day out, but to tell the truth we've sort of forgotten what she really looks like.

Dick says she can come out for Valentine's Day but we're kind of worried. There's no telling what Franny will do. The whole thing has really unnerved her.

It's really not that we don't appreciate The Boss, it's just that he has a pretty strange sense of humor. One thing sure. Any other job would be awful dull after being exposed to the Dick Clark personality. Who else would have two clocks in his office—one that tells the real time and the other that tells the time Dick wishes it were?

Dick hates all the things that go into getting a show ready but he loves the show. Therefore he has the hands of this one clock turned to the time the show goes on the air. There's been more than one member of the staff who's walked by Dick's office (this being an old battered wooden desk in one corner of the two-by-four room we all share), glanced at that darn clock, and almost fainted away. There it was show time and everyone was out to lunch.

Or that terrible day Christine found the alligator in the filing cabinet. Well, she threatened to quit, too, but the rest of us convinced her Dick couldn't have done it as a practical joke.

Christine is still with us and as the days pass she becomes less bitter. Like all of us—she's resigned.

You'd think from the way we talk we were running a zoo or something, but that was just a time we had a run on "crawly" things. Dick is efficient in other matters, too.

When Dick took off on vacation he made it very clear that he wanted all of us to work just as hard as if he were here; to be pleasant and helpful to all visitors to the office; to make sure that every phone call was answered promptly; and, above all, to clean up the place.

We have tried!

But there is a limit!

People have been dropping by and we've been so "pleasant and helpful" no one will leave and the office is getting pretty jammed. As a matter of fact Richie had to move his desk outside.

We have seven phones in the office and we're trying to answer them all promptly, without letting the little red lights flash too long, but there's a definite bottleneck and it's Dick's fault. More than half the calls are from Dick's buddies calling to say they're "just checking, at Dick's request," to make sure we're on the ball and answering the phones. If it weren't for Dick and his methods, we might be able to talk to those other people who have something to say.

As for "cleaning up the place"—Dick will never recognize it. It used to be a real crazy purple, which gave the room a cave-like appearance and no one could see anyone else, but Dick said it was "soothing." We couldn't get him to change it—not even when he spent fifteen minutes dictating a letter to Joann only to find out she wasn't there. He maintained we wouldn't have to dust it as much as no one could see anyway. But that's all changed in his absence.

The room is now a beautiful flat white and although it doesn't show as much imagination, at least we don't bump into one another any more and we can see things like one another's faces. We had to introduce ourselves all over again but really—it's more friendly this way.

We've had what might be called one major mishap in Dick's absence but we're sure it can be straightened out just as

soon as The Boss returns to our mixed-up midst.

It all started innocently enough when Eddie Cochran stopped by a couple of days ago and we all had an impromptu session on that guitar of his. Anyone would consider this a part of the business even though it did shoot most of the afternoon. Unfortunately, it was about this time that some strange man stuck his head in the door and then made a hasty retreat muttering under his breath. The gentleman, we hope, doesn't turn out to be the sponsor. We don't think it was seeing Eddie Cochran strumming away as much as it was the rest of us. Franny was standing on top of a desk throwing mail up in the air and keeping perfect time. Joann and Richie were doing a very expert cha-cha. Christine was waltzing around the room with an oversize picture of Pat Boone, and "Teti-Babe" and Tony were taking turns on the guitar with Eddie and clacking a pair of false teeth in A-1 harmony.

We never did find out who the teeth belonged to.

Anyway, knowing The Boss, he'll straighten the whole misunderstanding out when he gets back. He'll just tell the "big boys" upstairs we're a hot, new singing group he's discovered and that our particular style of rendition will add "spark" to the show. He's done it before and he'll do it again. One thing about Dick—he's loyal!

The only other misadventure we've had since The Boss took off was that, while we were redecorating, a little bit of paint splattered on the records and we can't read the labels very well. However, Richie and Joann are playing each and every one of them and re-labeling them. This takes quite a bit of time but it's certainly nice to have the musical accompaniment as we type away. Actually, it really isn't necessary for the kids to go to all that trouble because we had a similar accident a couple of years ago and Dick told everyone not to worry.

"This afternoon's show will just be a complete surprise to everyone and it will save me the trouble of announcing what's coming up next," said he, as he slunk into the studio.

If we're giving the impression that "American Bandstand" is run in a haphazard manner—we don't mean to. It just comes out that way—so to speak.

The Boss is a tireless worker and we try to be just like him. Sometimes, however, it's a little difficult to "follow in his footsteps." Tony Mammarella got caught in a tight squeeze once when he tried—and we mean tight squeeze.

It was about the time Dick had taken to sitting under desks. Not that he was really comfortable in this position but he said he could "think better when I'm away from all the hustle and bustle of all the activity up there." It was amazing how much work he could get done squatting there on his hind legs (you'll excuse us if we make him sound like a retriever or something, but he really did look kind of forlorn down there all by himself).

Well, Tony decided that what was good for The Boss was good enough for him. We tried to discourage him 'cause we thought it might turn into a fad or office rule and everyone was going to end up sitting under desks and it's quite difficult if you wear a dress but Tony insisted and wedged himself in. The only trouble was that Tony is a good fifty pounds heavier than Dick and somewhat taller and we nearly had to call the fire department to get him out.

After this Dick made a valiant attempt to stay up in the higher altitudes with the rest of us—just to set an example—but he does have times when he can't stand it

another minute—and back under he goes. So now you know if you ever come into the office. Don't be fooled by the person behind the welder's mask. That's only Franny. Dick's under desk—thinking.

About here we really should mention "the boys." There are so many of them it would be impossible to mention them all by name. "The Boys," as we like to think of them, represent different record companies and come in daily with new releases they want Dick to use on the show. Officially they are called "record distributors" but we call them "platter-pushers." Among our favorites are two guys by the name of Harry Ascola of Columbia Records and Ted Kellem of Marnel.

Just to show you what an understanding boss we've got—Harry and Ted once sent a note to him which arrived by messenger. This was most unusual because both of them are usually in the office every day, anyway. The note read:

"Dear Dick: It's not that we really mind lugging in a new batch of records day after day only to have your staff use them in a game of touch-football; nor did Ted really object to having his little toe almost bitten off by that alligator you've got running around; even the rattle of that snake doesn't bother us very much anymore; and the fact we can't hear a word Franny says behind that welder's mask is not too important; but honestly, fellow, is it really necessary that we get down on our hands and knees and bark every time we want Tony or 'Teti-Babe' to listen to a new recording?"

Your friends,
Harry and Ted."

Well, let us tell you Dick was pretty mad at us but, as we said before, he's one of the most understanding bosses you could ask for and he saw both sides of the situation. It didn't take him a minute to scribble a reply and send it off immediately to the boys by the same messenger. The boys were back the next day and it wasn't long afterwards that we found out what The Boss had written.

In his straight-forward and understanding way Dick had solved the problem in ten words. "No barking. The office is much too noisy already. Dick."

All in all it's really not a bad job and we've got a lot to be thankful for. The hours are long, half the time we don't get time enough to go out to lunch, the place is a madhouse, the phones ring constantly, there's a steady stream of "platter-pushers," visitors, and top brass, we're always weeks behind on the correspondence, the packages that arrive daily are becoming more and more evil sounding, we have to step over strange bodies to get out every night and the building authorities are threatening to tear the place down because it's illegal or unhealthy or something to have so many people in so small a space. But it's a job and once you've worked for "Bandstand" you couldn't work anyplace else. Anyway, probably no one would hire us on the theory we'd had too much experience.

Through it all The Boss stands like the Rock of Gibraltar—always calm, always understanding, always sympathetic and above all—always willing to enter into the spirit of things.

As a matter of fact, you might say he's responsible for what we are today.

P.S. Just got another wire from Dick. He says to make sure you all know that we have a tendency to exaggerate.

P.P.S. Dick says to tell you he'll meet you right here in Photoplay, next month.

THE LIVING END

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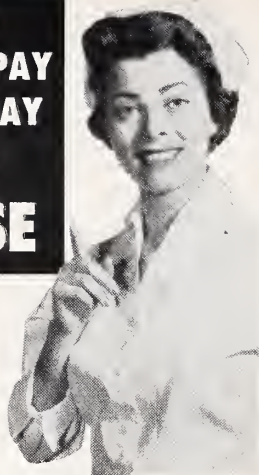
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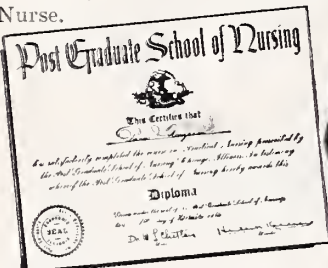
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EVERYBODY'S LAUGHING

Continued from page 38

light, it becomes a much different story.

"How can they keep printing those things?" she suddenly asked. "I try to tell myself I don't care and that I'm not going to get upset any more, but . . ." she broke off wearily.

It was quite clear she was still upset from the little things she did. "I can't sleep and when I do I even dream about it now. Like last night. It was such an awful thing . . . I dreamt I was allowed to use a stadium to talk to people. It was a big place, an arena like those in the Roman days where they'd let loose lions on an unprotected man—that kind of place. Huge . . . tremendous . . . like the Colosseum.

"In my dream I was led into the center of the stadium and I shouted so as to be heard, 'Listen, everybody, I want to tell you something. Everybody, please, I want you to understand the truth about me.' I started to explain—and all of a sudden there were rocks being thrown at me! From all those seats up above, people were throwing rocks. I kept shouting just the same, trying to make them hear. . . .

"Then, suddenly, they stopped throwing the rocks. It was very quiet and I thought, 'They know I have something important to say. They're giving me a chance!' But when I looked up," and unhappiness filled her eyes as if all this had been more real than a dream, "everybody was gone. They'd just thrown their rocks and left. . . .

"When I woke, I had to turn the light on to convince myself I was in my own room—that I had only been asleep. Without thinking, I put my hand up to my eyes and my cheeks were wet. I was still crying."

Kim's voice was heavy as she went on. "In a way, it wasn't a dream, though, and I can't wake up because this is just the kind of thing that's been happening to me in real life. I felt exactly that way a few days ago, for example, when I was looking at the newspapers. It was in the evening, and I thought I'd read a while before I went to bed. So I poured a glass of milk and curled up in a chair and began glancing at the news, when all of a sudden my own name jumped out at me. It was in a gossip column—an item about an actor who'd just gotten divorced. It said he was my latest boyfriend. The whole thing was sort of jeering, and I could imagine hundreds of people sitting home in their living rooms, just the way I was, and reading the item.

"It gave me the most awful helpless feeling. It was just like the dream. I wanted to say, 'But it's so foolish! I've only met that man once—and that was for a picture-story in a magazine.' But there I was, by myself. I couldn't make any of those people hear me.

"And when I talk to the press," Kim said wearily, "whatever I say gets all twisted around by the time it comes out in the papers. Or else the reporters refuse to really listen to me—like the one who called up a few weeks ago. I was dressing, I was in a hurry because I was going to have dinner with my agents at Romanoff's. The phone rang, and when I answered it I heard this cheerful voice: 'Miss Novak, are you going to marry So-and-So after his divorce comes through?' He was talking about a director I've known ever since I came to Hollywood. A story in that

day's paper had said I was 'interested' in him.

"As politely as I could, I answered, 'No, I'm not. I don't know him that well.'

"The reporter said, 'Do you mean you don't even know him?'

"No, I don't mean that," I answered. 'He's an old friend.'

"The reporter just said, 'Oh. Thank you, Miss Novak.' You know how you can sense somebody is smiling, just from the sound of their voice? Well, it was like that—I could hear him grinning. And it hurt, because this director's friendship means a lot to me. He did the very first picture I was in. I was so frightened then, with no acting experience. I'll always be grateful to him, because I don't think anybody would have noticed me if he hadn't done such a fine job on the picture. He directed my latest movie, too—'Bell, Book and Candle'—and I'm happier about that performance than anything I've ever done. All along he's given me advice and encouragement. A real friend, one I could trust. Now this. . . ."

"Do you think perhaps you're taking it all too seriously?" I asked.

Kim smiled wistfully. "I guess that's what my agents thought. They could tell I was upset, and they tried to cheer me up. The director was at Romanoff's that night, and he stopped by our table to say hello. I tried to look amused when I asked him, 'Did you read about us?'

"He laughed and said, 'I certainly did. Why don't you tell me these things are going on?' Everybody else laughed—in a kind way, not ugly like the dream—and I tried to join in. But it wasn't funny to me. There've been so many stories—I no longer can take it all as a joke.

"And the worst part of it . . . I think my fans believe it." She got up and began pacing the room almost distractedly. "How could they know what the truth is? I can't talk to them—I can't get through to them. You see, I know what some of them are thinking, because I've had letters. There was one from a girl in Kansas City, a really nice girl. That is—I've never met her, but I feel as if I know her, because she began writing me when I was brand-new in movies.

"You know what? In her last letter she said she'd been terribly disappointed to read *this* about me." Kim stood still, and her voice was grave as she repeated the unpleasant words. "That I'd been seen around town at little out-of-the-way places with different movie executives—all of them married men. She'd never thought I was that kind of woman, but since I hadn't denied the story . . ."

Kim spread her hands hopelessly. "I had told the studio people but they just said that I shouldn't say anything, because rumors and gossip die faster if you just ignore them. But you see what happens? I'd hurt a good friend of mine by keeping quiet. Well, I wrote to her, of course. I told her the truth: that it was a case of mistaken identity. The girl who'd been going around with these men was new in town; she wanted to be an actress; it just happened that her hair was about the same color as mine, cut the same way.

"And yet when I sent the letter I had the same helpless feeling. It's not possible for me to answer every single letter I get—and what about the people who don't write—who just feel I've let them down? I owe these people so much. They've given me their support from the very start. Most of all, I owe them the truth. But how can I give it to them?" The words were a question, but as Kim spoke them her voice sank to a note of utter hopelessness, pathetically expressing her belief that nobody

could answer the question she'd asked. "The newspapermen don't want to hear the truth from me—it isn't funny enough. They want headlines that will make people laugh. Like 'Kim Novak Gets \$8,500 Trinket.' Do you remember that? That was General Trujillo's Mercedes-Benz. I can still see a certain reporter's face after he asked me about the car. We'd been having what I thought was a perfectly friendly interview, so I answered him honestly. I explained that the general had ordered the car while he was at the Army Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth. I was just keeping it for him.

"The reporter got the most cynical look, and sort of chuckled. 'Come on now, Kim,' he said. 'You're a grown-up, glamorous movie star. What's with the starry-eyed, trusting act? You know that car's yours—a straight-out gift.'

"At that point, the reporter opened an envelope he was carrying and pulled out what looked like a photograph. I just had a chance to see it was a copy of some sort of paper—document, I mean—when he pointed to the signature at the bottom and asked, 'Is that your writing?'

"'It looks like it,' I said. 'Yes, I guess so.'

"And he grinned and said, 'That's all I wanted to know.' The next morning, the picture was on the front page—a copy of the bill of sale for the car—with my signature." Kim sank down on the couch again and was silent, as if she still felt the shock.

"Was it really your signature?" I asked. She nodded. "But how did that happen?"

Lifting her head, Kim said softly, "Thank you for asking me. Nobody did then. Nobody wanted to know the truth. The afternoon the general's car came, I was home. I had just started to shampoo my hair. And as I was rinsing it, the doorbell rang. The housekeeper answered it and came and told me, 'They've brought the general's car. They say you'll have to sign for it.' I went to the door with my hair a mess and wringing wet. Somebody stuck a paper in my hand, and I scribbled my name. I thought it was just a receipt, to show that the car had been delivered. If I'd thought it was an official paper, I never would have written 'Kim Novak.' I sign all official papers with my real name, Marilyn Kim Novak.

"But I never got a chance to explain!" she said despairingly. "And when the news came out that the general was married . . . when I saw that headline in the paper . . . 'Kim's Ramfis—Father of Six.'"

"Nobody would believe I hadn't known about it all along," she murmured softly. "But I didn't. There is proof—a little incident I'd almost forgotten, until a friend reminded me about it the other day. She remembered spending an afternoon at my house once, when the general dropped in. Well, she was talking about some mischief her children had gotten into, and I laughed and turned to him and said, 'Of course, you don't understand these things, General. Since you've never been married, you've never had a taste of it.' He just smiled—didn't say anything . . ."

Still bewildered, Kim shook her head slowly. "But I don't believe he would have even asked me to go out with him if he hadn't already had his interlocutory divorce decree.

"That's all over with but there's something else they do talk about," she said. "Little sly remarks here and there. That story was the most terrible hurt of all," she added. "Because my family was dragged in on it—my mother, my father, my sister. It started with blind items, about a 'famous entertainer' and me.

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Another said, 'All of Kim's reported boy-friends of the past months have been window-dressing and a cover-up for this one, whose name would rock Hollywood on its very foundation!'

"I know how the story began." Her voice strengthened. "And why! It was during the holidays a year ago. I'd gone to Chicago, to be with my family, and a columnist invited me to a New Year's Eve party. 'I'd love to come,' I said. 'May I bring my sister and brother-in-law?' We'd spent Christmastime very quietly, and I knew Arlene and her husband would enjoy the party."

"The columnist said that would be all right. It was later that he mentioned his television show. 'By the way,' he said to me, 'you can stop off and say hello to my television audience on the way to the party.'"

"'I'm sorry,' I told him. 'I can't do it. The studio doesn't allow me to go on television without their permission. You know that.' But he was furious!"

"The entertainer has offices in Chicago. He flew into town briefly and called me about a script that was in the wind—a possible part that he wanted to discuss with me. I was staying at my sister's, in a suburb, and he came out to talk to me. Arlene's family and our parents were there, too, and Mother asked him to have lunch with us. Later on, I remember Mother—so sad, so puzzled—saying, 'Is it a sin to ask a fellow human being to break bread with you?'"

Kim was pacing the room again, her body tense with indignation. "The items began coming out in the columns—not mentioning the entertainer's name. Then there was one that did mention it—about the entertainer discussing a script with me. The papers began to link all these nothings together, but to me it was too ridiculous to take seriously. I went ahead and took the train back to Hollywood to begin 'Bell, Book and Candle.' I didn't know..."

In her restless pacing, she had stopped beside a chair, and now she gripped the back of it. It was an entirely unconscious gesture, for Kim was concentrating deeply on each word she said, reliving a scene that she hadn't even witnessed. "I didn't know what I was leaving my family to face. My mother told me about it. She didn't want to at first, but I made her tell me. And now I can't forget it. I can see it, every moment..."

"It must have been a little after midnight, they figured out later. The doorbell of our house on Sayre Street rang. Mother was half asleep, and she said, 'Who could that be? A telegram, maybe...?' Dad was just getting ready for bed, so he went down to answer the door."

"Mother sat up and listened, and she could hear a man's voice. But she didn't recognize it, and she couldn't make out any of the words. Finally, Dad called up the stairs, 'Blanche! Can you come down? There are a couple of men here from the newspaper.'"

"Her heart started to thump, Mother says. All sorts of wild ideas went through her mind while she was hurrying to put on her robe and her slippers. An accident? She knew I was on the train. Had something happened to the train? She found two strangers in her living room—one of them with a camera. It was the other one who spoke up, and she was so relieved to see the cheerful look on his face that at first she hardly took in what he was saying. It started out something like: 'Sorry to get you up, Mrs. Novak, but this is kind of a special occasion, isn't it? We hear Kim's getting married.'"

"Mother *did* get that, and she must have looked absolutely amazed, because the

reporter said, 'Well, the train she's on goes through Las Vegas, doesn't it?' He said it as if it was a most reasonable explanation."

"The reporter finished by saying, 'If you don't mind, we'll just wait here until you get the news.'"

"Meantime, while Mother had been trying to take all this in, she'd noticed the photographer kind of circling around the telephone. Before she could open her mouth, he pointed to the chair beside the phone, and he said, 'Oh, Mrs. Novak—we'll want to get a picture of you right here when Kim's call comes through.'"

"Then Mother burst out, 'This is ridiculous!' She knew I wouldn't wake her up in the middle of the night unless it was a real emergency. She was expecting to hear from me in the morning, because I always call up when I get out here, just to let them know what kind of a trip I had."

"But they wouldn't leave right away. There was my mother in her robe. And my dad was tired. And it was getting later and later. Finally, the reporter and the photographer did go, and Mother and Dad went on up to bed. Of course, they were upset, and they had to talk it over, and it was a while before they got to sleep. They'd just about drifted off when the phone rang."

Kim's hands had been pressed against her cheeks. Now they slid to cover her ears. It was the same gesture she had used to shut out the remembered laughter of her nightmare. "They made it all sound as if it was a game. A joke. And that wasn't the last phone call. They kept checking, hour after hour. Mother and Dad gave up any idea of sleeping. They got dressed. By six o'clock in the morning Mother was so nervous that she put in a call to Norma—Norma Kasell, that is, my personal manager. It was only four o'clock out here, so Norma was waked out of a sound sleep. And then she got up, too, so she could meet the train and tell me."

Kim drew a long breath and slowly crossed the room to sit down on the sofa again. She was shaken, but obviously she had finished what was for her the most painful aspect of her story. "You see, while all that was happening I was on the train. I didn't know a thing about what my family was going through. When I got off, the newspaper people were all around me before Norma could reach me. I just didn't believe they meant what they were saying. There was one wire-service man that I'd respected for a long time. I said to him, 'You're always making jokes. What do you *really* want to know?' Then I turned to the group of friends around me and said, 'Isn't this the funniest thing you ever heard?' But nobody was smiling..."

Kim's head was bowed; her voice was hushed. "The days after that... The nights... Oh yes, I know what my dream meant, because in those weeks I was in a nightmare while I was awake. I couldn't sleep. The gossip kept snowballing. I discovered my phone was tapped. When I went out, I was shadowed. And the lie kept growing. There was no way to stop it."

She lifted her head and clenched her hands together in her lap. "When such things happen, you feel you've got to do something about it. Your family is hurt. Your friends are hurt. And you're advised to say nothing. But I *want* people to know the truth about me. I want to tell them myself. It's just like in the dream. I'm so anxious to explain—I get all excited—and then I'm stopped. How can I get through to them?"

"You just have," I said. "Photoplay will print it."

And here it is.

THE END

KIM'S IN COLUMBIA'S "BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE."

THE BIG BEAT

Continued from page 66

guitars slung over their shoulders. The girls surrounded them, waving their blue souvenir programs and ballpoint pens. Don and Phil grinned and obliged with autographs.

Both boys were wearing blue blazers edged with cool white piping, striped ties and neat-fitting Oxford grey pants.

"Darn," lamented Sue, "I wish I had my Brownie camera with me."

Don, 21, the older of the Everly Brothers, chuckled. "I bet backstage looks weird to you, but to Phil and me it's practically home. It has been ever since I was eight and he was six and we started touring with our folks."

"Gee, you fellows dress so great," Kathy was saying to Phil, who's 19, "my steady dresses like a mess! How do I get him to dress like you?"

"You can lead a horse to water, as we used to say in Kentucky," Phil answered in his quick way of speaking, "but you can't make him drink."

Don's usually the quieter of the two, but today he was feeling talkative. "Only one way," Don offered. "Power of suggestion. It usually works. Make your guy think it's his idea instead of telling him he doesn't know what he's doing. That's the way my wife wins me over every time."

Debbie sighed, "Gee, I could stand here all day listening to you."

"Later on," Phil said, "we're going to have a backstage jam session. Why don't you all come?"

"Who, us?" the three girls cried out.

"Yeah. You might get a kick out of it. Right now, I'm hungry," Phil continued. "I'm going to the cafeteria across the street. How about you, Don?"

Don nodded. "Phil's the big eater but I wouldn't mind a good piece of steak and some French fried potatoes myself."

"Maybe apple pie à la mode for dessert," Phil added.

For a moment, the three girls seemed rooted there, only their eyes moved to follow Phil and Don. Debbie came out of the daze first. She spotted Jimmy Clanton, in a pebble-grey silk suit, picking out notes on a battered upright piano in a corner.

"Girls!" Debbie commanded, and Kathy and Sue rallied to Jimmy's side.

"Autographs, please," Sue asked. Jimmy looked startled. "Gee," he said. "You kids are even backstage. This is the greatest turnout I've ever seen anywhere for the Big Beat." Tall, chubby-faced and with bright dark eyes, eighteen-year-old Jimmy Clanton spoke with a soothing Louisiana drawl. He ran his fingers over his long brownish hair, glinting with gold from the glittery backstage lights.

"Where d'you ever get that haircut, Jimmy?" Sue questioned in a timid voice. "We all flipped!"

"Funny you ask," Jimmy said, shaking his head from side to side, "because, you know, a bunch of barbers have called me up about it. Lots of guys seem to want the same trim. Some of the Brooklyn barbers even came out here for a close-up inspection. The haircut's called a Balboa, only my girlfriend used to call it The Waterfall. Don't ask me why. Maybe it's because the front part falls over like Niagara. What do you think?"

"Oh, Jimmy," Kathy interrupted with a long sigh, "we're just crazy about your haircut, and gosh, we're crazy for your song, 'Just a Dream.' Did you really write it yourself?"

"Sure did," Jimmy said. "I wrote it when I was suffering from a broken heart. My girlfriend and I stopped going together,

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just last year, and I was upset, busting inside from sadness and I kept hearing this song in my head, so I said, 'Let it out, Jimmy, it'll do you good'; and, you know it's the best thing that could have happened to me. I love her still but the song, it makes the break-up all easier somehow—if you know what I mean. Maybe it'll all be over when I go to L.S.U. to study geology." The girls just stood there, as if waiting to catch Jimmy Clanton on the rebound. They were so quiet all you could hear was the sound of Debbie cracking her gum. Jimmy began to fidget under their stares, then he spotted relief.

"Hey, here's little Jo Ann Campbell!"

It was Jo Ann all right, tiny doll-like Jo Ann, with her pale blond hair and cornflower-blue eyes decked out in a bulky-knit sweater and red treader pants. Jo Ann was carrying her big guitar.

"Say honest, Jimmy," she laughed, "Who's the harem?"

Autographs first, introductions later. "How about a little Elvis music?" Jo Ann asked and before you had a chance to snap your fingers, she was slapping her guitar and singing a medley of "All Shook Up" and "Hound Dog" and "Jailhouse Rock." For such a little girl, she can sure belt 'em.

Kathy, Debbie and Sue tapped their toes to the rock-rhythm of Jo Ann's music.

Jo Ann and Jimmy sang a little harmony and swivel-hipped all through the singing. Suddenly, running down the stairs in a white jacket, black frontier pants and white buckskin loafers—flashing a smile big enough to see anyone through a long school day—was the "Ginger Bread" Kid himself.

As if on cue, the three girls chorused breathlessly, "Frankie! Frankie Avalon!"

"Hi, gals," he said while he signed the blue program books. "Say, how'd you kids sneak in?"

They pointed to me. "Wait'll I tell the doorman." Frankie laughed, "Hey, you want to see the upstairs? Come on," Frankie motioned to us, "have a look!"

No prodding needed. The three girls walked right behind Frankie, following him up the steel stairs to the second floor.

"We don't have any star dressing rooms," Frankie told the girls as he showed them the cream-colored room he shared with Jimmy Clanton. Kathy, Debbie and Sue stared in fascination at the low-ceilinged dressing room with its mirrors bordered with naked light bulbs, the long wooden makeup shelf.

In a corner was Frankie's gleaming golden trumpet.

"Play it for us," Sue begged. "Please, Frankie, please."

Frankie obliged with sassy snatches of trumpet music, and all three girls sighed and leaned against each other for support. Through the open dressing-room window came loud cries and catcalls of "Frankie! Frankie!" from the gangs of guys and gals waiting on the street, all of them hoping for a peek at the stars of the Big Beat.

Frankie walked over to the window and smiled. One wave from his hand was like lightning. A roar of teenage thunder followed.

"I love 'em," Frankie said to the three girls in the dressing room. "If it weren't for all you fans liking my kind of jive, I'd be nowhere. I'd be back home in Philadelphia, practicing the trumpet and playing 'Tenderly' to the four walls in my bedroom. And that's no fun. A musician likes to make people happy with his music."

"You know," Frankie went on, "I lived real close to St. Edmund's Convent, and there was this Sister—her name was Sister Marita—who loved to hear me play, especially 'Tenderly.' The other Sisters used to compliment me, too, but Sister

Marita always went out of her way to encourage me. We had a grouchy neighbor who used to say I practiced too much, and, lots of times, I'd feel guilty about bothering the people on the street with my trumpet-playing and so I'd knock off practicing for a day, and then, if Sister Marita saw me the next day, she'd say, 'Frankie, you're not practicing!' in a kind of scolding tone of voice, and I'd go back to my trumpet that afternoon and practice an hour longer."

Frankie showed the girls his Big Beat costumes, all of them hanging on a long pipe across one wall of the dressing room. There were red flannel blazers with coin buttons, tiger-striped sweaters, button-down pink shirts with yellow bow ties.

Then, Frankie asked, "Hey, you gals, you met the Poni Tails yet?"

Kathy, Debbie and Sue nodded their heads.

"Come on," he shouted. "You'll love them!"

Next thing we knew, we were all marching through the second floor corridor to the last dressing room. Who popped their heads out of a doorway? The Kalin Twins!

"Hey, Frankie, who's the company?" one of the Kalin twins asked.

Frankie made proper introductions and then Kathy, Debbie and Sue asked for autographs.

Herbie Kalin, the skinnier of the two, asked the girls if they'd like discs of their new record, "Forget-Me-Not."

"I'm Hal," the other twin said after Herbie gave the girls their gifts. "He's married but I'm not, so let's leave Herbie out of this while we have a talk!"

"No fair," Herbie hollered.

"Maybe you can talk later," Frankie interrupted. "I want the Poni Tails to meet them."

"All right," Hal said, "but don't forget. We're having a jamboree backstage. Why don't you join us when it starts?"

"Okay," the girls answered. We continued down the hall and found the door of the last dressing room open.

There they were, the Poni Tails, all three of them wearing their flowered-silk chemises from the show. The tallest, LaVerne Novak, was tidying up the make-up shelf. Patti McCabe sat on a stool studying some sheet music, and all-smiles Toni Cistone was painting her fingernails a pale coral color.

Ballpoint pens and souvenir programs flourished in mid-air, "Oops, don't spill the nail polish," Toni cried out. Frankie excused himself to check on the backstage jam session, leaving the girls to get acquainted.

"Come on, girls," LaVerne urged, "sit down. Sorry, all we have are folding chairs," she said. "Gee, I'm so glad you stopped in. It's a good excuse to take a break. I was straightening things up."

Toni, pointing the nail-polish brush toward LaVerne, said, "LaVerne, she's crazy for housework!"

"You are, too," LaVerne smiled.

Toni peered upward through her glitter-framed eyeglasses. "You know, every time we finish touring and we go back to Cleveland, guess what I get a kick out of? Doing the dishes! It's crazy, I know, but I stand by that kitchen sink and wash away and daydream, and I just have a ball."

"Me," Patti joined in, "I love to catch up on all my letter-writing. I do the dishes, sure, but I can't wait to answer all the nice letters we get. It's fun to write to fans and get to know them through the mail."

Sue piped up, "How'd you kids get started, all of you singing together?"

LaVerne smiled a wide Doris Day-smile, "Well, nobody believes it but we were all

friends at Bush High School in Cleveland, and we liked to babysit together because we got a chance to sing. We used to sing for ourselves, just for the fun of it, and one night some parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jewett, came home and heard us harmonizing, and they asked if we ever thought about singing professionally. We said no. So they asked us to meet some people who could help us. At first, we sang in Veterans' hospitals and at big banquet parties for experience, and, gee, before we knew it, we sang at one of Joe Finan's record hops and everybody said we were ready to make records—and so, here we are . . ."

Debbie asked sheepishly, "I have a question! Isn't it hard to keep your own personality and still be a part of a group like this?"

Patti looked at the other two Poni Tails. "Well," she ventured, after a minute's thinking, "it's like this. Look at LaVerne, she's got green eyes and likes a good time, but it's Toni who's the real whoopee girl and live wire. I guess I'm the reserved one. We're different to begin with, and when we have time to ourselves, we give in to our own personalities. When we go back to our hotel rooms after a show, for instance (we all share a suite together when we travel), Tony'll turn on the radio, and maybe LaVerne'll wash her hair and I'll take a nap. We do whatever suits our own particular moods. We don't believe we have to do everything together. But I will say we're always picking up phrases from each other. Toni's always saying, 'Oh, my gosh!' and now she's got LaVerne and me saying it all the time."

"I never thought about it," Toni said, "but, you know, we get along pretty well. We were friends to start with, but maybe it's because we can laugh at each other, and nobody gets offended."

"That's one thing we do a lot of," LaVerne commented. "Laugh—and tease!"

Bouncing into the dressing room, Frankie Avalon announced that Phil and Don Everly had come back from the cafeteria across the street, and "... we're all getting wound up for the backstage jam session."

Buzzing with excitement, Kathy, Debbie and Sue walked alongside the Poni Tails to the other end of the long corridor where the Big Beat gang had gathered—The Everly Brothers, Jimmy Clanton, Jo Ann Campbell and so many others, everyone full of skyrocketing spirit, everyone waiting for Phil and Don to start the music-making.

S-t-r-r-r-u-mmm! and the Everly Brothers' guitars rang with music. In a minute everybody was stompin' their feet, and singing about Johnny being a joker . . .

Kathy, Debbie and Sue exchanged Seventh-Heaven looks.

"Come on," LaVerne of the Poni Tails coaxed. "Sing!"

Next thing you know, the three girls shrugged their shoulders, as if to say "Why not?" and their voices sang out in that let-yourself-go rhythm and pretty soon everybody was just listening.

"Hey," said Herbie Kalin, "that's a solid sound."

Frankie Avalon and Jo Ann Campbell exchanged looks. "Not bad," he said.

"People have gotten started on a lot less," said LaVerne.

"Anybody got a contract with a dotted line?" asked Phil Everly.

THE END

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FRAMED

Continued from page 63

"To understand how and why Greg Bautzer and I married, I must go back five years. I've never talked about our courtship . . ." Dana looked up, startled. "Say, how did we get on this subject? Have I been framed?" She laughed. "Well, here goes . . ."

And this is Dana's story . . .

On a brisk November afternoon in 1953, a pretty young English girl boarded a north-bound city bus in New York's theater district, tired and dejected after a long, unsuccessful day of job-hunting and visits to theatrical offices. She had been in the United States only a few weeks, and on this day particularly, she felt lonely and lost, finding the usual Times Square crowds not exciting but unfriendly.

"Thousands of people," Dana was thinking, "and not one could possibly care about me. I really could die right here and I don't honestly believe even one person would stop. Where are all those friendly Americans I've been told about?"

Inside her beautiful English leather handbag, she had some small change. Her family was in Africa.

"If I can't get a job . . ." She caught her thoughts. "Don't think dreary."

The bus lurched and she caught onto the leather strap to steady herself. She noticed it was almost Eightieth Street and decided to get off to do some shopping. Dispiritedly, she walked towards her neighborhood marketing section. Not honestly caring about food, giving up lunches hadn't been a problem. She didn't like to cook and often found herself "dining" on one item for a week at a time: one week mushrooms, the next doughnuts, the next asparagus, then a week of baked beans. On this day, she was ready for her fourth dinner menu of hazelnuts.

Stopping at the Jewish delicatessen, she waited for the owner's usual clucks of disapproval as she ordered another tin. She wasn't disappointed. "Hazelnuts! This is a dinner? A young girl like you, you should eat! Don't worry about the job. Tomorrow you'll get one, you'll see."

Leaving the delicatessen, she glanced at the German baker's window, and he, seeing her, beckoned her in. "I save a little piece of strudel. No—no money. Just something for you."

"Danke," Dana murmured, and they began chatting in German, which she'd learned as a child.

Suddenly, the baker switched the conversation back to English. "Tomorrow will be your day. You see."

Across the wind-swept street, Dana huddled her wool coat closer around her and went into the shoemaker's to pick up a pair of shoes that had needed new heels and half-soles. They were ready for her, because she had told the shoemaker that she must wear them the next day for an interview. For a while, Dana talked with him in Italian. Then, with obvious pride, as she left, he said in halting English, "Tomorrow you will get the great job of acting."

"I don't know when it began," Dana says now. "There I was, laden with brown paper sacks and parcels, thousands of miles from home when suddenly I stopped, came to a halt. I realized I had just fallen in love."

Across the years, past all the exciting successful things that have happened to her since, today's Dana can still remember exactly how that girl felt. "When I got off the bus I was depressed, yet there

I was twenty minutes later full of enthusiasm and belief in tomorrow. Why? What had happened? Suddenly I turned around and looked at that little community of stores, where foreign-born Americans lived their new lives. Each day they gave me—another immigrant—warmth, concern and honest interest. I was not alone after all. Nowhere else in the world, I realized, do you find people so generously interested in a newcomer, so willing to help a stranger. Right then I felt a deep passionate love well up in me. I loved America and everything it stood for. As I climbed the stairs to my room to munch hazelnuts and neaten my clothes for my next day's interview, I knew I had come home in every sense of the word. I wanted to become an American citizen and I wanted to earn the right. And I hoped that, when I married, my husband might be an American.

"The next day, on my interview, I lied my head off. You'd have thought I was England's gift to America's live television. I could tell he wanted me for the part, but it seemed to take a little doing. A few days later I heard I had it.

"I appeared at rehearsals, outwardly calm and composed, inwardly shaking. The director had accepted me, but you don't fool cameramen, grips and assistant directors. Very quietly they would come by and say, 'Listen, kid, look a little to the left on that line,' or 'Keep your chin up.' Americans! They knew and they were helping me.

"Then, remembering how I'd knocked up against the stuffy wall blocking off opportunity in England, I recognized their tremendous waste of young people. It was felt one should be aged and mature and spend years learning one's craft." Dana's Latin-looking eyes flashed fire. "I'm sick and tired of being tactful. I'm not knocking England—it's no less a great country—but it makes America seem more exciting by contrast. The prejudice against youth everywhere except America is fantastic!

"I thought to myself, 'Where else in the world would men be so considerate?' If you want to really know a country, meet its men. At sixteen, I was romantically inclined toward an Italian medical student in Venice. Later I had a near thing with an English artist. Then I was almost engaged to a French baron.

"I had one black dress (which I made myself) and one mad blue dress. I varied them so much I wore them two seasons without anyone recognizing them," she recalled. "I was amazed when I found myself named one of London's three best-dressed young actresses. That fame certainly backfired. My friends reported people were wondering who 'kept' me," Dana laughed. "I didn't bother to tell them I might have starved if my parents hadn't sent me an allowance."

Dana went on, "The man I became involved with in England, I'm afraid, was typical of the English male. I found him enchanting at first, perhaps because it was my first real grownup experience. Everything he did was wonderful. Sunday after Sunday I trailed him around eighteen holes, listening to golf talk and stuffy English jokes, trying to convince myself I loved the game." With a look of being caught in a sand trap, she continued:

"The whole English attitude toward women and courtship is the dullest in the world. Englishmen are embarrassed if women wear modish gowns or colors. One must never stand out; it's not well-bred. Wife, girlfriend or fiancée must be mousy. Oh, chic women are admired by Englishmen. Their heads swivel in admiration when one walks by, but they wouldn't think of marrying her." Dana drew an exasperated breath. "I swear,

there's a conspiracy among English families to make English girls as unattractive as possible. They are supposed to have the largest feet in the world. Why shouldn't they look that way? They're crammed into walking brogues as soon as they can walk. They never wear make-up. At seventeen they are allowed a pale pink lipstick; they are still in school uniform, wearing colorless nail polish. At the age when they're just becoming pretty and might have an urge to find out how they look out of uniform, there are only two talents that will bring them plaudits from parents: robust health and being very good at hockey.

"Now the Frenchman is another cup of tea," she said. "He courts in a grand manner. He treats a woman as a feminine object. Actually, there is no equality; the law gives everything a woman owns to her husband. She is not considered an individual. She dresses well, but more for show, in a slightly extreme fashion. And after the marriage? The object of his affection is expected just to be displayed and to bring up children. When she has over five she is given a ribbon and an allowance by the government."

Dana thought a while, and then continued her musings. "Italian men are more naturally romantic than the French. The Italian is passionately involved with every love affair. He courts with music, flowers, little gestures, infinite care. The Italian's love song is for everybody, the poor, the wealthy, all to share. Even after marriage, the husband will burst through with romance occasionally, but he is much more involved with his business, the bambinos and the lusty living of the Italian male.

"But the American man!" Now Dana was started on her favorite subject. "American men like women, they like to have them around and they spoil them wonderfully. They care about their clothes, they treat them as equals, and still as women. They try to relieve them of all the tedious things of married life, with wonderful gadgets in kitchens and homes. They want an attractive companion, rather than just a woman to feed them. It's a good thing Greg feels that way, for my cooking specialty is brandied peaches. On the cook's day off I made brandied peaches until he finally admitted he'd had enough to last him a lifetime and suggested we find a reliable cook to replace the cook on her day off."

Dana smiled fondly. "When I was new in Hollywood, I really didn't know very many American men—as dates, that is. I lived quietly near my studio, 20th Century-Fox, in a small apartment. My only real friends were Bill and Edie Goetz and Sam and Frances Goldwyn. When I wasn't working I dined with them in their homes.

"On one of my few social gaddings, I was at Cobina Wright's cocktail party. Greg and I were introduced. Immediately he asked me for a dinner date. I'd heard all about this glamorous Mr. B. and the glamorous movie stars who fell madly in love with him. I felt the whole situation was far too fast and sophisticated for me. I'd always been wary of handsome men anyway, especially men that women fell for. I was sure he'd be insufferably conceited. Well, sure of himself he was—he's a man who makes up his mind fast. He told me much, much later that he decided to marry me the moment he saw me. I remember I refused his invitation rather curtly, first informing him that I had a date, and second, that when working I never went out nights. That, I thought, was that.

"The next day Greg Bautzer was on my unlisted telephone asking for a date. I changed my unlisted number six times. Six times he found it. Each time I refused. Then I went to New York to do some

publicity for 'The View from Pompey's Head.' He called me at the hotel. He too was in New York. I informed him coldly that I was dining with Lord Rothermere. I didn't know Greg was playing gin rummy with Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer. They heard his end of the conversation, and Charlie, who is now our best friend, turned to Ben and said, 'I don't know her, but I don't think I'm going to like this girl.'

The conversation had gone something like this:

"Where will you be tomorrow?" Greg asked.

"I'm going to Philadelphia."

"I'll meet you in Philadelphia," Greg said.

"No."

"Then you go to Denver? I'll meet you in Denver."

"No."

"Boston? San Francisco? I'll meet you there," said Greg.

"No," she said definitely, and hung up.

Dana smiled ironically at the recollection. "While I was in Denver my phone rang, and Greg's very abrupt voice said, 'Your plane gets into Los Angeles at eleven o'clock. I'll meet it.' He hung up. Well, I thought, I can always say I have a headache. But when he met me at eleven my head didn't ache, so we went to The Traders. Sitting at a corner table, he turned his attention and full charm on me. I was smitten. After that I was showered with thoughtful gifts: a basket of flowers, with my first Yorkshire terrier in the middle; a Toastmaster I had discussed, with an orchid sitting on it; ten-pound boxes of chocolates delivered on the set—the crew and I gorged. Flowers, little gifts—and always one red rose for me. Greg has excellent taste. When he was traveling he'd pick me up a beautiful Italian sweater or one of the mad hats I adore.

"The more I saw of him the more I realized that Greg had all the qualities I'd been looking for. I was wooed and won in the best American tradition. We decided to be married months before we were. During that time, I was mentally trying to adapt to living in this town. I had fallen in love with America; still, I'd been trying to duck the social life here in Hollywood. Greg is popular; he enjoys people; even his law practice often involves meeting clients socially. I knew it would be difficult for me to change and keep up with him, but I was sure it would be worth the effort.

"And gossip became a real problem, too. While we were both trying to get away to Africa for my parents' permission, the nasty little folk were placing bets on whether or not we would marry." Dana made a grimace of distaste. "I finally went to South Rhodesia alone. I had to change planes nine times in six days to spend two days with my parents. Greg called every day. When I finally landed back in New York with parental blessings, I was met at the hotel by a little orchestra playing 'I've Grown Accustomed to Your Face.'"

"Aha!" I said.

"You noticed?" Dana glanced at the hi-fi. "I suppose it wasn't very much of a coincidence—I play that song so often. When I heard the tune then, it was like a love letter and a welcome-home, both at once. So Greg and I were married, in June of 1956. Now my first American love affair and my last seem like part of the same emotion. I have the feeling that all along I was meant to be an American—and the wife of an American." THE END

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THIS PAGE IS YOURS

Continued from page 54

of poured from him, like a dam being opened.

We all three walked over to the library to get the book. I remember that night very clearly because of the way I felt after he came and during the months that followed. And there was another reason too. When she got inside the library, Mother started to pull the ladder over to the section where Tony's book was shelved.

"Hey, Mrs. Cameron! Don't do that," he said. He walked right over to the shelf, reached up and got the book for her. "Sometimes being tall comes in handy," he said, half-blushing when she thanked him. I could see how pleased Mother was. Most of the boys at the college weren't so thoughtful.

That was just one of the nice things he did. I don't believe in love at first sight or anything silly like that, but I knew I liked Tony very much right from the beginning. That tall, thin, sweet, shy boy was my first love. And this is a story about us, but mostly about him.

After that first night, I couldn't help hoping I'd run into Tony at the drugstore, or the post office, or just on the street—or even better, that he'd call for a date. But I didn't hear from him for a week. One day, though, I saw him riding by the house on his bicycle. As he went along, pedalling very fast, he kept his eyes straight ahead and didn't even glance at the house. I guess I didn't have to worry. After all, that he'd see me standing there in the window.

Maybe it wasn't just accident that Tony rode past my house. The next day, as I walked by the drugstore, he sort of tumbled out of the door and grabbed my arm.

"Doris! Gee! It seems like I'm always asking you or your mother for a favor. But I want to buy my mom a birthday present—her birthday's next weekend—and I just don't know what to pick out. I've been in there looking at all the candy and perfume and other stuff, but I just can't decide. Help me?" He grinned down at me with the brownest possible brown eyes and his wide, frank smile. I wouldn't have been able to refuse—even if I hadn't been holding my breath for more than a week.

That was the beginning. Somehow, Tony and I never had to look very far for things to talk about or do. For one thing, we both loved books and music. We talked a lot, but we did other things too. I remember one afternoon in particular. After lunch, we biked out to the beach to fly model planes. (Another interest of Tony's. To my surprise, it was even more fun than he said!)

It was a fall day. Even though seasons don't change in Florida, we could tell it was fall. We were both excited and happy and raced along on our bikes as free as if there weren't homework to be done, housework waiting, or grades to be kept up so Tony could hold onto his scholarship. With Tony tearing along beside me, I was able to forget those two long years since my father died—years without much fun and with much more responsibility and loneliness than they should have held.

"Hey, Dody," (That was his pet name for me.) "I'll race you—but you can have a headstart."

"Okay," I laughed and started off, pedalling as fast as I could—which wasn't very fast compared to what Tony's long legs could do. Sure enough, he passed me before long, reaching out to give my ponytail a jerk as he whizzed by.

"Remember that little tiger we saw in the drugstore when you helped me pick the perfume for Mom?"

I certainly did. It was one of those adorable stuffed ones, all curled up and funny looking with its red felt tongue hanging out of its mouth.

"I'm going to get it for you," he yelled back over his shoulder. "I'm going to get it for you just because you're so nice and so much fun to be with and because you're wearing a pink sweater today." (I usually wore darker colors. But when I found out Tony preferred them, I began adding pastels slowly—very slowly because I couldn't afford many new clothes.)

We had a wonderful time flying the model planes. (We seemed to have fun no matter what we were doing.) And after we finished, we lay back on the sand and watched the white clouds that looked like big balls of cotton pasted up in the sky. "You know," Tony began slowly, "it really won't be long before Christmas comes. I love Christmas! Don't you? Somehow, it's never the same as when I was a kid though. But I just can't get over it anyway—I still look forward to it just as much every year."

Tossing his head in that funny way he had when his hair fell into his eyes, he said, "I'll tell you what—" But he broke off, suddenly looking very serious. "Say, you don't have a date for New Year's already?" He seemed worried, but I couldn't really be sorry. If he was worried, it meant he liked to be with me as much as I hoped he did.

"Of course I don't have a date for New Year's, Dopey!"

"Well, you know. Some guys make dates for New Year's months and months ahead. I guess it's because they don't want to be alone. No one wants to be alone on New Year's. There's something special about it—I guess it's because it's the start of so many—" Then he stopped quickly, as though what he said next was a surprise even to him. He reached out for my hand. "Dody, will you go out with me this New Year's?"

I smiled my answer. That was enough.

Then there was another wonderful day, the day I got to know the real Tony, or at least one part of the real Tony he'd been too shy to show before. Imagine having your phone ring at seven o'clock in the morning! I had been sound asleep. If it had been anyone but Tony at the other end of the line, I think I would have rolled over, gone back to sleep and stuck the phone under a pillow or something.

"Hey," he began like a naughty little boy. "I'm imposing again. But—gee—well—do you have any cold milk? I've just got to have some, and the kitchen here's still closed." I don't know whether his voice convinced me or the sight of Perkettes, the little stuffed tiger Tony bought me.

"All right," I answered. "Just give me fifteen or twenty minutes to wake up, and you can have all the cold milk you can drink."

What a crazy breakfast! Tony couldn't eat eggs or cereal or any of the other things people usually have in the morning. Oh, no! He had to have some weird thing called "Potato Chip Joy!"

"What?" I yelled when he began to describe it.

"Dody, it's really easy," he assured me. "You just go over to the stove and get a big frying pan, the bigger, the better. I'll hand you the stuff and tell you what to do."

I obeyed. Even this was fun since I was doing it for Tony. I stood there, stirring and stirring, and trying not to look too closely at the combination of things in the pan. I did think it was worth protesting, though, when he handed me the Swiss

cheese. "Swiss cheese!" I yelled. "Isn't it bad enough now?"

"Aw, Dody! Gee, I thought you had more imagination. This is it; this is the final touch."

"Okay, okay." I threw in the cheese, taking a gulp of black coffee to fortify myself for what was coming next.

Finally, there it was—a huge, steaming, smelly mess with potato chips all over the top. Tony seemed to love it. Mother had a few spoonfuls, too. "Very good, Tony," she nodded approvingly. But I couldn't help noticing that she left for the library fifteen minutes earlier than usual. Even I ate some. It must have been love.

After Mother left, we sat around, just doing the dishes in our own sweet time and talking. I'm afraid we were both late for class, but it didn't seem to matter.

Tony began talking about his family, and particularly about his father, Osgood Perkins, who had been a well-known and highly respected actor. "I only saw him in one play," Tony said a little sadly, "'On-stage,' and, you know, I was so young I had to be propped up on pillows to see!" He tossed his head with that little motion that was so much "Tony." "Dody," he leaned across the table, looking at me with those warm eyes that no longer seemed shy. "More than anything else, I want to be an actor."

I listened quietly, not saying much, but trying to encourage him. This was a more intense, a more determined side of Tony. But I felt that it was just as real as the relaxed, fun-loving boy who raced me to the field where we flew model planes. Behind his glasses, his eyes glowed with excitement and determination.

And yet, it *didn't* seem like Tony—not as I usually thought of him—running over with a new record I just *had* to hear, or a book he thought I'd like as much as he did, Tony in faded old jeans zooming around the campus on his bike, sounding like a lovable little boy one minute and a dignified old professor the next, cracking his knuckles when he was embarrassed or nervous, and throwing back his hair the way he so often did. But there were many sides to Tony, and being allowed to see this one—his dream side—made me proud and very, very happy.

It might seem like Tony had a habit of calling me early in the morning, but that isn't really true. It *did* happen again though—about two weeks before Christmas. "Dody! Dody!" He shouted breathlessly.

"They called, Dody! They really called! Honest. I can't believe it, but they want me!"

"Who?" I tried to sound calm, but there was a funny quiver in my stomach.

"Hollywood! The studio! Gee, didn't I tell you about making a screen test last summer? I just won a part in 'The Actress!'"

"Oh, Tony! I'm so glad! It's wonderful, just wonderful!"

"There's one bad thing about it though, Dody." His voice became low and serious. "I have to leave this afternoon and I won't be back at least until February. I'm afraid I won't be able to keep our New Year's date."

I said what any girl would have said, any girl who loved a boy like Tony. "Missing the date's not important, Tony. What's one date compared to the beginning of your whole career?" But, of course, I was disappointed. "Besides," I added, "I have Perketto to keep me company. And both of us are so puffed up with pride we look silly."

"Gee, Dody, you're a wonderful girl! Okay if I come right over?"

There was only one possible answer. I

watched for him from the window. He tossed his bike down at the curb and sort of skittered up the sidewalk, his arms full of packages he couldn't quite manage.

"Here, Dody," he said breathlessly, shoving the packages at me and trying to hug me all at once. "This is our whole holiday season rolled up in one morning." He squeezed my hand. "Gee, I'm sorry about New Year's!"

"Never mind, Tony. Don't worry about it—please. It's nothing compared to the wonderful thing that's happened to you."

I sat right down on the floor to open the gifts. Two of them were big and bulky and still had the wrapping paper from the store. Of course, Tony didn't have time to wrap them in special paper. I could see that the third package was a record album, but what were the other two?

I tore the paper off like a little kid who just couldn't wait until Christmas morning. A dozen tall, beautiful poinsettias! They were lovely—and Tony had been as thoughtful as usual. He had chosen flowers that would last for weeks, right through the holiday season. But the second package was the best! It was a huge, woolly, white lamb—the most lovable snowy lamb I ever saw! And he had an enormous blue bow around his neck. Right away, I named him Tonette. Now I had Perketto and Tonette. Silly? I guess so. But important, too.

"Here," Tony said, "let's put on these records." He was so excited he couldn't even find the record player even though he'd used it dozens of times. "Dance?" He smiled down at me with the brown eyes I loved so much. And we did dance.

That morning, with the sun streaming in the window, wearing sweaters and worn out dungarees, we danced and danced. We danced just as though it really *were* New Year's Eve. At ten to twelve, Tony ran over to the phonograph and put on "Auld Lang Syne." Maybe it wasn't very original, but for us it had a special meaning, a *very* special one. With glasses of milk, cold milk, we toasted Tony's success in Hollywood. And at twelve, twelve noon, Tony bent down and gave me a long, sweet kiss. "Dody," he whispered, "I'm going to miss you very, very much! How about next New Year's Eve?"

But next New Year's Eve Tony was doing a television show. Now show business believed in him as much as I did. That New Year's, I stayed home with Mother. At twelve, of course, the band played "Auld Lang Syne." I must have looked very sad at that moment. Mother glanced at me. "Thinking of Tony?" she asked gently. I nodded, wiping away the one little tear that started to roll down my face. She understood.

Now it's three years later. This New Year's Eve, I have a date with the wonderful boy I'm going to marry—just about the same time that Tony has his second anniversary of movie-making. Today I'm happy that Tony and I had our New Year's date after all. I'm proud that Tony is fulfilling his dream—the dream that I was able to share for a while. But, of course, I'm proudest of all that Tony Perkins was the boy who was my first love.

This New Year's Eve, when it's three minutes to twelve, I'll be with the boy I'm going to marry. And when they play "Auld Lang Syne," I don't think I'll be untrue to him if, just for a moment, I think of Tony. Of Tony, and that crazy wonderful morning when we had our New Year's Eve date. What do you think? THE END

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TYRONE POWER

Continued from page 35

"We're going to have a baby," Ty persisted. "Debbie and I are going to have a son."

"It's not that we're tired of girls," Ty smiled. "I could have a dozen girls, and I hope we do." Then, very seriously, "But there has to be a boy, too. At least one. There's got to be another Tyrone. You know, I'm the seventh Tyrone Power, actor. There's always been one in my family and it's like a trust, an unbroken line for seven generations, that one boy will be named Tyrone and that he'll act. You'd be amazed at how much of my life is wrapped up in that idea. I'm the seventh. And now, at last, there's going to be an eighth."

Two days later, at the age of forty-four, Tyrone Power was dead.

The morning of that terrible day, Ty had kissed her softly as he left the hotel for the Madrid sound stage. Through half-closed eyes she had watched him go, smiling a little, as he tip-toed out. "Prospective mothers need their sleep," he had said the night before. "Don't get up to see me off. I'll be very quiet..." But of course she had awakened anyway, and had pretended not to, even when he kissed her, even when he turned at the door to look back at her and she had seen him smile again.

And then Ted Richmond came to her hotel room and told her that that smiling man, so alive and healthy, was dead. She had fought against belief and, to make it real to her, they told her the rest. How Ty had been in the middle of a duel with George Sanders—"You know, Debbie, the one where he was supposed to fall to the floor and writhe around..."

Yes, she knew.

"Well, all of a sudden, he waved his hand to cut the cameras and started to walk off the set. He looked very pale..."

They thought he was having another attack of dysentery; he had had one only a few days before. Or maybe a chill—it was a joke on the set about Ty, who always wore wool socks, summer and winter, having to play the entire movie barefoot on the cold concrete floor. Ray Sebastian, his makeup man and friend for twenty years, started towards him.

"I'm going back to my dressing room," Ty had called out.

Debbie listened. It was like a story, like a film plot. It was very interesting, but it had no connection with her, or her husband or her life.

"I don't know now at what point Ty left his trailer but he did," Gina Lollobrigida told her, "he must have been feeling better, because he came over to my little trailer to talk with me... and he was just like usual, just like usual... we talked, then he said he had to get back to work. He laughed and said, 'Life goes on,' and went back to his room. So a while later, we went over to see him, Martha and me, and he was standing in the middle of the floor with his hand on the breastplate he wore for the movie, and he... there was such a strange expression on his face..."

Martha Labar, Gina's dialogue coach, picked up the thread. "I never saw such a look. A sort of mixture of surprise and pain—but with such depth to the surprise. I knew. I don't think he understood, but I did. I prayed without even thinking, 'Holy Mother, help this man.' I got Gina out and then I started back in to him, but just then Ray got there, with Ted Richmond right beside him..."

When they opened the door and walked

in, Ty was leaning helplessly against a wall. His face was contorted. Before Ray's frightened eyes, he began to choke, to gasp for breath. With shaking fingers, Ray loosened the breastplate. "Ty—?"

Ty shook his head. He retched. Ted ran over, and he clung to him. Then his face began to lose its ashen shade, to red-den in splotches. He retched again. "Ted," he said. "Ted—what—?"

"Get a car!" Ted Richmond shouted out the door. "Hurry!"

They hurried. They half carried Ty into the auto. Ted slid behind the wheel, pressed his foot to the gas, turned toward the nearest hospital. But on the seat beside him, Tyrone Power slumped, unconscious—and died.

And because Debbie Ann Power had to believe it and couldn't, they told it to her over and over again, until Gina had to leave the room weeping, "It's terrible, terrible...", until Ted's wife arrived to help Debbie to bed, until a doctor came to give her sedatives and troubled sleep. Until at last she woke up with belief in her eyes and said, "I want to see him, Ted. Take me to him, please..."

So they took her to Torrejon Air Base ten miles away because Ty's body was there now, in respect for his wartime service as a Marine pilot—and there she saw him, and knew it was true.

After that, there was a blur. A blur in which she moved about, going where people told her to, signing the papers they put before her, nodding to the arrangements for the flight home, the funeral in Hollywood.

She had been married for six months, and it was over.

She had gone to Europe with her husband, and now she was bringing him home.

And they told her to think of something else.

"I can't," she said.

"I don't mean you shouldn't think of him," the stewardess said. "I only mean—remember the good things. Remember the beginnings, not the ends. You must have had such wonderful times..."

"I can't," she whispered. "I can't..."

Later in Hollywood, her friends had said the same things. "Try to remember the good things. Remember him alive..."

"My son won't have any memories at all..." she answered them.

And with an odd look on her face, she had walked out of the room. Behind her, her friends looked at each other.

"Doesn't she ever consider that the baby might be a girl?"

"Before Tyrone died, she did. But now—"

"Now it has to be a boy. I don't know why, but it has to be a boy..."

But Debbie Ann Power knew why. Knew it, and clung to it. It was that knowledge, that dream, that began from that moment to bring her back to life. It was that that gave her the strength to live. It was that that got her through the funeral, enabled her to sit during the services beside the coffin, touching Ty's hand with her fingers, praying—and not breaking down.

Because suddenly she had work to do during the six months ahead. Work that left her no time for other thoughts. Almost no time for sorrow.

"I think," someone said, "that she's building a world for her son."

It was absolutely true.

Her own words: "My son will have no memories..." had stayed with her.

They echoed over and over in her mind. And Ty would have hated them.

He had such strong memories himself. He believed in a past. In linking your-

self with a tradition, becoming part of it. He believed in his own past—in the good things, say, that had kept him friendly with his first wife, Annabella, had made him bring Debbie for a lunch with her in Paris. And she had been glad to go, for Annabella was part of Ty's past and therefore precious. He believed in remembering his father and his grandfather, had loved to tell stories of them. One of his dearest possessions was a recording of his grandfather's voice—one of the first records ever made—reading "Hamlet."

He believed in the past the way he believed in the future. And to Ty Power—his future was his son.

So for a while it seemed to Debbie that even greater than her own tragedy was the tragedy of their son—who would have no memories. She had carried that grief with her across the ocean, unspoken, the worst of all. It had been hard for her to say it out loud.

But she took a great step when she did. For in that moment, she knew what she should have known all along.

She could give her son his past.

It was in her power to do it. "Remember the good things," the stewardess had said, and she had wept, "I can't." For herself, perhaps not—perhaps they hurt too much. But for the sake of her son, for the sake of her husband, she could do it very well indeed.

So through the long months of waiting, Debbie Minardos Power collected in her mind the stories she would tell her boy. The stories that would make him know his father, feel the link with the Power men who had been named Tyrone and had grown up to act on the stages of the world. The stories that would re-create the man who would have loved him so much, the life he had lived . . .

Stories like the one of how they met, his mother and his father . . .

"You see, I had been married once before and your father had been married twice. Now, his second wife—her name was Linda—had a sister, who had a husband who was a friend of mine. Well, I guess this friend knew that your Daddy and I were both lonely so one day he asked your father if he could bring a friend to lunch with him. And your father said yes. So he brought me. And you know what was the first thing your father ever said to me in the world? He said, 'Good grief, you look just like me!' Later on, when we would go out on dates together, people thought we were related to each other. But I didn't think about that then. All I thought about was, 'That's the man I'm going to love.' And he—he was thinking about someone else. You know who? He was thinking about you. Yes, you. That very day, when we hardly knew each other, he started telling me how much he wanted you, how he wanted a son who looked like him and carried his name, and would be a great actor. And who would sail on the boat he wanted to get and go all over the world with him. Even if he did die before you were born, you had just as much love as some children get in a whole life. Oh yes, your father loved you very much indeed . . ."

She could give him that, for a memory.

And more—so much more. Stories of their one summer together—for that was all they had had, really—six months of marriage, a spring, a summer, a little bit of fall. But six wonderful, wonderful months. They had been married quietly in Memphis with just a few friends. Debbie's mother gave her in marriage and her stepfather was Ty's best man. They had honeymooned in Dallas and she had been so proud—her face was always one perpetual blush at the way Ty talked about her to others. With awe in his voice he would say, "She's unbelievable. She doesn't want to be an actress. She doesn't care about expensive clothes and jewels. You know what she cares about? Me! My success, my welfare. Isn't that amazing? She's—impossible." So she would blush. Because when he told her she was beautiful or brilliant she could laugh and deny it—but it was no use denying the other. Ty was all she cared about.

And it was a wonderful six months. Ty took some time off for the first time in years. They bought the boat he wanted, a 45-footer with sails and a motor and an automatic pilot—all the latest gadgets. They docked it at Newport and every weekend they'd get there as fast as possible. They spent a lot of time with Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner, and Claire Trevor and her husband—with everyone who had a boat. Ray was with them of course, and Martin Steckler and Bill Gallagher, two other good friends who worked for Ty. One day Ty went out with Nat and Bob on their boat and around noon a friend called by to pick Debbie up in a motor boat and take her out to join them. They took off from the dock, racing through the waves, and suddenly Debbie heard her own voice shouting above the motor, "If you don't slow down I'm going to have my baby right here!" And, just as suddenly, she knew it was true, for sure. She began to picture how Ty would react—would he laugh, kiss her, faint, call her folks—what?

She never dreamed she would see tears in his eyes.

That too would make a good memory.

Six months they had lived together. Six months of laughing and loving. Not long, compared to the lifetime most people had. But long enough, if it had to be.

Through the long grey days while she waited alone for her baby to be born, Debbie Ann Power went over those six months time and time again, sorting her memories, weaving them into a story.

A story beautiful enough to erase the nightmares from her mind—to make her forget, almost, the other stories of pain and death. A story long enough to keep her son-to-be from being born into a void, into a featureless past.

A story that would make of him the Tyrone Power IV his father had dreamed of for so long.

Because, of course he would be a boy.

If—by any chance—the baby were a girl, she would be loved. Loved by Debbie with all her heart, the way Tyrone would have loved her, the way he did love his two daughters. And she would mean that Ty's death was meant to be the end of the Powers, that it was God's will that the dream should not come true, the line should be no more.

But waiting for her baby, Debbie Power does not believe that that can be. Counting over her memories, she believes they are for more than one child—for the generations of babies still to be born with the Power name, the Power tradition, the Power ties to the past.

The ties she is fashioning herself out of memory and courage, for the son . . . the son she is praying to have . . . the son Tyrone Power prayed to have. THE END

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DEBBIE REYNOLDS

Continued from page 46

this M-G-M studio here in Culver City."

She turned to Mary. "Mary," she said, "I got a letter the other day from a girl at Monticello high school. She wrote and asked me if she could visit me here on the set of 'The Mating Game.'"

"I wrote her back and said, 'by all means, yes.' And she's coming at four o'clock today. Can you take care of the arrangements?"

"Certainly, Debbie," Mary said.

"Debbie," I asked, "Do you call home every morning from your dressing room?"

She smiled. "I call home all the time," she said, "even when I know the children will be visiting me here later in the day."

"Does Eddie?" I asked.

"He does. And he comes over to see the children every day while I'm here at the studio. Eddie loves both of the children very much."

"But you don't see him?"

"No."

"Do you think there's a chance that he will come back to you?" I asked.

"You'll have to ask Eddie about that," she said. "That's one thing I will not discuss. Ask me anything else."

Mary returned from the telephone just then, saying, "There's a call from the Thaliam office. They want to know if you can call them later this afternoon. It's about the benefit dance."

"I will," Debbie said. Turning to me, she said, "We're up to our ears in work for this dance. It will help pay for the new clinic we are building on the grounds of Mt. Sinai hospital."

"We have raised almost \$40,000. And that's a good start," she said, rather proudly, but was interrupted by a knock on the door. "Miss Reynolds, Miss Reynolds. Call on set."

"Ah," she laughed, putting on her shoes again. "Excuse me, I'll see you later."

"Can we watch?" I asked Miss Mayer.

"Yes, but let's give Debbie a chance to get ready."

When we arrived on the set, brilliant lights were trained on the rough boards that created the illusion of a complete building. I couldn't see any organization in the swarm of technicians, the babble and clatter. But Miss Mayer just said serenely. "We're in luck. They're waiting for a camera set-up."

We were almost on top of a tiny figure in a camp chair before I recognized Debbie, absorbed in the daily newspaper. At the sound of Miss Mayer's voice, she looked up. "I've studied my lines," she explained like a schoolgirl caught not working in study hall. "I know them." And she folded the paper. I caught a glimpse of an unfortunately appropriate headline, heralding another Hollywood divorce case, though a long-expected one.

"Do you mind talking, just before going into a scene?" I asked.

"No," she laughed. "Not at all."

"You've been in the hospital for a five-day checkup recently? Are you sure you're not rushing it, coming back so soon?"

"I'm much better, thank you. Couldn't wait to get back!"

"Who visited you while you were in the hospital?"

"Nobody," she said firmly. "Except my mother, of course. You see, I was supposed to be resting, and the doctor thought it best not to allow any visitors. They did let me receive phone calls, though. I think everybody I've ever known called me or tried to call me!" she laughed.

Turning serious, she continued, "But I

was there to rest. And I did. If there was ever a time and place to reconsider things, it was then and there, in St. Joseph's. And I had so many things to think about..."

She was silent, so I tried to draw her out. "No flashbulbs, no interviews, no headlines—you must have appreciated those five days of privacy."

"I did indeed," Debbie said. "And when I came out, I knew that I had decided to live my life happily, no matter what may happen."

"Then you've decided..."

"To be happy with what I have," she finished the sentence for me.

"And that is?"

"Carrie and Todd. My chief concern is my two children. They are the new life, the thing I pin all my hopes on. Oh, I'm still going to work, though..."

"Miss Reynolds!" the voice called out. "Ready on the set, Debbie!"

Director George Marshall, wearing the jaunty baseball cap that has long been his trademark, quietly began explaining the scene to her.

A hairdresser came and fussed over her coiffure—a casual style—and for a few minutes she seemed lost in thought. When Marshall's voice rang out "All right!" I saw Debbie's head turn toward the hairdresser and her lips frame a quick "Thanks."

The hairdresser spotted Miss Mayer and came to join us while Debbie went into position for the scene. Introduced as Ann Kirk, she told me quietly, "I love to make up Debbie's hair. It's easy to manage and easy to change. She has a remarkably pretty face. She's getting better looking as she matures, you know."

The familiar shout "Quiet!" cut off our conversation, and I settled in Debbie's abandoned camp chair to watch her work. Her co-star Tony Randall stepped into the scene. Tony's a real comedy pro, famous for his sense of timing, and he batted the saucy lines at her in his best smooth style. Debbie batted them right back, matching him all the way.

"Print it!" Marshall said at the finish, while Debbie finished the last steps of her dance routine, collapsing into director Marshall's arms, laughing.

"Debbie, you're a trouper!" the director smiled broadly. "And troupers gotta eat. Let's break for lunch."

"Lunch!" bawled a loud stagehand's voice, and all the fine orderliness of the take broke up into chaos again.

I was ready when Debbie came toward me, but she went right past me, arms outstretched. It wasn't a snub; I turned to see her bending over with her arms full of Carrie Frances, giving the youngster a mama-bear hug. "Going to eat you up!" she growled.

Giggling, Carrie said excitedly, "Mommy danced!"

"Were you there all this time, love?" Debbie turned to the smiling woman who held little Todd in her arms. "Marie, you certainly managed to keep the two of them quiet. How's my boy?" She kissed her son, then told Miss Mayer and me, "Come along. We'll all have lunch in my dressing room."

As we trooped off the set, past stacks of assorted props, Carrie pranced ahead, announcing, "See? New shoes!" She pointed to her sturdy, conspicuously clean sneakers.

"Are they dancing shoes?" her mother asked.

"Yes!" Carrie crowed, promptly putting on a demonstration, ending affectionately by hugging her mother's leg.

By the time we finished our walk far toward the back of the Metro lot, Carrie had lost a bit of her steam, and Marie was carrying her, while Debbie took Todd.

"Milk to drink for me," Debbie reminded the waiter who had arrived with the lunch. "And for the children."

"Yes, Miss Reynolds. Their orders are all ready, too."

"Good." Turning to me, Debbie said, "I'm famished!" She kicked off her shoes and sat down on the floor beside the table. "Do take off your coat. And sit down."

The waiter reappeared, bringing the grownups salad and New York-cut steaks, each done to succulent perfection, medium rare. Seated on the floor beside us, Carrie bravely tackled a small hamburger and carrots and peas. Marie chose the couch, where she could divide her time between eating her own lunch and keeping Todd from scattering his over the chintz. Luckily, Miss Mayer picked a seat near the telephone, because it rang as soon as we started eating.

"... I'm sorry," she said. "She's having lunch now, and she's due back on the set at one sharp. I'll give her the message." She didn't give the message then for Debbie was busy listening to some whispered confidence from Carrie while turning around, not to overlook Todd, to compliment him on his progress with lunch. During the afternoon she'd have moments to talk more freely, I knew; so I just watched her and the children and noticed how perfectly all her words and actions fitted the picture of Debbie drawn by her friends.

Lita Calhoun had told me: "She's a very considerate person brought up to appreciate the things that have come to her," Lita went on. "She's not accustomed to having things handed to her on a silver platter. She has moral strength and is in fact a real, normal girl. That's unusual for a person in this business. I must say she is much more level-headed than either of the other two people involved in ... this thing."

Suddenly, Debbie looked up at me. "Want to go on?" she asked.

"Uh-huh," I answered. "You say you're going to continue to work, Debbie, but isn't it going to be tough? I mean isn't it going to be difficult having to be both a father and a mother to your children?"

Her green eyes flashed, though she betrayed no other emotion. Quietly she said, "My children have two parents. Eddie is still the father of his children."

And then she repeated what she had said earlier. "Eddie loves his children very much." For just the briefest moment she turned away. And I thought back to Lita Calhoun's remark to me: "I believe Deb-

bie feels that once Eddie gets Elizabeth Taylor out of his system, there might be a reconciliation. But she is not counting on it too heavily. She had made up her mind to face the future and to work hard at her career." Then she looked back at me.

"There is one thing I should say," she said. "I suppose I'm the sort of person who trusts everyone. I think you have to be that way to be happy. But when I find that someone whom I have trusted has disappointed me—then—then I guess I just start building all over again."

"That's really all you can do, isn't it?"

I thought of how a child will play at the beach. A child builds a massive sand castle. It becomes a symbol of the happiness in his tiny world.

But then a wave, larger than the rest, comes crashing in, and sweeps the castle away. One child might run in fright; another might burst into tears; a third might pout in anger.

But Debbie can do none of these things, even though her very real symbol of happiness has crumbled and ebbed away.

For Debbie, there is nothing to do but "build all over again."

The phone rang, interrupting my thought. Mary answered it. She listened for a moment, then said, "All right, George. Yes, I'll tell her." She hung up.

"They want you back on the set, if you're ready, Debbie. That was George Marshall. He says he'd like to start shooting at 1 o'clock sharp," she said.

"I'm ready," Debbie said. "But wait. Where's Rocky?" I had completely forgotten about the little dog. We looked around the room, but he wasn't in sight. Nor was he in the adjacent room with its makeup table.

"Rocky," Debbie called.

There was a growl from beneath the sofa. And there he was, munching on a piece of steak he had filched from one of the plates.

"Rocky," Debbie said. "Come out of there." And he did. "You know we have to go back to work," she said. Rocky wagged his tail happily. Debbie snapped the leash onto his collar, then started for the door.

At the door, she stopped. Looking at me, she said, "There's happiness somewhere for everyone, don't you think?"

"Yes, Debbie," I said. "I guess there is."

She smiled quickly. "Bye," she said.

And then she was gone. THE END

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INSIDE STUFF

C'mon along, we're on location this month in Utah with Tab and Rita.



The scene is St. George, Utah, where Columbia is shooting "They Came to Cordura." It's rugged, but he-men Van Heflin and Richard Conte love it. "Imagine," said Van, "Brigham Young lived right next door to where we're staying."

Parties: I almost flipped my permanent at the party **Rock Hudson** and **Jean Simmons** gave to honor **Henry King**, director of their co-starring Universal film, "The Earth Is Mine." There on the sound stage was an exact replica of a garden scene from the picture, pool, fountain, greenery and all. . . . Guest **Sandra Dee**, in a royal-blue trapeze frock, capily prowled Rock's vicinity till finally it happened. "Oh, Sandra," someone asked, "have you met Rock Hudson?" She hadn't, she wanted to so badly, and she all but swooned when she did. "This one I'm growing up for," she whispered to me later. And I really think she means it. . . . **John Saxon**, in a bulky olive-green sweater, khaki slacks and sporting a beard for his role in "The Big Fisherman," brought his best girl, **Vicki Thal**. I would not be surprised if these two head for the altar.

Little Jayne Marie ooh-ed over the baby shower gifts mother **Jayne Mansfield** was given by **Barbara Nichols**, **Terry Moore**, **Noreen Nash** and **Sheila Connolly**, who looked lovely despite her marital vacation from **Guy Madison**. My contribution was a pink nursery lamp for the unfurnished house—so Jayne can find her baby in the dark.

Photoplay spent two days on a cloud, only they called it St. George, Utah, where "They Came to Cordura" is shooting. Working hard and loving it were **Rita Hayworth**, **Gary Cooper**, **Tab Hunter**, **Van Heflin**, **Richard Conte**, **Dick York**, **Michael Callan** and **Robert Keith**. The cast of this Columbia film lived at the El Paseo Motel, adjoining the former winter home of Brigham Young—and we did, too. It's a quiet town, but St. George does have a movie house and the local people could see Tab Hunter for nothing. He



Does Gary Cooper like the film? "Yup!"



Fans help Mickey Callan forget New York—and that girl.



Tab Hunter's a loner, heads for western movies and long walks by himself. The gal for him will be an offbeat one. That's the word, too, for Rita Hayworth's role in "Cordura." No "glamour" this time.



was a regular patron, seeing more westerns there than TV ever dreamed of. When Tab didn't join the rest of the cast for dinner in director **Robert Rossen's** room, he ate early at the local restaurant and then walked the length of the town, alone, before turning in for the night. . . . **Rita Hayworth** has one of the most dramatic roles of her career in this film and though her clothes and makeup are anything but glamorous, her glamour comes through, which producer **Bill Goetz**, who is an amateur photographer, is happy as a clam to take advantage of. **Michael Callan**, the young Broadway star of "West Side Story," is making his Columbia screen debut in "Cordura," but he's anxious to get back to New York soon, "or I'm going to lose my favorite girl."

That Certain Triangle: Twenty pounds plumper, **Liz Taylor** is in self-imposed retreat from the world in gen-

eral and sees few people beside **Eddie Fisher**, his coterie of business pals and her doctor, **Rex Kennemer**. When her small daughter **Liza Todd** developed a bad case of pneumonia, it was Eddie who drove them to the hospital. And it's Eddie who scolds when Liz makes an impulsive statement to the press. He encourages those telephone calls to and from her old friend **Montgomery Clift**, realizing this is a friendship between two insecure people who desperately need each other. . . . And there's one thing about Liz, she keeps her ex-husbands as friends. When **Nicky Hilton** wed teenage **Patricia McClintock**, Liz wished them well and Nicky telephoned his thanks. When **Mike Wilding** and his new wife arrived from London to visit his sons, he carried with him a life-size Bavarian doll for little Liza and spent the morning with Liz. (Continued)

INSIDE STUFF

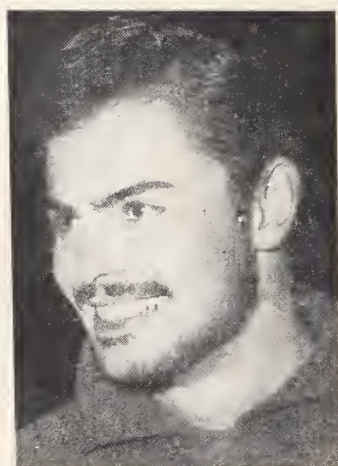
continued



Not too well? MM and husband Arthur Miller.



My baby gift for Jayne, a pink lamp, had Jayne Marie ooh-ing.



Like John Saxon in a beard?

Intimates: A glimpse of Senator **John Kennedy** tenderly holding the **Peter Lawfords'** baby, Victoria Frances, during its christening ceremony, would have melted the heart of even the sternest Republican. Senator John is Peter's brother-in-law and the "Frances" part of the name is for Pete's close friend, **Frank Sinatra**. **Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner** played cupid without knowing it at the party following U-I's preview of "The Perfect Furlough." An established star turned to his wife and said, with a nod toward the Wagners, "Honey, let's try to be more like them." "Let's," she agreed softly and reached for his hand. . . . **Dean Stockwell** and **Millie Perkins**, two individualists against the trite and the trivial, are happiest in each other's company. And they're so right for each other. . . . The **John Gavin** heir is expected in late Spring. . . . **Mark Damon** has fallen for **Diane Varsi** but, alas, Mark's ardent poems of praise and gifts of posies get him nowhere. "I'm too relaxed to fall in love," Diane explains. Which leaves Mark—and me—completely bewildered. . . . June is now the month they're quoting for **Marilyn Monroe's** baby. Marilyn hasn't been feeling too well.

Eddie Takes a House: . . . The lease was already signed on the two-bedroom house before Eddie casually dropped in to inspect his new home. From an entire glass side of the house, Eddie viewed the sights of Hollywood far below, inspected the high-style decorations, approved the small guest house as a rehearsal room and overnight stopping place when his manager Milton Blackstone comes to town. The following day Eddie and Joey Foreman moved in. Rent, including the guest house, is \$400 a month. . . . Willard, Eddie's combination valet-cook-butler, arrived that same morning. . . . Eddie's first evening was spent with **Elizabeth Taylor** in a M-G-M projection room where they sat through three movies, including "A Place in the Sun," which Liz had made with **Monty Clift**. A few days later Eddie himself answered the door to find a neighbor on the doorstep. Unaware that Eddie had taken the house, she started to speak, stopped dead, stared, stammered her surprise and asked, "But what are you doing here?" Eddie regarded her kindly. "Lady," he said wearily, "that's a good question."

Cal York's Jottings: The news from Germany is that **Elvis** has a girlfriend and that she has blond hair, blue eyes—and a dictionary. She's seventeen-year-old **Margrit Buergin** of Frankfurt and Elvis allows that he's dated her "more than any other girl around here." They don't go "steady"—how could they when the Germans just don't have a word for it? El doesn't speak much German and Margrit doesn't speak much English, so, for "Little Puppy" or "Hündchen," as he calls her, I've jotted down some basic words and phrases:

Hound dog—jaghund	Guitar—Guetarre
Colonel Parker—Oberst Parker	Sideburns—Koteletten
Cool—Kühl	Dig—Das mag ich
How about a date?—Können wir uns mahl treffen?	

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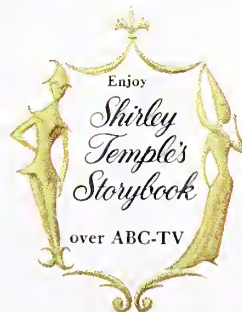


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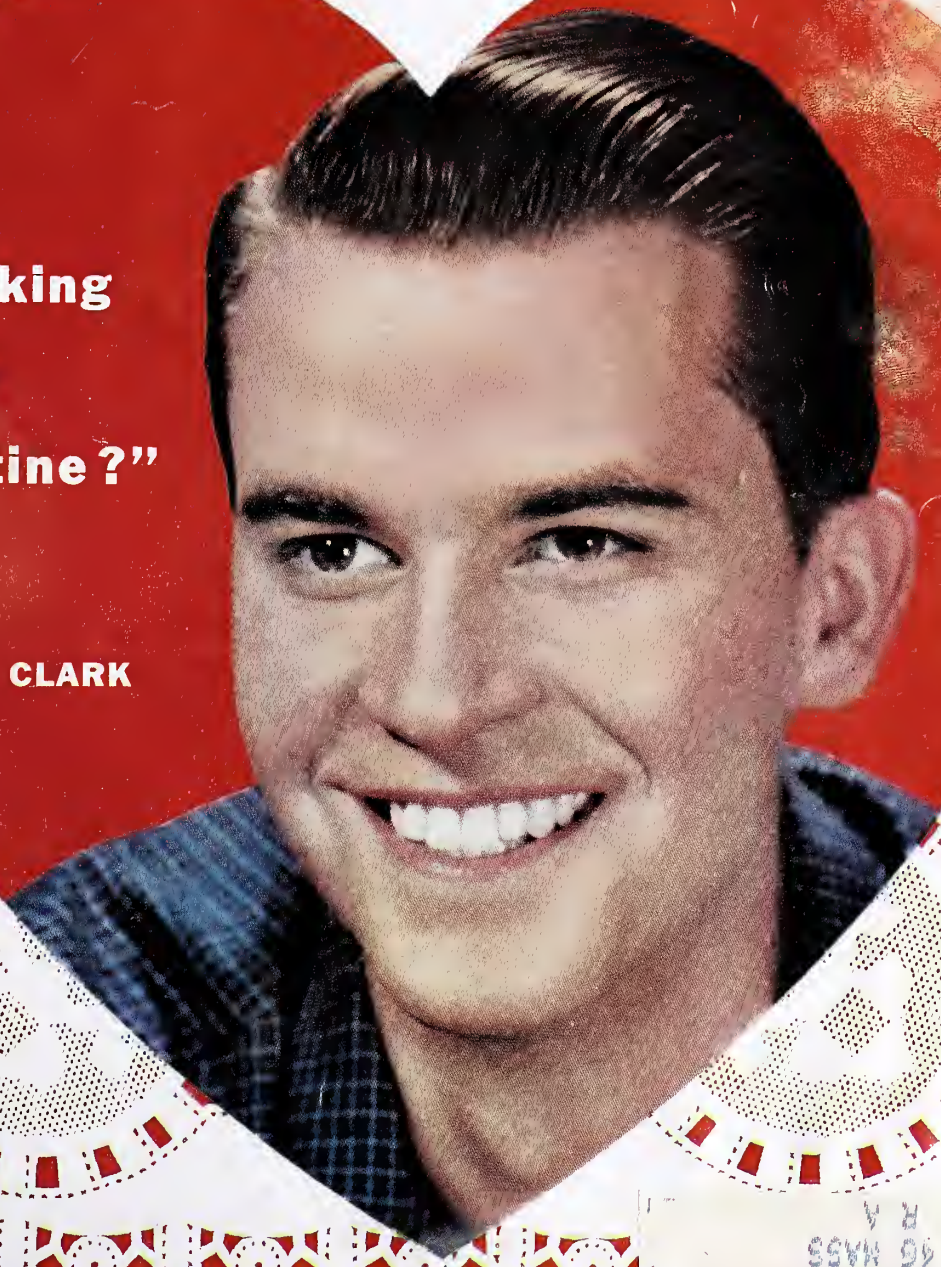
at Boone: "The one day in my life I'm ashamed of"

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MARCH, 1959

VOL. 55, NO. 3

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

PHOTOPLAY SPECIAL

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KENNETH CUNNINGHAM, *Art Director*

NORMAN SIEGEL, *West Coast Editor*

CLAIRE SAFRAN, *Managing Editor*
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ROGER MARSHUTZ, *Staff Photographer*
RICHARD ADELSON, *Art Assistant*

MARCIA BORIE, *West Coast Contributor*

Your April issue will be on sale at your newsstand on March 5th



Photoplay is Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. Executive, Advertising and Editorial Offices at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Lee Andrews, Vice-President; S. N. Himmelman, Vice-President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.

Subscription Rates: \$2.50 one year, \$4.00 two years, \$5.50 three years in U. S., its possessions and Canada. \$5.00 per year all other countries.

Change of Address: 6 weeks notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Manuscripts, Drawings and Photographs will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only material accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned.

Foreign editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lackhart, Vice President.

Re-entered as Second Class Matter May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and other post offices. Authorized as Second Class Mail P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1959 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention. Todas derechos reservados segun la Convencion Pan-Americana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U.S.A. by Art Color Printing Company. Member of True Story Women's Group.

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JOY IN THE
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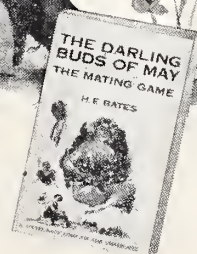
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co-starring

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From the Novel
"The Darling
Buds Of May"
by H. E. Bates

THE MONTHLY RECORD

WEATHER

Who cares about Groundhog shadows so long as Valentine winds are warm?

By GEORGE

VOL. I

FEBRUARY 1958

NO. 1



SPLISH SPLASH FOOTNOTE

"I'm not a star," brown-eyed, brown-haired Bobby Darin emphasizes. "I'm an asterisk."

Bobby Darin and I were having cheeseburgers and milk in the beanery across from the Photoplay offices.

Bobby's real name is Walden Robert Cassotto, and he admits what he likes best about his success is being able to buy his folks a home in the country.

"What do I like to do?" he repeated when we asked him about his pastimes. "Eat, sing and date! I like my to be hero-sandwiches king-sized. That goes for singing, too. And I like gals who make me feel like a king, but I think this is true of all guys, isn't it? And if a gal can cook, too—look out!"

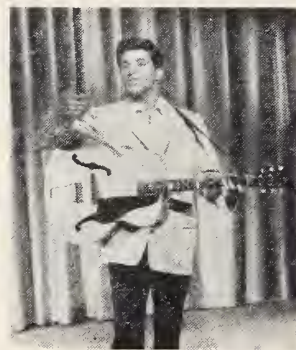
are you a gopher?

Tommy Sands and I were talking the other day in our New York Photoplay offices. Outside, the winter winds howled and yowled, and we were in a huddle about our favorite subject: gophers.

What's a gopher? Well, Tommy and I decided a gal's a gopher if she goes for guys.

"But there are distinctions," Tommy said. "There are gophers and gophers and gophers."

He went on to elucidate. "There's the rah-rah gopher," he said, taking a deep breath, "who busts out all over when she



sees a guy. She's like a cheerleader, ready to lead off with a locomotive soon as she spots a fellow across the street. The trouble is that the rah-rah gophers are a little too hard to reach. They're too busy cheering!"

"But what about," says I, "the gophers all guys like best, the one who kind of comes up on you gently like a spring breeze?"

"They're the greatest," Tommy said, "the greatest! But then, there's the shy-away gopher who worries me a little. The shy-away gopher is so faraway that she's in out-of-this-worldville—and I'm all for bringing her back to earth."

"But how do we do it?" says I.

"How about a club," Tommy suggested, "a special club for *all* gophers?"

"Not a bad idea," counters I. "We could have a special membership card with a list of gopher-pointers from bachelor stars, guys like Rock Hudson and Tab Hunter and Hugh O'Brian and Johnny Saxon and Tony Perkins. Gophers would have a secret password, and every month, in these columns, we could send out special Gopher bulletins that only Gophers could decode!"

"Great," Tommy said, clapping his hands.

Gophers, what do you think? Let's hear from you if you're interested.

TURNTABLE VOX POX

Album of the month: ✓✓✓✓ Capitol's "Swingin' at the Cinema," with the Jonah Jones Quartet handling a swingin' variety of movie music. Jonah's here with his jump-with-joy trumpet, and his happy swingers fly high with such cinemattractions as "All The Way," "Three Coins in the Fountain," "Tammy."



✓✓✓✓ Looking for a party-pile of rock music for a St. Valentine's Day shindig? You can't go wrong with ABC-Paramount's "Dance With Dick Clark" album. Dick's roundup of rock 'n' roll isn't only cool; it's chilly. You'll flip for "Willie and the Hand Jive," "Love is Strange" and "Long Tall Sally."



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relief of body aches and pains due to colds...plus an *exclusive antihistamine* to block allergic reactions often associated with colds. And, to help build body resistance to colds infection, DRISTAN contains *Vitamin C*—actually five times your daily minimum requirement (in one day's dose).

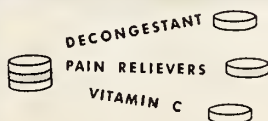
No ordinary colds medicine...whether in liquid, tablet or any other form...can benefit you in the same way as DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

Millions of people have already found new blissful relief from colds miseries and sinus congestion with DRISTAN. You can, too! Get DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets. Available without prescription. And...*important*...accept no substitutes.



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THE MONTHLY RECORD *(continued)*

TURNTABLE VOX POX *(continued)*

✓✓✓Dixieland diggers will want to catch the Riverboat Five coming down the street with their high-trottin' New Orleans brand of music. These cats are worth rooting for when they bayou-bounce with "I Ain't Got Nobody," "Tiger Rag," and "Some-day Sweetheart," plus lots of other old-time finger-snappers. The album? Mercury's "Ma! They're Comin' Down the Street!"



✓✓✓Warning: Don't dare listen to this music alone—ABC-Paramount's "Shock Music in Hi-Fi." If you shock easily, have a Shocktail Party, a cozy, lights-out get-together with everyone figuring out a story for each of the sequences. There's enough atmosphere here to launch at least a dozen blobs, flies and teenage Franksteins. Listen to galloping heartbeats, thundering storms, groans and voodoo drums.

✓✓✓These globe-trottin' Everly Brothers, Phil and Don, called us to tell us about their new Cadence album, "Songs Our Daddy Taught Us," and we listened to a playback of their tape the other day, and I'll go on record as saying that one of the sweetest songs these boys sing is "Who's Gonna Shoe Your Pretty Little Feet?" an ancient ballad from the highlands of Loch Lomond. This is a for-keeps album.



✓✓✓"Politely" features the one and only Keely Smith and her storybook imagination. With each song on this Capitol album, Keely reveals a different pixie personality. Keely'll add a sophisticated turn of phrase to the simplest lyric or a lingering blues note to a bouncy-bright melody. But whatever the song or lyric, Keely's own special smoky-voiced quality is there to delight her listeners. Other "Politely" selections Keely sings with a wink—"Sweet and Lovely" and "I Can't Get Started."

hemidemisemiquavers

"A Gene Vincent Record Date" with the Blue Caps features "Five Feet of Lovin'" and "Hey Good Lookin'," two songs Gene seems to come by naturally. . . . "Folk Songs for Babies, Small Children, Parents and Baby Sitters" is chockful of ballads for the small fry. When you're busy with a math problem and baby starts to coo from his crib, turn on the turntable and let him listen to "Bobby Shafto" or "Daylight Train." . . . In "The Things We Did Last Summer," the Four Preps spin a platter full of romantic tales from "Makin' Love Ukulele Style" to "Love Letters in the Sand." . . . Nat King Cole's "The Very Thought of You" is a smash—twelve beautiful ballads dedicated to your very special love. Nat's rich voice is at its most intimate. . . . "Smoochin' Time" with the Ames Brothers includes "Just Squeeze Me But Please

Don't Tease Me" and "Aren't You Kind of Glad We Did?" Interesting bit from jacket notes: A smooch is a smudge but a smouch is a smooch—according to Webster. . . . "N. Y. Export: Op. Jazz" from "Ballets U.S.A." is the modern jazz score by Bob Prince that took the Brussels Worlds Fair by storm. Free-wheeling jazz fans will listen to it for hours. On the flip side: Leonard Bernstein's ballet music from the Broadway musical, "West Side Story." . . . Lawrence Welk's "Champagne Dancing Party" will please dancers of all ages. "These are the good old songs," the maestro says, "that people just naturally like to dance to, songs like 'Alexander's Ragtime Band' and 'Lullaby of Broadway' and 'Do You Ever Think of Me?'" You know something? He's right. Listen to his album and your toes begin tapping.

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24 ALBUMS BELOW
FOR ONLY \$3.98**

[NATIONALLY ADVERTISED
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... if you agree to buy five albums from the Club during the next twelve months from at least 100 to be made available

THIS exciting new plan, under the direction of the Book-of-the-Month Club, enables you to have on tap a variety of popular music... and, once and for all, takes bewilderment out of building such a well-balanced collection. **YOU PAY FAR LESS FOR ALBUMS THIS WAY** than if you buy them haphazardly. For example, the extraordinary introductory offer described above can represent as much as a 40% saving in your first year of membership. **THEREAFTER YOU SAVE ALMOST 33 1/3%.** After buying the five albums called for in this offer, you will receive a **free** 12-inch 33 1/3 R.P.M. album, with a nationally advertised price of at least \$3.98, for every two albums purchased from the Club. **A WIDE CHOICE OF RCA VICTOR ALBUMS** will be described each month. One will be singled out as the *album-of-the-month*. If you want it, you do nothing; it will come to you automatically. If you prefer an alternate—or *nothing at all*—you can make your wishes known on a form always provided. You pay the nationally advertised price—usually \$3.98, at times \$4.98 (plus a small postage and handling charge).



Belafonte

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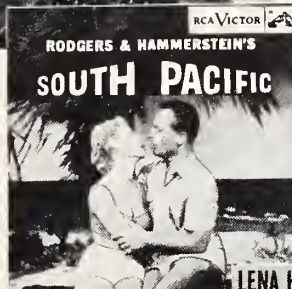


MOONGLOW

PERRY COMO: WE GET LETTERS



**YES INDEED!
TOMMY DORSEY
AND HIS ORCHESTRA**



**RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN'S
SOUTH PACIFIC**

**LENA HORNE at the
WALDORF ASTORIA**



Mario Lanza

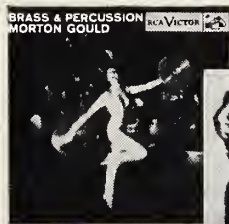
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| ☐ LENA HORNE AT THE WALDORF ASTORIA | ☐ TOMMY DORSEY: YES INDEED! <i>Marie</i> , <i>Star Dust</i> . | ☐ DUKE ELLINGTON: IN A MELLOTONE 16 gems from the Duke's golden era. |
| ☐ MARIO LANZA — STUDENT PRINCE. | ☐ SWEET SEVENTEEN Ames Brothers, <i>Little White Lies</i> , <i>I Don't Know Why</i> , <i>Seventeen</i> , etc. | ☐ VICTORY AT SEA Richard Rodgers' stirring score for the NBC-TV program. |
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STARDOM ROAD IS EASY

Young Don Costa, ABC-Paramount's musical talent scout who discovered Paul Anka and Eydie Gorme, George Hamilton IV and Johnny Nash, met with us one brisk January day and gave us the lowdown on stardom.

First thing we asked: "How can a young singer break into the big time?"

"One teenage team," Don told us, "sent me a twenty-five cent record they made in a penny arcade. One of the guys beat on the side of the wall, tom-tom style, while the other strummed a guitar. Both of them sang their hearts out, and they made a great 'demo' (demonstration record)."

But, Don adds, a singer or a composer must offer something original if he wants the "inside" people, the behind-the-scenes starmakers, to take



notice. "That's where a lot of the trouble is," Don says. "So much of the stuff everyone sends me is common. But the guys and gals who 1) think up fresh ideas on old themes, 2) dream up unusual titles (such as 'Yakety-Yak') and lyrics or 3) put a song together with a lot of bounce are the ones that click!"

Don prefers teenagers writing music for the big teenage market. "Some of the big-name song-writers," Don says, "often write down to the teenager, and this just doesn't go. Teenagers are more responsive to new music. They don't have the taboos or prejudices of older folks. They're willing to give a new musical idea a fair chance."

An up-and-coming Don Costa discovery is a twelve-year-old girl composer from White Plains, New York, who's penned "Boom-Butta-Snap-Snap" or What Happens When Somebody Pulls At Your PonyTail Band?

IVY LEAGUE NEWCOMER

One neat dresser we ran into at the Columbia Pictures' screening room where thirty high school newspaper editors were previewing his new film, "Senior Prom," was Paul Hampton, all decked out in a red wool blazer jacket with gold coin buttons, gray flannel pants and a slim black tie.

Paul, a Dartmouth grad, got into show business via a blind date!

On his first night out with Susan Adams, he sang her his song, "Love Me So I'll Know," when they got back to her home after the movies. Susan was so impressed with Paul's singing she called her Mom. Her Mom listened and called in Susan's Dad. Suddenly the four of them began plotting our Paul's career. Mrs. Adams knew Mitch Miller, who heads Columbia Records' pop music department. She made the introduction, and Mitch signed Paul to a contract soon as he heard Paul sing.

Then, Paul waxed a couple of records, made a cross-country tour of personal appearances, found himself a fan club—to boot.

Paul tells me he hero-worships the singing of Frank Sinatra and Pat Suzuki. Frank has been Paul's inspiration.

Paul admits to being an avid reader, favors fiction ("old-fashioned novels with happy endings"). He's fond of chicken cooked with black cherries, eats lots of fruits and drinks No-Cal like crazy. ("I'd be a bouncing butterball otherwise.")

Here's a capsule review of Paul's film from high-school editor, Betty Aberlin of Staten Island: "'Senior Prom' is fun. It's got a bunch of typical characters running wild on a typical college campus, and the yak-yaks and clowning never stop. Teenagers'll flip for the new Ivy League beat!"



friendship jingles

With St. Valentine's Day not far off, Frankie Avalon tells me he's blue because he's without a steady. But he's thankful, he says, that he has so many wonderful friends.

"They've done so much for me," Frankie told me in a telephone call from his home in Philadelphia. "I could never have done it without them."

He was speaking, of course, of his sensational, overnight climb up the ladder of show-business success.

In honor of friendship and St. Valentine's Day, Frankie would like to offer a friendship ring to the girl who sends in the best four-line jingle on friends or friendship.



Deadline is February 28th. Address all jingles to Frankie Avalon, c/o Photoplay.

The prize? A gold pinky band with a little ding-a-ling bell (it has a seed pearl for a clapper) and a dangling heart enamelled with rose petals.

From this very moment...

Fresh New Beauty begins with

Zest

... that
radiant,
glowing clean,
naturally
lovely look!

AND TO HIGHLIGHT YOUR NEW BEAUTY
ZEST OFFERS THIS ELEGANT EXTRA—

Tussy "Beauty Touch" Compact

WITH PRESSED POWDER (85¢ VALUE)



Send 2 Zest wrappers (any size) and 25¢ to defray expenses for your Tussy "Beauty Touch" Compact. Offer limited!

SPECIAL OFFER

Compact Department E-2
P. O. Box 52, Cincinnati 99, Ohio

I have enclosed two Zest wrappers (any size) and 25¢ to defray expenses. Please send me the Tussy "Beauty Touch" Compact. My skin tone is: Fair _____ Medium _____ Dark _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Offer good only in continental United States and Hawaii.
Offer expires July 31, 1959. Be sure to place sufficient postage on your envelope and allow three weeks for delivery.

From the very first moment Zest's mild, complexion-soft lather touches your skin, your complexion feels radiantly aglow—satin smooth—free from dulling soap film. Zest washes away skin bacteria to keep your complexion protected—fresh, clear, naturally lovely all day. Now discover Zest while you can get the elegant pink and gold Tussy "Beauty Touch" Compact with pressed powder.

READERS INC.

The Forgotten Men?

Movies always seem to have the same themes: western, sex or musical. Wouldn't it be nice to produce a different story—say one about young interns of today? These doctors spend hours in a grim, thankless task. Wouldn't their work make a wonderful story for a movie?

VIRGINIA SCHWABEL
St. Paul, Minn.

We think you must have missed "Not as a Stranger" and the whole of Dirk Bogarde's "Doctor" series . . . and there are many more.—Ed.

That Boy Byrnes

I think "77 Sunset Strip" is the best show on TV this season and the cast can't be beaten. Edd Byrnes, aside from being very good-looking, is exceptionally talented. I have seen him in "Marjorie Morningstar," "Darby's Rangers" and "Life Begins at Seventeen," and in these he really displayed his acting ability. I adore hearing him talk in his pleasing boy style.

JOYCE HALPER
Chicago, Ill.

P.S. The back-flips he sometimes does on TV really swing me.

. . . I watch Edd Byrnes every Friday in "77 Sunset Strip." I know a lot of people would like to read about him; me included.

TOM LEWIS
Philadelphia, Pa.

Did you see Edd on page 39 this issue?—Ed.



A fan digs the way Edd Byrnes flips.

Eek! It's Dracula Again!

I'd like to send an answer to Jo Anne Jensen who wrote in January:

Dear Jo Anne . . . I read your wonderful letter concerning Christopher Lee's interpretation of the very evil Count Dracula. I'm in complete agreement with you. He is "the coolest." I'm clipping your letter and sending it to Chris who is a very close friend of mine. He'll appreciate it very much.

ANN SHEARING
Brooktondale, N. Y.

. . . I wrote you before on Boh Evans. Now I have fallen in love with vampires. Please don't think I'm crazy. I really love them. My mother thinks I'm really crazy. I sleep, eat and drink vampires. My favorite is Count Dracula. I was wondering if you could give me some information on him. I'm reading the book and would like to know who played the part in the picture. I wish I were a vampire. I've been studying them all year.

JOANNE MILLER
Frackville, Pa.

Monroe and Mrs. Arthur Miller, I wish her success and happiness.

H. R. WICKLAND
Bothell, Wash.

Who's That Girl Barrie?

I thought Barrie Chase was great in "Mardi Gras." She electrified the screen. How about some information about her? What has her studio planned for her in the future?

PURDUE STUDENT
Lafayette, Ind.

Believe it or not, her real name's Barrie Chase! Born in New York City, she stands 5 ft. 7 in. in her stockinged feet. A slim 121 lbs., she has brown eyes and auburn hair. She's made one other picture, "Silk Stockings," and she was Fred Astaire's partner in his TV special. Watch for her next in 20th's "Can-Can." Does this satisfy the student?—Ed.

Great People

I enjoyed the January issue of Photoplay very much, especially the story of Debbie



I understand, reader tells Marilyn. I, too, thought I'd never have a baby.

The latest Count Dracula (as mentioned in Ann's letter) was played by Christopher Lee in Universal's "The Horror of Count Dracula." But perhaps you mean Bela Lugosi, who portrayed him in earlier movies.—Ed.

Open Letter to Marilyn

I just read your article in Photoplay and it was the most heartwarming story I ever read that actually happened to a real person. I understand how much you want a baby. You see, my doctor told me chances were I couldn't have one when I married, but the dear Lord was merciful. I did have a beautiful baby boy. He's now nine months old. I realize now what I was missing before. He is so wonderful and everything seems so beautiful now.

I want to say, Marilyn, please have patience. The Dear Lord will be good. God bless you, and I want to wish you all the luck in the world—you'll be filling that crib soon. How soon is up to the Lord. I wish I could send you a picture of my baby. I thank the Lord he's mine; I love him so much, so very much. Marilyn, please have faith.

A HAPPY MOTHER
Syracuse, N. Y.

He Digs MM

Thank you for the Marilyn Monroe story by Radie Harris. Personally I think Miss Monroe is in a class by herself. She is a real delight on the screen and becomes better in each picture. Both as Marilyn

Reynolds and the one about Jerry Lewis. I just about cried.

I also liked the contest article "Win a Present From the Stars." I think the stars are wonderful to do things like that. I sent my entry blank in and I hope I win . . . but even if I don't, I think the stars are great. Some people say some stars care only for themselves but I think this contest proves they don't.

M.K.P.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sad Loss

As a fan of his for many years, I'd like to pay tribute to a great star—Tyrone Power. His death is a grievous loss to Hollywood and his many fans. He could not be equaled for handsomeness, charm, and sex appeal. He was a fine actor with a vibrant speaking voice. It was with great sadness that I read of his passing.

MARY NOBLE
Chicago, Ill.

To John Saxon

The greatest of all young stars is he, And greater still in years to come he'll be. Handsome is not the word for him, He's tall and terrifically prim.* His acting proved what he could do, He keeps his fans from feeling blue. He'll go ahead and never will shirk, And come out tops in his good work.

PHILOMENA PRIM*
Bombay, India
Continued on page 14

NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

Now you can shampoo...
Set with plain water...and have
lively, natural looking curls!



New Rich,
Rich Liquid!
Lanolin-
Blessed!

Tina Louise

co-starring in
"THE TRAP"

A Paramount Picture
Color by Technicolor



TINA LOUISE, one of Hollywood's most glamorous new stars, keeps her hair soft, shining and easy-to-manage with Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Why don't YOU try it, too?

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Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme. Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

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Lustre-Creme—
never dries —
it beautifies —
now in liquid,
lotion or cream!

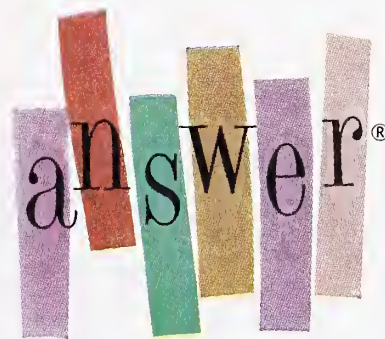


4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!





GOSSARD'S



What fun to frolic . . . and figure right in your fashions, too! **Answer** is the original design* with inner elastic bands that gentle you in. Try on Answer. See how this boneless wonder glamorizes you.

Left: Answer pantie girdle

Supports your most active life. So comfortable it can even be worn while bowling. Detachable garters. \$12.50
With zipper \$15

Center: Answer Deb pantie

Featherweight style to put fun in function for debutante figures. Pantie with detachable garters \$8.95
Matching girdle \$7.95

Right: Original Answer girdle

Takes a countdown on inches to make you svelte 'neath your splinter fashions. \$10.95. With zipper \$12.50

Bra in embroidered cotton, contoured with foam rubber \$3.95

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Gossard CO., CHICAGO

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READERS INC.

Continued from page 10

International Acclaim

I happened to see the film "The Brothers Karamazov" on a recent trip to Athens, Greece, and enjoyed it very much. Could you please give me the name of the small boy who gave such a wonderful performance? Do you think we will ever see him in another picture and what is his age?



Hugh O'Brian is the boy you all want to read about. His fans think he's great.

The acting of the child was outstanding and I think he will have a big future.

You cannot imagine how much we enjoy your magazine here in Turkey. We can hardly wait for the new copy each month.

MIKE STAUDACHER
Istanbul, Turkey

We think you must mean Miko Osgood, 10, who played Illusha Snegiryov, the captain's son. We'd like to see him again, too.—Ed.

The Best for O'Brian

The best person you can put into the best magazine is Hugh O'Brian. Perhaps you could find room for him on a cover. Hugh is a superb actor as well as a wonderful person. How about it?

LOU HENSLEY
Culpeper, Va.

... I hope you will feature a story on Hugh O'Brian. Hugh is very likable with a nice personality and I know that there are lots of his fans who would like to read a story on him.

STELLA SALAMIDA
Northport, N. Y.

Watch for him next month!—Ed.

He Caught My Eye

One night while watching TV
A cute boy caught my eye.
His voice was soft and tender,
His looks were cute and shy.
And ever since I saw him,
I was a poor fool born too late.
And only if dreams come true
Rick would be my steady date.
Ricky's that boy with a certain smile,
But I guess things happen that way.
And it really would be a thrill for me,
If he'd make my dreams come true today.
SANDIE HYJEK (13)
Buffalo, N. Y.

Three Cheers!

I just read the last issue and boy, was I pleased! It was great; especially Dick Clark's column. Before I read this edition of Dick's column, I was never too sure what really happened to Pat Molitieri—now I know she had an appendicitis attack during the show. I think the column is very interesting and makes for real good reading. Reading about our Bandstand favorites helps to bring us closer to them. Three cheers for Dick Clark and his monthly column. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

ANITA FOX
St. Louis, Mo.

A Terrific Guy

Thank you for the article on Sal Mineo called "Me and the Other Kids Feel Saddest at Christmas." Being the president of Sal's Fan Club, I am always looking for articles concerning him. This one shows what a terrific guy he is and how fond he is of his fans, regardless of their age. I know all Sal's fans are looking forward to seeing more of him in future issues.

EDIE WOODCOCK
Sal Mineo's Fan Club, Chapter 20

Dear George Nader:

I read your article "Are you the girl I'm looking for?" and liked it very much. I decided to write to Photoplay because I wanted you to know how wonderful it was for me.

I was happy when I knew what great ideas you had about love. Now there aren't "4688 Girls Who Said Yes." There's one more, me!

ELISA R. PARIS
Rosario de Sante Fe, Argentina
P.S. Please excuse my English.

We thought it was excellent!—Ed.

Mark Damon

I enjoyed Mark Damon's story in the January issue of Photoplay. I have subscribed to Photoplay for many years but seldom have I come across such a stirring story. Keep printing stories like that!

PHYLLIS VARDELL
Biggs, Calif.

... Just read the story on Mark Damon and I enjoyed it very much. I am very interested in this actor and I think he will be very successful. He has looks, talent, and personality. Most of all, though, I am very interested in knowing if this story was true or was it just for publicity? If it is true, can you tell me the name of the girl and why it was so hushed?

LILLIAN
Waterbury, Conn.

Mark's a gentleman and he didn't want to embarrass the girl. We hope he sees her again.—Ed.

Popular "Down Under," Too

I live in New Zealand and every month I eagerly await the arrival of your magazine. My favorite star is Henry Fonda. I was wondering if you could run an article about him and, perhaps if I'm lucky, a pin-up photo. I have seen two pictures of his lately, "The Tin Star" and "The Wrong Man." His acting in the latter picture was simply superb. I also saw him in "Mr. Roberts" and again his acting was Oscar material.

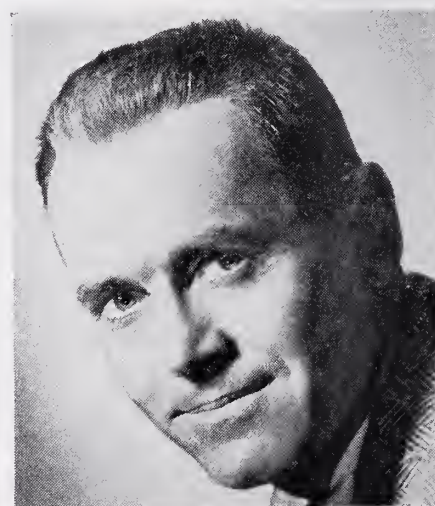
JOCELYN SHORTRIDGE
Northlands, New Zealand

Did you know that it was Marlon Brando's mother, Flora, who first persuaded Henry to become an actor!—Ed.

Don't Forget the Old Ones

It's interesting to note how the foreign and teenage stars have crowded many old favorites into the background. It's been ages since I read about Maureen O'Hara in your magazine. How about giving everyone a break? There are a great many of us older (I'm 23) readers who I'm sure would enjoy a story about her.

VIRGINIA L. STANFORD
Boulder, Montana



Henry's photo for a New Zealand fan.

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.



Wherever you are, whatever you do
new Kotex napkins with the Kimlon center

protect better, protect longer. Now Kotex adds the Kimlon center to increase absorbency, to keep stains from going through. With this inner fabric, the Kotex napkin stays even softer, holds its shape for perfect fit. Choose Kotex—the name you know best—in this smart new package.



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You can give your complexion New Life—leave it softer, fresher—
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far more thoroughly than you'd dare to do with harsher soaps. No
drying detergents! No greasy cold creams! No irritating deodorants!

New! lather fragrance color wrapper

THEY WON

A PRESENT FROM THE STARS

Look down this list carefully. Do you know any of the Photoplay readers who won a present from a star? Or were you one of the lucky ones yourself? The postman should have called by now.

PAT BOONE

*Carole Iatarola
2605 Massey St.
Philadelphia, Pa.*

JERRY LEWIS

*L. K. Van
1023 Underwood Place
Cincinnati 5, Ohio*

ELVIS PRESLEY

*Betty Jo Gills
337 N. W. 37th St.
Miami 37, Fla.*

VAN CLIBURN

*Mrs. H. J. Roemer
828 E. Thurston
Spokane 36, Wash.*

TONY CURTIS

*Linda Mintz
Day Hall, Box 277
Syracuse University
Syracuse 10, N. Y.*

TONY PERKINS

*T. Cooper
Williamsburg, Pa.*

GEORGE NADER

*Pearl Lichtman
150-03 88th Ave.
Jamaica, L. I. N. Y.*

DAVE and RICK NELSON

*Helen A. Waterman
N. 6714 Smith St.
Spokane 51, Wash.*

DICK CLARK

*Sharon Niell
1811 Pullman Ave.
San Pueblo, Calif.*

Sara Hamilton's

INSIDE STUFF



When I see Esther Williams, I know Jeff Chandler's not far.

What chance does a happy marriage have in Hollywood? That's the question Photoplay asked last month. My own answer to it has always been an emphatic yes, but after those fifteen-minutes of tear-filled testimony that ended **Pier Angeli's** four-year marriage to **Vic Damone**, I can't blame too much the people who would argue with me. Pier, who won custody of their three-year-old son Perry, charged Vic was "insanely jealous."... **Tony Curtis's** imitation of **Cary Grant** on the set of Universal's "Operation Petticoat," is a screamer. A little of Tony's old Bronx cheer mixed with Cary's ever-so-slight cockney even fooled **Betsy Drake** during a long telephone conversation.

Strictly Inside: **Yul Brynner's** young Viennese admirer failed to visit him in Spain while Yul was replacing the late **Tyrone Power** in "Solomon and Sheba." At least no one on the set glimpsed her. . . . All wrapped up in cotton wool ready to be shipped home is **Elvis'** new hand-made "geetar," purchased in the small guitar-making town near the Czech border. El writes we'll love its "caressing" tones. And I'll bet we will. . . . **Lauren Bacall** is entertaining her friends in London with those **Sinatra** records ordered from Raf's record bar in Beverly Hills. The **Oliviers**, Sir and Lady, go for the **Sinatra** style in a big way. . . . **Kim Novak** and **Fredric March** are knee-deep in 20th's "Middle of the Night," but if today's vamp, who's dyed her hair brown for this role, doesn't stop those insecure fidgets, she may end up over her head. This Mr. March is some actor. . . . Those out-sized men's sweaters **Sophia Loren** brought back from Europe are shooting up the eyebrows of Hollywood's nosey set. "They hide my bosom," Sophia explains. But Hollywood wonders if maybe—oh well, you know old nebbly us. Always wondering. . . . Nothing personal, I hope, but producer-director **Josh Logan** wants **Liz Taylor** to play **Edna St. Vincent Millay**, who penned the line, "My candle burns at both ends." Did you know that Miss Millay wrote some of her most famous poems when she was still a teenager? Why not give them a

look-see? . . . That was a cozy compromise **Rick Nelson** made with his dad. Rick, who refused **Ozzie's** plea to enter college this year, now has a private tutor to keep him up in his freshman studies. Just in case, you know.

Friendship: At its first glimpse of **Diane Varsi** and **Don "Red" Barry** together, the town literally tripped over its tippet. But the "Red" Barry who was so unpleasantly involved in scandals is no more. A new man today through faith in his Science of Mind Religion, Red's imparted something of his life-saving philosophy to Diane. . . . **Ava Gardner** confided to friends in Australia, while filming "On the Beach," that when (and if, may I add?) she weds Italian actor **Walter Chiari**, she wants her best friend and ex-husband, **Frank Sinatra**, to be with her. Frank, who dropped everything to fly to Ava's side when an accident in Spain threatened to scar her beautiful face, is now thoughtfully squiring about Hollywood the widow of his late friend, agent **Bert Allenberg**, seeing to it that she is not left alone. A real son of a gun to those he has no use for, Frankie can be a friend indeed to those he likes. . . . I hate to say this but the truth is **John Saxon** regards **Sandra Dee** as a sort of teenage nuisance. The deeply philosophical Mr. Saxon smiles indulgently at Miss Dee, little dreaming that day by day the wise little blonde is more and more becoming aware of the power of those fatal feminine charms. Look out, Johnny Saxon! Wiser men than you have been caught in that oh, so tender trap.

New Girl in Town: When the **Jean Harlow** story is brought to the screen, **Stella Stevens** seems the girl most likely to play the role. And all because of Fate, Stella insists. . . . For instance, the first day the platinum blonde beauty began a modeling job in a swank Memphis, Tennessee shop, in walked the brother of Hollywood agent **Bill Shrifin**. "Mr. Shrifin telephoned his brother about me and," Stella told me, glancing around the Twentieth Century-Fox dining room, ". . . and here I am." . . . Stella had Little Theater work behind her, which, of course, helped to promote her right (continued)



Wonder how Eleanor Parker, Carolyn Jones, Frank Capra and Thelma Ritter kept the secret from both Frank Sinatra and Edward G. Robinson when they gave a twin party?

INSIDE STUFF

continued

into a showgirl role in "Say One for Me." But despite Fate and success, Stella has one big regret. Living most of her life in Elvis' hometown, she never once glimpsed the singer. "Which makes me something of a wash-out in Hollywood," she moans.

Parties of the month: **Debbie Reynolds**, who's been hurling herself into movie and record making, keeps busy with her pet charities, too. She buzzed from the Waif to the Thalian ball, a glitter, a glamour, a pocket full of clamor, that delighted **Gail Storm** with husband **Lee Bonnell**, **Kim Novak**, back with **Mac Krim** before a New York visit, **Terry Moore** and **Cesar Romero**. And my oh my, the way people gaped at the Waif affair when Debbie, in a cute hair bow, danced and prattled with handsome **Jacques Bergerac** on "loan" for the evening from **Dorothy Malone**. **Ronnie Burns** gave Debbie a breather by attracting the stares to himself when he waltzed with **Princess Sophia**, who then guided Ronnie through the presentation to guest of honor **Queen Frederika** of Greece. . . . As chairman of the Thalian Charity Ball a few weeks later, Debbie once again fluttered among the tables of the **Dean Martins**, **Milton Berles**, **Shirley MacLaine** with husband **Steve Parker**, and **Doris Day**, a dream in her white satin coat, with husband **Marty Melcher**. And this time Dorothy Malone herself, wearing dark glasses, arrived with her handsome Monsieur Bergerac. . . . Can it be that **Rick Nelson** was too shy to fix up his own date? He escorted pretty, blonde **Barbara Loren** through the courtesy of his agents, Music Corporation of America, who "arranged" it all. Sharing a table with **David Nelson** and slim, trim **Venetia Stevenson**, Rick and Barbara seemed to have a ball at the ball. With a skullcap wig, à la **Yul Brynner**, **Donald O'Connor** and the three **Crosby** boys, Dennis, Philip and Gary, supplied the formal entertainment. But it was Debbie who really starred. . . . When I trekked to New York for a snappy few days to attend the wedding of MCA chief **Jules Stein's** daughter, Jean, I had to look twice to make myself believe that really was **Princess Grace** and her husband **Prince Rainier** at the reception. Grace, in a white angora tam covering her blonde hair, behaved royally but I couldn't help remembering when Grace was one of us in Hollywood, working together, attending parties together.

TV Jottings: I personally, could do with less of the **Everly Brothers** and more of **Johnny Mathis**. All right, so sue me! Or better yet, why not write and tell me *your* favorites? . . . Put me down as one of those who feels **Tommy Sands** is muffing his promising singing career with all this yen for a dramatic acting career. Tommy, who had a good chance of catching up with **Pat Boone** or maybe **Eddie**

Fisher, has let his singing career slide, and to my way of thinking, that should come first. Tell me, am I wrong in this? . . . **Lindsay Crosby** flips from a "Yancy Derringer" episode to a guest shot on "77 Sunset Strip." And if Lindsay makes the grade—watch out, TV, here comes another Crosby. . . . Incidentally that pretty girl you've wondered about on the "Yancy Derringer" series, as a frequent guest, is none other than **Charley McCarthy's** step-mother, Mrs. Edgar Bergen. Next season



Shirley MacLaine's happy, too, now that Steve Parker's home.



Gloomy days over, Janet gets a buss from Tony's Pal, Dino.

Frances Bergen may do a series with husband Edgar. And Charley, of course.

Tales of Hollywood: Did you know **Al Hedison**, **Joanne Woodward** and **Steve McQueen** were all students together at New York's Neighborhood Playhouse? "We all landed in Hollywood about the same time," Al moans, "but look what happened. Joanne became an Oscar winner, I became 'The Fly' and Steve became 'The Blob.'" My bet is that with Al's humor and good looks, he'll become a star one of these days soon. His "Son of Robin Hood" role is a stepping stone. Al dates both **Terry Moore** and **Venetia Stevenson** but his heart really belongs to a pretty reader at Warner Bros. studio. Al doesn't like to talk about it—yet. . . . England's popular star **Kenneth More**, who co-starred with **Jayne Mansfield** in "Sheriff of Fractured Jaw," claims he'd rather play opposite the Titanic, as he did in "Night to Remember," than make another picture with Jayne. "I don't know why," retorted Jayne, taking time-out from cooing over baby Miklos. "The Titanic met up with an iceberg and no one can accuse me of being an iceberg."

Set of the Month: **Debbie Reynolds** was wearing a few stray beads for her chorus girl role in "Say One for Me" when I arrived on the set at **Bob Wagner's** special invitation. "Come and get a load of me as a song and dance man," Bob had telephoned and off I trotted to sit on the sidelines with **Natalie Wood** and enjoy the fun. . . . "Now make like a singer," director **Frank Tashlin** ordered Bob. "Here, let me show how a singer stands," Debbie offered, going into a perfect take-off of who else but **Eddie Fisher**! . . . During a long take, with Bob taking a singer's stance, I caught his look of petition directed toward Natalie. "Am I doing this right? Is it okay?" his eyes seemed to ask. "And I do the same with him," Natalie confided. "I constantly need his assurance." Which should give you an idea of just how happy this marriage is. Bob's sudden drop in weight, fifteen pounds, due to those dance rehearsal routines for the picture, had Mrs. Wagner worried. "We're having liver, mashed potatoes with butter and dessert for dinner," she warned Bob, "and you eat." . . . On my way out, a faint tapping sound coming from one of the rehearsal rooms caught my attention. Cautiously opening the door, I peeked in and there, all by himself, was **Bing Crosby**, practicing a little dance step for his role in the "Say One" movie. As a priest caught up in the Broadway whirl, it seems Bing enjoys a bit of fancy feet tapping.

Bits and Pieces: **David Nelson** will spend six months with the Air National Guards, but first, he and **Rick** hope to make a movie together. . . . **Taina Elg** and **Keith Larson** are a constant, serious twosome. . . . The serious hernia operation on their baby daughter Jaimie had **Janet Leigh** and **Tony Curtis** depressed and worried.

Coming so soon after the death of Tony's father, it spread a pall of gloom, now lifted, on the Curtis manse. . . . **Marlon Brando** thinks **France Nuyen**, now in Broadway's "Susie Wong," is the prettiest thing since **Anna Kashfi**. But, as friends point out to France, look what happened to Anna. . . . **Anthony Steele**, **Anita Ekberg's** husband and a once favorite star in England, may try it alone in Hollywood. And everyone in town is pulling for him to rebuild his tottering career.

Around Town: **James Darren** lost little time bemoaning his separation from wife and child after they were gone. At least James looks awfully pleased these days with **Evie Norlund** of Denmark, a young and pretty starlet—and with the success of his song "Gidget." . . . **Sal Mineo** was amused at those first few fan letters raving over his latest film. "And Tonka very much," the letters ended. But now Sal has had it. So, please, no more. And Tonka very much. . . . It was a return shower **Debbie Reynolds** gave **Lita Calhoun**. And Rory's cute wife, who "showered" Debbie before the arrival of Todd Fisher, is so excited over the prospect of her second child— "Well, I can't eat," she cried. "Only like a small horse," Rory grins. . . . If **Sue** and **Alan Ladd** aren't the most excited, adoring grandparents in town, don't tell me about any others. I wouldn't believe it. In fact, the glow that radiates from the Ladds over the birth of their grandchild to daughter **Carol Lee** and husband **John Veitch**, makes dark



Barbara Loren is Rick's date, Dave's with Venetia Stevenson.

the Curtises are buying furniture only as they can afford it, and going slowly to insure against those repent-in-leisure mistakes. . . . Tony and Janet sleep in twin beds in one large room, with Tony using his office-den-bath as a dressing room, but every once in a while Tony frowns like a thundercloud as Janet loses her head in a grand rearranging and shoving around of furniture. . . . All afternoon, Janet kept peeping in at Jaimie, reassuring herself that the baby was really all right after that operation. Kelly, in a black-and-white check blouse, red pleated skirt and red bows in her blond hair, made elaborate efforts to tiptoe and not waken her baby sister sleeping in the yellow nursery. When Tony arrived home from the studio, his first move was to bound up the stairs for a long, tender look at Jaimie. Tony looks completely happy and he doesn't care who sees it. As for Janet, there's a new maturity about her these days that has nothing to do with those becoming grey hairs that Tony loves.

Flying Chips: When "Maverick's" **Jack Kelly** and his wife **May Wynn** part, they say "I love you." When they meet again, they greet each other with the same words. Kinda wonderful, isn't it? . . . The way to have a ball when visiting Hollywood is to look like a star. When blond lovelies **Dorothy Johnson** and **Betty Holland** arrived from Texas to spend a few days while husbands Kirk and Gage hunted tiger in India, tourists instantly fastened on them with "Aren't you **Eleanor Parker**?" "Aren't you **Deborah Kerr**?" or "Aren't you **Mrs. Kirk Douglas**?" Intrigued, the girls stayed on an extra week. . . . One Broadway show they really should run excursions to will be **Tony Perkins'** proposed play about his experiences as a babysitter in New York. "I worked at the job for a year and a half in order to earn money," Tony says, "and one time I even sat with a Great Dane dog." . . . When **Audie Murphy** was married to **Wanda Hendrix**, both were young, immature and unhappy. Yet Audie, who has grown since those bad days, was the first to reach out a helping hand to Wanda after her recent divorce from **Jim Stack**, actor Bob's brother. Heartsick, Wanda wept with gratitude as Audie told her, "Don't worry, I'll help you get started again." And he will. . . . After happily waving farewell to Fort Ord and the Army, **Ben Cooper's** back in Hollywood and his many friends couldn't be more pleased to see him once again. Do you remember Ben in "The Rose Tattoo"? I wonder what smart producer will be the first to sign him up again.

(continued)



Debbie thanks Dorothy Malone for "loan" of her Jacques.

glasses a must. Even young **David Ladd** is beaming like crazy.

That Happy Curtis Family: You can have your jamborees. I spent an afternoon playing peek-a-boo with two-year-old **Kelly Curtis**, who peeked in and out of the bedroom draperies at her mother and me, and I found it much more fun. **Janet Leigh**, Kelly's beautiful mother, invited me to inspect the new Curtis-Leigh manse and was I ever impressed by that large entrance ball! The den, living room, dining room, master bedroom and Tony's office suite are all on the first floor, all carpeted in white and furnished here and there with semi-modern pieces Tony and Janet selected themselves. Like most young couples,



All eyes were on Debbie at the Thalian Ball till the brothers Crosby went onstage spoofing "The Brothers Karamazov."

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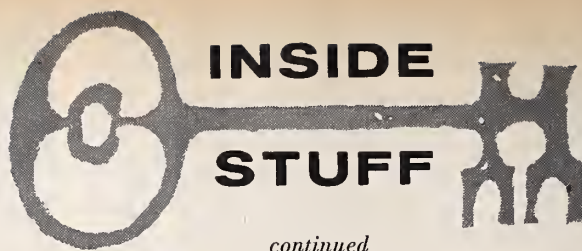
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continued

Cal York's Jottings:

They go, go, go! **Barry Coe** hied himself off to Oregon to meet **Judi Meredith's** family. . . . **Sheree North**, on a cloud anyway because of her marriage to **Dr. G. Summers**, decided to fly to New York for a honeymoon, 'cause that's where his family lives. . . . **Ingrid Bergman** married quietly, then honeymooned in Paris with **Lars Schmidt**. She was toting a Swedish passport, made possible for her once again by **King Gustav** himself. . . . The **Don De-fores** will make it five in April. . . . Wonder how many people recognized eighteen-year-old **Juliette Payne** as **John Payne's** daughter when she made her debut on TV recently? . . . **Jody McCrea**, who exits the Army in May, will start the career wheels turning before he marries **Jennifer**

Lea. . . . **Eddie Fisher** gained ten pounds. . . . **Mel Ferrer** predicts **Stephen Boyd** will be "Mister Actor in 1959." Do you agree? . . . **Lee Remick** expects her first child this month and doesn't care if it's a boy or girl, just as long as it's followed by three more. . . . Men don't like women who are too outspoken or argumentative, says **Roz Russell**, who learned this the hard way. . . . **Susan Kohner** and **John Saxon** like the same health food. And have you had a look at Susan's new short haircut? . . . A college injury, from the days when **Johnny Mathis** was a high jumper, will keep him out of the service. . . . **Phil Silvers**, who's making a career out of being TV's Army sergeant, became a daddy. . . . **Clint Walker** finally made up with his studio. . . . It's off betwixt **Lance Reventlow** and **Jill St. John**. . . . **Joan Collins** an intellectual, "but not a practicing one."



When Debbie gave a baby shower for Lita Calhoun, little Todd Fisher just couldn't be left at home. After all, it was Rory's wife who was hostess at the shower for Todd himself. Grandma Reynolds was along, too, but that didn't stop Todd's swaddling himself in ribbon.



Bobbi's 3 kinds of curlers give style-support for the casual, yet well-mannered look of "Aureole".



The smooth, lifted crown of "Rising Star" gets style-support from Bobbi's sponge rollers.



Style-support is the key to the extra crown height in "Empirette". With Bobbi it's simple as setting.

New improved Bobbi waves in **style-support** with the ease and softness of a setting

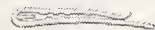


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Style-support . . . the new Bobbi magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and, of course, there's no resetting. New improved Bobbi—waves in style-support! Complete kit, only \$2.00. Refill without curlers, \$1.50.

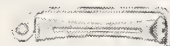
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for easy, over-all softness in major areas.



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for areas needing extra body or "lift".



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get more out of life—
**go out to a
 movie**

What's on tonight?

**You've got to go out
 to see the best! Look for
 these new pictures
 at your favorite theater**



The Journey

M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ After going their separate ways too long, Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner of legendary "King and I" fame are reunited for this romantic drama in a modern setting. Deborah plays the sensitive, civilized lady again; Yul is the magnetic barbarian; and it's the Hungarian revolt that brings them together. With other travelers of many different nationalities, Deborah, an Englishwoman, is trying to get out of the country. Yul is a Soviet officer who stops their escape, because he suspects that one of them is really a Hungarian patriot, wounded in action. This mystery man is Deborah's lover, played by Jason Robards, Jr., an important new actor who has been rousing critics and playgoers with his powerful performances on Broadway. Deborah pretty nearly gets thrown into Yul's arms when the group of travelers takes a vote and asks her to soften him up. Her passion inspired by patriotism soon turns into the real thing, which just goes to show that Yul plus Deborah equals love in any language, be it Siamese or Hungarian. At times the deep tragedy of the Hungarian revolt may be glossed over with a bit too much melodrama, but generally this is an expert and entertaining film.

ADULT

Auntie Mame

WARNERS; TECHNICOLOR, TECHNIRAMA

✓✓✓✓ We've been hearing about Rosalind Russell's big stage hit, and here it is on film—every slap-happy, soft-hearted, delightfully funny moment of it. It's a fine homecoming for Roz (bottom, left). After all, she's one of Hollywood's own. It was in movies that she learned all her smart comedy tricks, and she wears her dazzling clothes with the same dash that fans remember. Because she is ours, I wish this looked a little more like a movie and a little less like a long series of scenes from a play. But each one of them gives Roz a chance to make you laugh—or choke up. She's a lovable eccentric, not exactly the motherly type. But when little Jan Handzlik, her orphaned nephew, is turned over to her care, she does her best to bring him up. By the time he reaches college age, the part is taken over by Roger Smith, a handsome newcomer you've seen on TV. It's hard to imagine what he sees in Joanna Barnes, a pretty but gawky debutante, especially when Pippa Scott (bottom, left, with Roz and Fred Clark), a nice, cheerful working girl, is around. But Roz takes a hand in the situation. You'll like Forrest Tucker, as the Southern gentleman who marries Roz, and you'll chuckle at Peggy Cass. She's the ugliest duckling you ever saw. Roz tries to turn her into a swan, but that only gets Peggy into trouble (the old-fashioned kind). For *Auntie Mame*, it's one hilarious fight after another, with money problems, snobs in the South, narrow-minded social climbers in the North. Through it all, Roz goes right on loving life and her fellow human beings.

FAMILY

The Doctor's Dilemma

M-G-M, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ While Photoplay's readers are applauding "Gigi," their Gold Medal picture for 1958, Leslie Caron comes back again as a charmer of half a century ago. She's costumed by the same talented designer, Cecil Beaton, but this time she's dressed in a casual, bohemian style, because she plays the model and wife of a young artist. Dirk Bogarde, England's most popular romantic idol, shows you the reasons for his high rating. As the artist, he's graceful, good-looking and very sharp with a sly line of dialogue. Leslie thinks her husband is an unrecognized genius. He is—but he's also a scoundrel, with absolutely no use for everyday morals. And he is dying of tuberculosis. When Leslie hears that John Robinson has invented a miracle cure, she appeals to him to make use of the new cure to save Dirk. A very successful doctor, John happens to be (*continued*)



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confirms the
weight loss of
Miss McElhone.*

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Now, a completely new drug combination! Available without doctor's prescription for

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CAUSES YOUR BODY TO LOSE WEIGHT THE FASTEST ACTING WAY! IT'S SAFE . . . AUTOMATIC!

**You pay nothing if you're
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weight loss . . . as much
as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs.
the first week!**

No diet, no special eating, no giving up the kinds of food you like. New drug acts directly on the cause of your overweight!

It's true! If you're normally healthy, you can now lose as much as 70 lbs. *without* cruel diets, *without* giving up all your favorite foods! Doctors know that the one sure way to lose weight is *reduce caloric intake . . . to eat less*. They often prescribe drugs for this purpose . . . and now, at last, there is a safe NO-DIET REDUCING DRUG COMBINATION FOR FAT PEOPLE, called REGIMEN TABLETS! Thanks to REGIMEN TABLETS, you *must* be

satisfied with your weight-loss—as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs. the first week—or pay nothing!

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REGIMEN TABLETS are aspirin-size, easy to take, and work 3 amazing ways for fast, effective weight-loss.

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2. They force you to lose weight *automatically* by removing excess "fluid weight".

3. They start traveling quickly thru your blood stream . . . and you lose the TREMENDOUS URGE TO EAT! No super will power. YOU FEEL COMPLETELY SATISFIED ON FAR LESS THAN YOUR NORMAL INTAKE—YET YOU LOSE WEIGHT FASTER AND EASIER THAN YOU THOUGHT POSSIBLE!

GUARANTEED

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A leading medical specialist put one group of people on a restricted diet, while another group ate without restrictions. Both groups took REGIMEN TABLETS daily. *In just 6 weeks, the "No-Diet" group had actually lost MORE weight than the SEVERE 1000-calorie diet group.* This is *clinical evidence* that with REGIMEN TABLETS you can eat the foods you like and *still* lose weight!



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Enjoy sweets
in ANY form
—yet control
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Save Up To 121 Calories
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"ENNDS" act internally where sprays, mouthwashes, toothpastes simply can't reach. Can't upset the stomach. Trial size at Drug counters only 54¢.

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MOVIES *continued*

a lonesome bachelor, much more interested in Leslie than he is in her rascal of a husband. So the doctor's in a dilemma! George Bernard Shaw, who wrote the play this picture is based on, is long on talk but the talk is bright and witty, and Leslie and Dirk (below, right) add the human warmth that Shaw sometimes left out. **ADULT**

Nine Lives

DEROCHEMONT

✓✓✓✓ It isn't often that movies give you a chance to share such a stirring true adventure as this. The Norwegians made it, as a tribute to one of their heroes of World War II, a freedom fighter who gave the Nazis the slip across miles of snow and ice and rugged mountains. But it's more than a thrilling chase story, more than a strong saga of patriotism. It's an unforgettable picture of courage and deep loyalty among all sorts of people. As the man on the run, Jack Fjeldstad is helped by a young farm couple, an old man, a group of husky teenaged boys, a tribe of Laplanders with their huge herds of reindeer. Fjeldstad's stubborn fight to live is played out against a breathtaking backdrop, beautifully photographed and sensitively acted, making this one of the year's memorable films. **FAMILY**

He Who Must Die

KASSLER

✓✓✓✓ The beauty and the power of this French-made film make it worth going out of your way to see. Shot on the island of Crete, it's about Greek villagers there who plan a Passion Play, to show the last days of Christ. A young shepherd, unable to speak without stuttering, bullied by his boss, is cast as Jesus. There's no argument over who'll play Mary Magdalen; it will be an easygoing blond widow who follows the same profession. As these two and other villagers prepare for their sacred roles, their characters slowly begin to change, and it's this slow unfolding of new personalities out of the old that makes for the picture's special fascination. **ADULT**

Some Came Running

M-G-M; CINEMA-SCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓ By the same writer as "From Here to Eternity," this picture seems to have a message, but it takes a bit of unscrambling. It's not clear exactly why Frank Sinatra (below, left), with Shirley MacLaine and Dean Martin) is mad at everybody—he's a little too smooth for a "beat" type. He's just out of the regular Army—hated it. He's come back to his hometown—can't stand that, especially his well-to-do older brother (Arthur Kennedy). He used to write novels—got disgusted with literary people. He feels most at home with disreputable types like Dean Martin, who is relaxed and likable as a hard-drinking gambler, and Shirley MacLaine, who is both funny and pathetic as a flashy bad girl. But Frank gets twinges of respectability when he falls in love with Martha Hyer, a terribly nice girl. And he plays stern uncle when he finds his niece (Betty Lou Keim) off on a teenage toot. The acting is so honest that you feel close to these people and to all of their problems. **ADULT**

The Buccaneer

PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Who hasn't had a soft place in their heart for swashbuckling pirates ever since childhood days, wrapped up in "Treasure Island." And Yul Brynner—with a fine head of hair!—makes a magnificent buccaneer, as Jean Lafitte, the pirate who helped Andrew Jackson win the Battle of New Orleans and the War of 1812. Playing Andy for the second time, Charlton Heston also can wear old-style costumes without looking foolish. Charles Boyer is debonair as ever, as Yul's second-in-command. Love interest? The picture has that, too, though Inger Stevens makes a pretty chilly heroine, as the governor's daughter, who isn't sure it's quite proper to love an outlaw. And Claire Bloom, the beautiful British actress, lops off her hair to play a rowdy pirate wench. (continued)



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MOVIES *continued*

C. B. De Mille, who supervised the film, introduces it with a map and a pointer, and the atmosphere of the schoolroom lingers on. The ruffians aren't tough enough; the love scenes are lukewarm; the battles rarely hit a roaring climax. Anthony Quinn starts his directing career with this movie, but he forgot to bring along the terrific gusto and virility he shows as an actor.

FAMILY

Tonka

BUENA VISTA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Disney has been going to the history books for his stories, too; but most of the pictures he produces have a delightful freshness, as if the material had just been newly discovered. He has an eye for young players and knows how to present them. Here, Sal Mineo (below, right) comes across well as a young Indian brave. Maybe Sal doesn't look much like a Sioux, but he's a good enough actor to make you forget it. His co-star is *Tonka*, a splendid wild horse he captures, trains—and has to give up. The stallion eventually becomes a U.S. cavalry mount, owned by officer Philip Carey. All three—Sal, *Tonka* and Phil—are involved in the fight at the Little Big Horn. That's Custer's Last Stand, from a new angle—with Custer as a bad guy.

FAMILY

Lonelyhearts

U.A.

✓✓ When you read the advice column in your newspaper, have you ever wondered about the people who write these letters asking for help? What about the person who has to answer them? In this bitter drama, it's Montgomery Clift (below, left, with Dolores Hart). He doesn't want to be "Miss Lonelyhearts," but after the job is forced on him he finds his sympathy and curiosity aroused by the unhappy letters. Monty is well-cast as the idealistic writer but missing are the quick, sensitive reactions that used to make a Clift perform-

ance special. On the other hand, Robert Ryan seems much *too* convincing as the cynical editor, who tells Monty that people are all fakers. He's so wholeheartedly nasty that his last-minute conversion just doesn't ring true. The argument between the two men is the center of the story, but the actresses in the cast make the most of what they're given. Dolores Hart is Monty's sweetheart, fresh and appealing; Myrna Loy is Ryan's browbeaten wife; Maureen Stapleton is a love-hungry letter-writer.

ADULT

The Last Blitzkrieg

COLUMBIA

✓✓ In the tragic news stories about the Battle of the Bulge, the German's last big attack in World War II, one alarming sidelight stands out: Nazis in U. S. uniforms, speaking perfect American, were infiltrating our lines. Now a good, lively war thriller has been built on these true incidents, with Van Johnson as a German posing as an American, handsome Kerwin Mathews as an all-out Nazi, and Dick York as a genuine GI. But at the finish comes another of those sudden changes of heart (Van's this time), yet its abruptness doesn't spoil the effect of this adventure tale.

FAMILY

House on Haunted Hill

A.A.

✓✓ After all those creatures from outer space and mad scientists' laboratories, it's a pleasure to meet some plain old-fashioned ghosts. Vincent Price issues the invitation, as owner of the haunted house. He is reminiscent of an emcee on a late-late TV horror show, making fun of the movie while he asks us to shudder. Vincent and his wife (Carol Ohmart) offer a miscellaneous group of people \$10,000 apiece if they'll last out the night in the mansion where several gruesome murders took place. One objection: When ghosts are promised, let's have real ghosts; this it-was-all-a-trick stuff makes a body feel awfully let down.

FAMILY



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Gown by Pandora



Rings from left to right: ~ JULIET Ring \$575. Also 500 to 2475. Wedding Ring 175 ~ CAMBRIDGE Ring \$500. Wedding Ring 125. ~ VISTA Ring \$250. Also 100 to 2475. Wedding Ring 12.50. ~ OLYMPIC Ring \$150. Wedding Ring 75. All rings available in yellow or white gold. Prices include Federal Tax. Rings enlarged to show details. ©Trade-mark registered.



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✓✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULT F—FAMILY

NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see contents page.

✓✓✓ ANNA LUCASTA—U.A.: As a girl trying to live down her past, despite family interference, Eartha Kitt heads a talented Negro cast including Sammy Davis, Jr. Powerful but slow. (A) February

✓✓ BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE—Columbia, Technicolor: Hilarious in spots, but wavering from comedy to drama, a story of modern witchcraft puts Jimmy Stewart under Kim Novak's spell. (F) January

✓✓✓ GEISHA BOY, THE—Paramount: Jerry Lewis was never funnier! He's a butter-fingered, big-hearted magician on a Far East USO tour. Even Sessue Hayakawa turns comic. (F) February

✓✓ HORSE'S MOUTH, THE—U.A., Technicolor: Superb work by Alec Guinness as an eccentric painter raising general havoc. Delightfully nutty film with fine photography and score. (F) February

✓✓✓ I WANT TO LIVE!—U.A.: The true story of a California woman executed for murder is hard to take but well worth seeing for Susan Hayward's brilliant portrait of moral abandon and heartbreak. (A) January

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

AUNTIE MAME—Warners. Directed by Morton DaCosta: *Auntie Mame*, Rosalind Russell; *Patrick Dennis*, Jan Handzlik (at ten), Roger Smith (grownup); *Vera Charles*, Coral Browne; *Ito*, Yuki Shimoda; *Acacius Page*, Henry Brandon; *Dwight Babcock*, Fred Clark; *Beauregard Burnside*, Forrest Tucker; *Agnes Gooch*, Peggy Cass; *Brian O'Bannon*, Robin Hughes; *Peggy Ryan*, Pippa Scott; *Gloria Upson*, Joanna Barnes; *Lindsay Woolsey*, Patric Knowles; *Mr. Upson*, Willard Waterman; *Mrs. Upson*, Lee Patrick; *Nora Muldoon*, Connie Gilchrist; *Mrs. Burnside*, Carol Veazie; *Sally Cato*, Brook Byron.

BUCCANEER, THE—Paramount. Directed by Anthony Quinn: *Jean Lafitte*, Yul Brynner; *Gen. Andrew Jackson*, Charlton Heston; *Bonnie Brown*, Claire Bloom; *Dominique You*, Charles Boyer; *Annette Claiborne*, Inger Stevens; *Ezra Peavey*, Henry Hull; *Gov. Claiborne*, E. G. Marshall; *Mercier*, Lorne Greene; *Capt. Rumba*, Ted de Corsia; *Collector*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Capt. Brown*, Robert F. Simon; *Scipio*, Sir Lancelot; *Cariba*, Fran Jeffries; *Deacon*, John Dierkes; *Young Sentry*, Ken Miller; *Pyke*, George Mathews.

DOCTOR'S DILEMMA, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Anthony Asquith: *Mrs. Dubedat*, Leslie Caron; *Louis Dubedat*, Dirk Bogarde; *Cutler Walpole*, Alastair Sim; *Sir Ralph Bloomfield-Bonington*, Robert Morley; *Sir Colensa Ridgdon*, John Robinson; *Sir Patrick Cullen*, Felix Aylmer; *Dr. Blenkinsop*, Michael Gwynn; *Emmy*, Maureen Delany; *Minnie*, Gwenda Ewen.

HE WHO MUST DIE—Kassler. Directed by Jules Dassin: *Pope Fotis*, Jean Servais; *Lukas*, Carl Mohner; *Agha*, Gregoire Aslan; *Patriarchas*, Gert Froebe; *Hadji Nikolos*, Teddy Bilis; *Yannakos*, Rene Lefevre; *Kastandis*, Lucien Raimbourg; *Katerina Melina Mercouri*; *Panayotatos*, Roger Hanin; *Manolios*, Pierre Van-cek; *Ladas*, Dimos Starenios; *Mariori*, Nicole Berger; *Michelis*, Maurice Ronet; *Pope Grigaris*, Fernand Ledoux.

HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL—A.A. Directed by William Castle: *Frederick Loren*, Vincent Price; *Annabelle Loren*, Carol Ohmart; *Launc Schroeder*, Richard Long; *Dr. David Trent*, Alan Marshall; *Nora Manning*, Carolyn Craig; *Watson Pritchard*, Elisha Cook; *Ruth Bridgers*, Julie Mitchum; *Mrs. Slykes*, Leona Anderson; *Jonas*, Howard Hoffman.

✓✓✓ INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color. An inspiring dramatic experience, crowned by Ingrid Bergman's performance as an English missionary to China. The late Robert Donat is magnificent. (F) January

✓✓✓ PERFECT FURLOUGH, THE—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Wittingly wacky. Tony Curtis has a ball as a GI wolf on a Paris fling, with Janet Leigh as a pretty but prissy WAC. (A) February

✓✓✓ RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: All out for laughs! A new missile base and a jet-propelled siren create funny woes for suburban couple Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman. (A) December

✓✓ REMARKABLE MR. PENNYPACKER, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: A Victorian marriage romp goes too sentimental in spite of Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire, David Nelson. The recipe sounded yummy, but the cake sank. (F) February

✓ SENIOR PROM—Columbia: Watch newcomer Paul Hampton, rock 'n' roller who looks like an Ivy Leaguer, romances Jill Corey in a campus musical. (F) February

✓✓✓ SEPARATE TABLES—U.A.: Deborah Kerr's a revelation as a timid spinster at a seaside hotel. Immensely able cast: David Niven, Burt Lancaster, Rita Hayworth, Wendy Hiller. (A) January

✓✓✓ SHERIFF OF FRACTURED JAW—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Kenneth More is uproarious as an English tenderfoot in the wild West. Jayne Mansfield's role hampers her. (F) February

I WAS MONTY'S DOUBLE—NTA. Directed by John Guillermin: *M. E. Clifton James*, Himself; *Maj. Harvey*, John Mills; *Col. Logan*, Cecil Parker; *Col. Matthers*, Patrick Allen; *Cal. Dawson*, Patrick Holt; *Maj. Tennant*, Leslie Phillips; *Governor*, Michael Hordern; *Neilson*, Marius Goring; *Hester*, Barbara Hicks; *Wing Com. Bates*, Duncan Lamont; *Sgt. Adams*, James Hayter.

JOURNEY, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Anatol Litvak: *Diana Ashmore*, Deborah Kerr; *Maj. Surov*, Yul Brynner; *Paul Kedes*, Jason Robards, Jr.; *Hugh Deerill*, Robert Morley; *Harold Rhineland*, E. G. Marshall; *Margie Rhineland*, Anne Jackson; *Billy*, Ronny Howard; *Flip*, Flip Mark; *Csepege*, Kurt Kasznar; *Simon Aeron*, David Kossoff; *Tekel Hafoul*, Gerard Oury; *Françoise Hafaul*, Marie Daems; *Eva* (Freedom Fighter), Anouk Aimee; *Borbala*, Barbara von Nady.

LAST BLITZKRIEG, THE—Columbia. Directed by Arthur Dreifuss: *Richardson*, Van Johnson; *Wiltz*, Kerwin Mathews; *Sgt. Ludwig*, Dick York; *Ennis*, Larry Storch; *Monique*, Lise Bourdin.

LONELYHEARTS—U.A. Directed by Vincent J. Donohue: *Adam White*, Montgomery Clift; *William Shrike*, Robert Ryan; *Florence Shrike*, Myrna Loy; *Justy Sargent*, Dolores Hart; *Fay Doyle*, Maureen Stapleton; *Pat Doyle*, Frank Maxwell; *Gates*, Jackie Coogan; *Goldsmit*, Mike Kellin; *Mr. Sargent*, Frank Overton; *Older Brother*, Don Washbrook; *Younger Brother*, John Washbrook; *Mr. Lassiter*, Onslow Stevens; *Edna*, Mary Ann Hokanson; *Bartender*, John Gallaudet; *Jerry*, Lee Zimmer.

NINE LIVES—deRochemont. Directed by Arne Skouen: *Jan Baalsrud*, Jack Fieldstad; *Agnes*, Henry Moan; *Martin*, Alf Mallard; *Grandfather*, J. Holst-Jensen; *Midwife*, Lydia Opasen; *Teacher*, Edvard Drablos; *Shoemaker*, Sverre Hansen.

SOME CAME RUNNING—M-G-M. Directed by Vincente Minnelli: *Dave Hirsh*, Frank Sinatra; *Bama Dillert*, Dean Martin; *Ginny Moorhead*, Shirley MacLaine; *Gwen French*, Martha Hyer; *Frank Hirsh*, Arthur Kennedy; *Agnes Hirsh*, Leora Dana; *Dawn Hirsh*, Betty Lou Keim; *Edith Barclay*, Nancy Gates; *Prof. French*, Larry Gates; *Raymond Lanchak*, Steven Peck; *Jane Barclay*, Connie Gilchrist.

TONKA—Buena Vista. Directed by Lewis R. Foster: *White Bull*, Sal Mineo; *Capt. Keogh*, Philip Carey; *Lt. Norlan*, Jerome Courtland; *Strong Bear*, Rafael Campos; *Yellow Bull*, H. M. Wynant; *Prairie Flower*, Joy Page; *Gen. Custer*, Britt Lomond; *Capt. Benteen*, Herbert Rudley.

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ACTUALLY CONDITIONS, CURLS AND CLEANS...AT THE SAME TIME!



GUARANTEED
Long-Lasting Results...

**even with children's
soft, fine hair**

**...or your
money back**

New protein waving shampoo washes in long-lasting curls and waves as it washes out dirt and dulling film!

Yes! You *can* have lovely, lustrous, lasting curls and waves *today!* Forget about extra lotions, neutralizers, end papers, hair spray sets, nightly pin-curl drudgery. Don't bother with expensive permanents. All you need ever do is shampoo with amazing new Wash 'n Curl!

The magic of this gentle, golden liquid shampoo is its exclusive formula of precious, health-giving proteins and heart-of-lanolin that actually conditions and curls as it cleans!

And wonderful Wash 'n Curl is so very easy to use. Simply wash your hair as with any ordinary shampoo. Let the billowy lather remain 5 minutes, then rinse and set.

Instantly, your hair takes on a new, glorious, silken-soft luster, full of exciting, dancing highlights! At last you enjoy the springy, natural-looking curls and waves you've longed for! Obedient curls and waves that last from shampoo to shampoo, thanks to Wash 'n Curl!



Safe for all ages, all hair types. Dry, oily, normal, bleached, dyed, damaged, permanent-waved—even children's hard-to-manage hair—or money back!

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*on sale at cosmetic
counters everywhere*

No wonder the ladies (bless 'em) are going wild over

NEW

wash 'n curl
TRADEMARK
WAVING SHAMPOO

by *Lanolin
Plus*

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY



If you ask me, Gary looks as promising as Bing did.



Wonder if Kim looks glamorous and smiling when she wakes up?

I'M certain if Elvis Presley had used a hula hoop when he sang and wiggled, there wouldn't have been objections. . . . Brigitte Bardot hasn't been labelled like "the vamp," "the It girl" or "oomph," because she is plain sex. . . . It seems every actor is trying to be another Marlon Brando. I wish Brando would. . . . I think Gary Crosby shows as much promise as Bing did when he was that age. Promises—always promises. . . . The mention of Charlie Chaplin always recalls my childhood to me. . . . All people are either guests or hosts, but Zsa Zsa Gabor tries to be both. And sometimes at the same time. . . . Evelyn Rudie should run some of Shirley Temple's old movies. . . . I wish those comedians Steve Allen, Ernie Kovacs, etc. would stop writing articles explaining humor and how to be funny and be funny. . . . I have a yen to see Kim Novak when she wakes up in the morning. I mean I'd like to know her disposition and how she looks without the Max Factor. . . .

I think Robert Wagner and Natalie Wood are having fun play-acting like movie stars. . . . I always stop and talk with Robert Taylor and Charlton Heston, two nice fellows. But after we say "Hello" and "What's new," we haven't a thing to say to each other. . . . I wonder if Sandra Dee will grow up to be Debbie Reynolds. . . . I always believed that Elizabeth Taylor would (Continued on page 32)



Don't get me wrong, but three reasons why I love Hollywood are Bob Hope, Clark Gable and Burt Lancaster.

becoming attractions

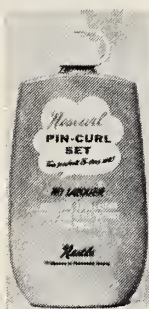
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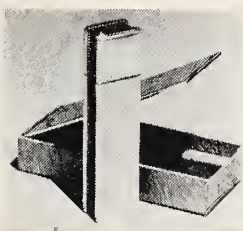
C



D



E



A. Lady Sunbeam controlled heat electric hair dryer now comes with new larger size adjustable cap in flower pattern. Choice of pink, blue, turquoise.

B. Ronné de Paris Twinstick features two lipstick shades in same tube, white plus a regular color. The white may be worn either as base or frosting. \$1.75*

C. For pin-up girls: Nescurl hair set by Nestle, designed to give firm, long-lasting curls, cut down on between shampoo settings. In plastic bottle, 79¢*

D. Good way to come clean: Clearasil soap for complexion and bath is formulated to reduce excessive oiliness and remove blemish-causing bacteria. 35¢

E. Fabergé's jewel-like golden purse perfumer comes with 2 drams of "Aphrodisia," "Woodhue," "Tigress," "Act IV" or "Flambeau." Refillable. \$5.50*

* plus tax

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical", caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous", stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex".



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. Doctors say the "emotional" kind is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this perspiration. Now it's here . . . Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed. So effective, yet so gentle.



Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of exclusive Perstop*, ARRID CREAM Deodorant penetrates deep in the pores and safely stops this "emotional" perspiration odor where it starts. Stops it as no "roll-on", spray-on or stick deodorant could ever do.

Why be only Half Safe ? use **Arrid** to be sure !

It's 1½ times as effective as all other leading deodorants tested! Used daily, ARRID with Perstop* actually stops perspiration stains, stops odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.



43¢
plus tax.

*Carter Products Trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants

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new jewelry fad!

CORO JANGLE BANGLES JINGLE RINGS



JANGLE BANGLES \$2 each
JINGLE RINGS at \$1 and \$2 plus tax

Great news in fashion—great news in fun! Match the charms to your mood. Dreamy wishbones, cute cupids, golden hearts, pearly four-leaf clovers, and so many more—they all tinkle, twinkle and glow from new bangle bracelets and jingle rings. What a pretty sight . . . what a pretty sound! Everybody's in a tingle over them! Hurry to your favorite store for yours!



HOLLYWOOD

continued



Steve makes Van Cliburn—and me—laugh. But must he explain how?

grow up to be another Hedy LaMarr. . . . Katharine Hepburn didn't win as many Academy Awards as she deserved. . . . I never see Ava Gardner in a movie that I don't want to rush backstage and visit her in her dressing room. Which is impossible of course. . . . I wish Kim Stanley and Judy Holliday would hurry and make another movie. And that someone would find a way to use Mike Nichols and Elaine May properly in a picture. . . . Fred Astaire trains for a dance like a boxer.

Bette Davis now gives the best impersonation of Bette Davis. . . . I think the best of the new light comedians is James ("Maverick") Garner, if they only gave him a comedy. Jim has the makings of the new Cary Grant. . . . I admire Rock Hudson because he keeps improving.

I saw Robert Mitchum on Wilshire Blvd. with his eyes wide open. He was incognito. . . . I'm of the opinion that Nick Adams can't believe he's as good as he says he is. . . . Doris Day's description of herself: "I'm a girl who looks as if she stepped out of a shower and was in a hurry to get here." . . . Liz Taylor discussing why she has so few acquaintances these days, said, "I don't like friends—they're my worst enemies." That's Hollywood For You!



Bob Wagner and Nat Wood, here with Dennis Hopper, like being stars.

*M*

new

SWEET MUSIC^{*}

by
maidenform^{*}

I dreamed
I set
a record
in my

maidenform^{*} bra

Sweetest bra this side of heaven...*new* Sweet Music by Maidenform! Special "lifts" in the under-cups bring out curves you never knew you had. Embroidered bands outline the cups—an elastic band *under* the cups makes this bra fit and feel like a custom-made. You'll love the difference Sweet Music makes! 2.50 And ask for a Maidenform girdle, too!

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this package
everywhere.

P

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is sweeping the country with

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It's a tiny case...



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Together at last, in a tiny refillable oval case...the mirror *and* lipstick you used to search for in the depths of your purse! No wonder 'Hi-Society' is sweeping the country! It's a brand new idea in lipstick fashion—another Max Factor first! Your dainty 'Hi-Society' case holds your favorite shade of new creamy-moist 'Hi-Society' Lipstick...the high sheen for your lips so fashionable now. Cases with lipstick, from 1.50*. Lipstick refills, 1.00*



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DIAMONDS BY MARVIN NIME, BEVERLY HILLS

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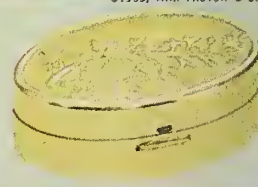
Lustrous Mother-of-Pearl design in 'Hi-Society' Mirror-Case...so very elegant...complete with lipstick refill **4.50***



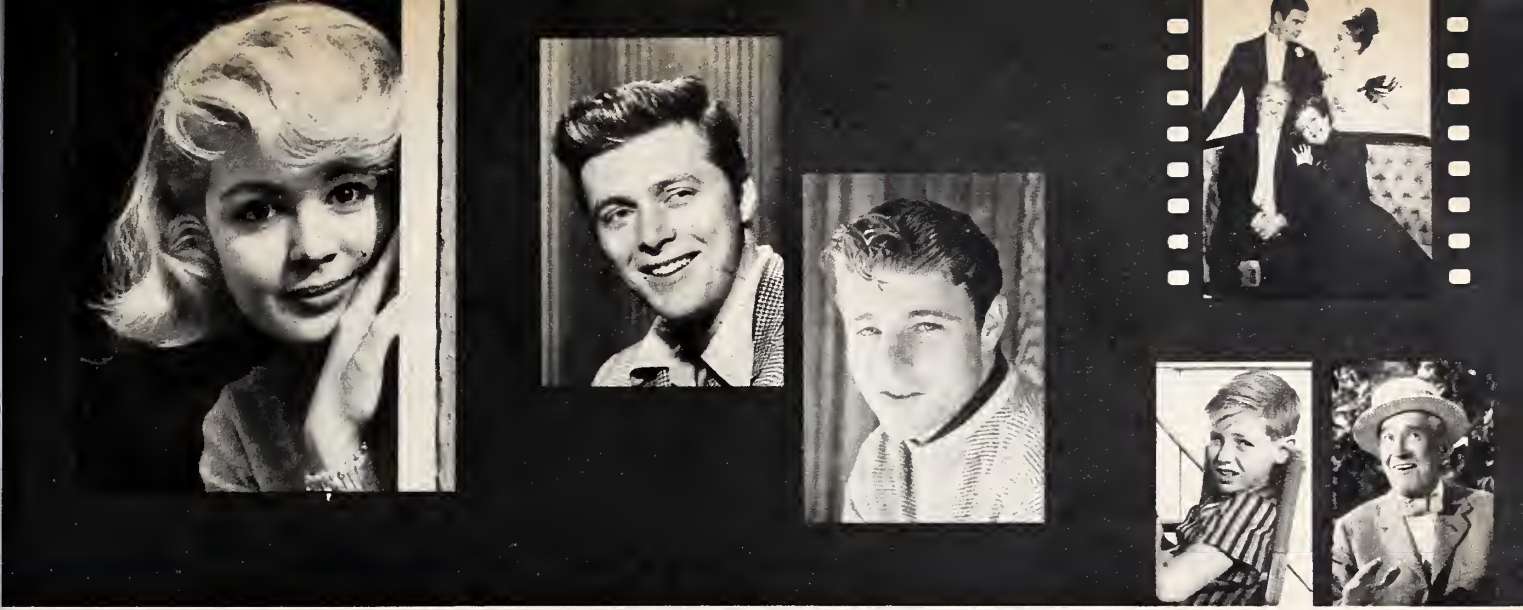
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Gleaming Golden Finish, in the Golden Swirl or Golden Floral design. Case...complete with lipstick refill **2.50***



**YOUR
1958-1959
PHOTOPLAY
GOLD MEDAL
AWARD
PORTFOLIO**



the most popular stars of the year:



DEBBIE

DEBBIE REYNOLDS AND TONY CURTIS



TONY



**See your Gold Medal winners
on "The Steve Allen Show," from
Hollywood, on February 15th,
at 8 P.M. EST, over NBC-TV**

SANDRA DEE

Of all new actresses, U-I's Sandra shows the most promise, say your votes. Sixteen, once a model, she impressed you in "The Reluctant Debutante" and "The Restless Years," is now in "Stranger in My Arms."

the outstanding



**the most popular
motion picture of the year**

"GIGI"

M-G-M's enchanting musical, loaded with love, life and beauty, cast a spell over moviegoers. Louis Jourdan, Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold helped make this your favorite 1958 film.

newcomers of the year



EDWARD BYRNES

This New Yorker's determination took him through summer stock and TV to a Warner contract. Twenty-five, Edd was in "Marjorie Morningstar," "Life Begins at 17."

We couldn't believe! We had a tie: David Nelson and Edd Byrnes tied for top honors, and so this year we make a dual award. Twenty-two, Dave scored with you in 20th's "Peyton Place."

DAVID NELSON



special awards

LADD

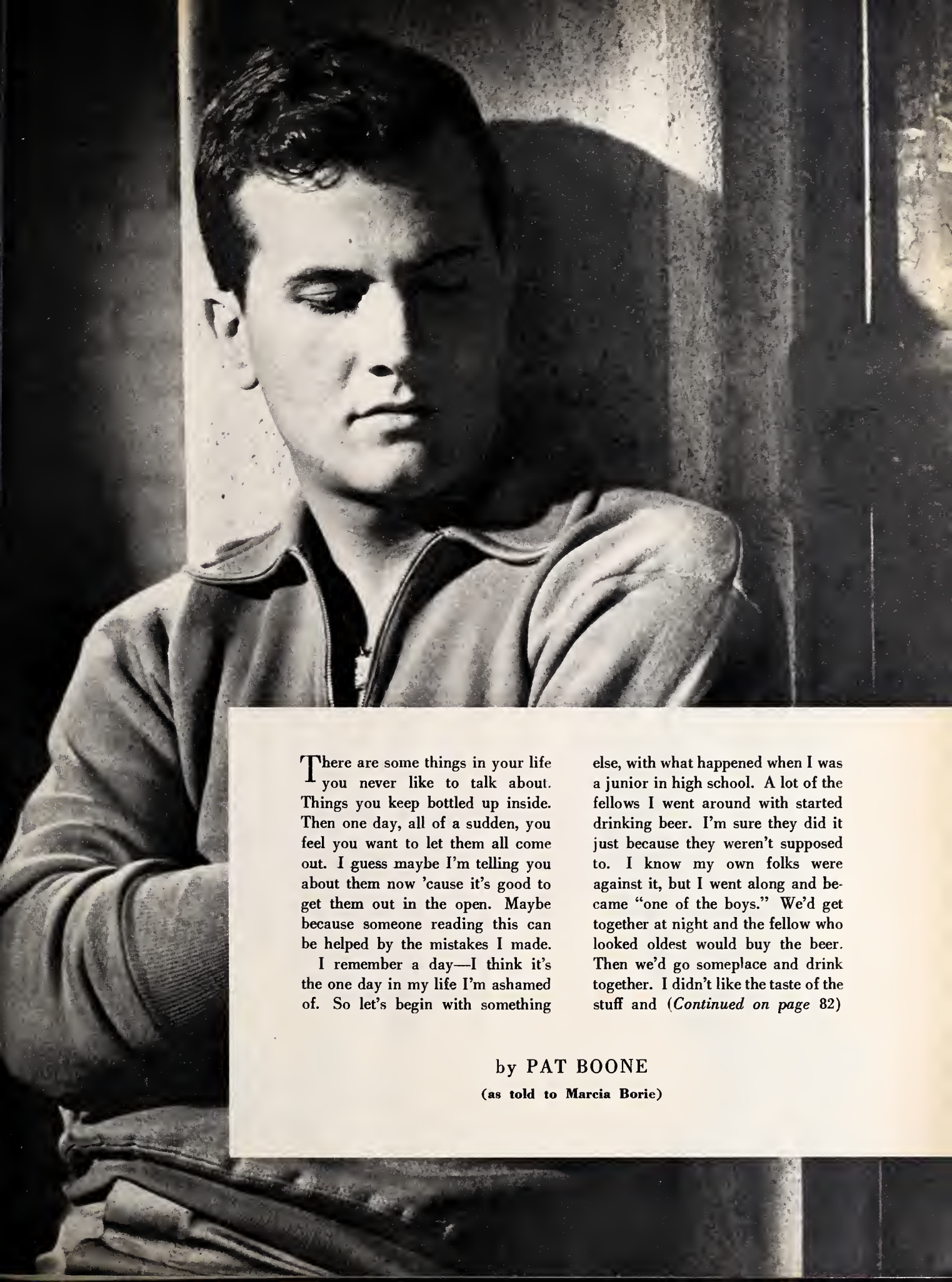
Before he'd turned twelve, David Ladd gave his dad sharp competition in "Proud Rebel," got your many votes as 1958's youngest hit.

CHEVALIER

Now a debonair seventy, Maurice Chevalier made his first U. S. film thirty years ago. You voted him the year's best foreign star.



THE ONE
DAY IN MY
LIFE I'M
ASHAMED
OF...



There are some things in your life you never like to talk about. Things you keep bottled up inside. Then one day, all of a sudden, you feel you want to let them all come out. I guess maybe I'm telling you about them now 'cause it's good to get them out in the open. Maybe because someone reading this can be helped by the mistakes I made.

I remember a day—I think it's the one day in my life I'm ashamed of. So let's begin with something

else, with what happened when I was a junior in high school. A lot of the fellows I went around with started drinking beer. I'm sure they did it just because they weren't supposed to. I know my own folks were against it, but I went along and became "one of the boys." We'd get together at night and the fellow who looked oldest would buy the beer. Then we'd go someplace and drink together. I didn't like the taste of the stuff and (*Continued on page 82*)

by PAT BOONE

(as told to Marcia Borie)

DICK CLARK

In this month's column, let's talk about

the **10**

most sure-fire ways

to lose a

VALENTINE



1

Before I tell you what brought all this on, let's start with some for-examples. I've seen this one happen lots of times on "American Bandstand" and I'll bet you have, too. A fellow walks over and asks a strange girl to dance. They step out on the floor, sweep into the dance steps and then all of a sudden she starts nodding and waving and saying "hello" to every other person there. When the dance is over, he ambles back to rejoin his gang and she stands there wondering why he isn't interested in her. It's simple: He thinks she isn't interested in him. If a fellow gets up the ambition or the courage to ask a gal for a dance or a date, you can't blame him if he expects her to pay him attention—at least for the duration.

2

Does this sound familiar? He'll say, "Let's go to see Pat Boone in 'Mardi Gras.'" You smile and reply. "I've seen it." "Then we could . . ." "I've seen it." "Well, how about . . ." "Oh, I don't want to do that . . . or that . . . or that." Let ol' Dick give you a bit of advice. If you've seen the first movie he suggests, then tell him what you would like to see. He'll be glad to go along with your suggestion, because for all you know he might have seen the first movie, too, with another date. The point he wants to make is that he will do his best to entertain you, and he's just named one place to show you his idea of how best to do it. Your showing an interest by helping him arrive at an alternate idea tells him you're agreeable.

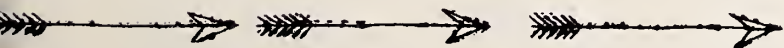
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Here's another. "He" arrives, is greeted by Mom or Pop, introduced to the rest of the family, then hears a voice floating down the stairs. "Oh, is Tommy here already? I'd better hurry." Well, along about that time, hurrying isn't going to do much good. It's later than you think. One that really got me one time back in high school is this: "He" arrives and *you* welcome him at the door, then announce, "I just got back from Carol's house, but it won't take me more than a few minutes to get ready." He fidgets for a half-hour, tries to make conversation with your folks, decides he was a goon to knock himself out getting all rigged up on time. He wishes he'd dated Carol—and probably will next time.

4

The one that always used to shake me up the most, though, was the date who couldn't wait to get to the corner soda shop to let everyone know that *she* had a date! I know you've been a witness to this one, too. The door bursts open and there they are, the two of them—framed in the spotlight with everyone taking notes. Girls, this is the time when the evening can start going downhill, but fast, if you proceed to go about it this way: Instead of going along to join a few friends at the fountain or in a booth, start by saying "hello" to the gang in the first booth, then have a gabfest with the girls in the second one, spin around and work through the first three or four friends (*Continued on page 84*)

...and if you're
looking for a valentine
turn the page



MARK DAMON

**"I've got no
Valentine."**



PAT WAYNE

**"Would I fit
into your wallet?"**



SAL MINEO

**"How nice
to have tea
for two."**



ROCK HUDSON

**"I'm dreaming . . .
want to be
my Valentine?"**



NICK ADAMS

**"Hmm, could
she see anything
in me?"**



GEORGE NADER

**"I'm alone—
are you?"**



by GEORGE CHRISTY

the day **JOHNNY SAXON** *cried*

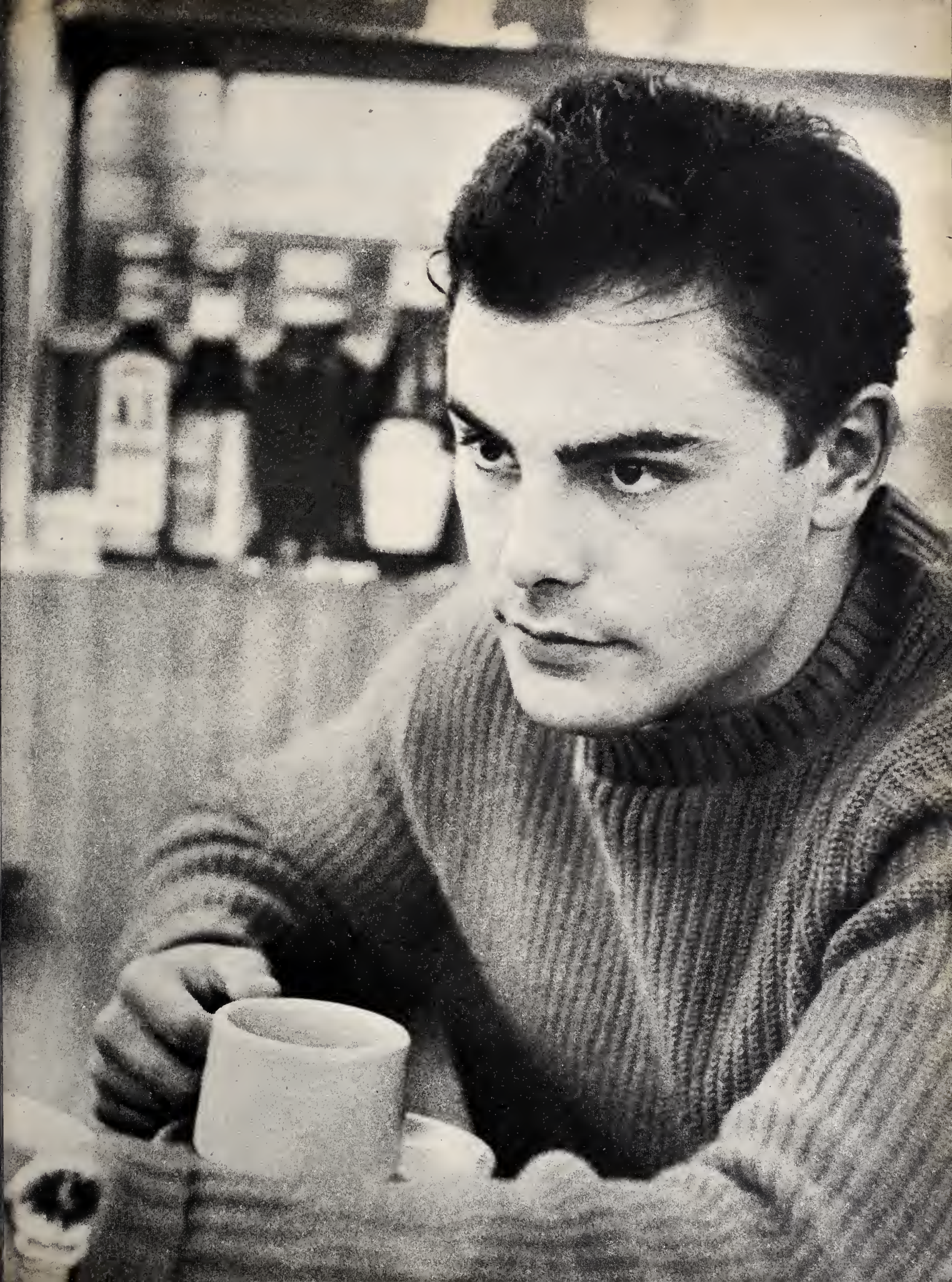
Only the two of them were in the white hospital room. The eighty-two-year-old man with the snow-white hair and the thin, drawn face lay back on the white pillowcase. His deeply-set brown eyes stared at his grandson glassily. Falteringly, in a hesitant mixture of Italian and English, the boy was saying . . .

"Grandpa," his voice was soft, broken by tears. "Grandpa, do you understand what I've been telling you? I want you to know . . ."

Johnny Saxon didn't finish the sentence. His grandfather was not listening, a serene expression passed over his face in spite of the short, huffy and uncomfortable gasps in his breath. Leaning over, Johnny clasped his grandfather's hard, wrinkled hand in his.

"Grandpa," Johnny asked, calling the old man as he used to as a boy. "Tell me, look at me . . . let me know you understand."

His grandfather lay still. The (*Continued on page 86*)



by BOBBY PRENSKY (5 years old)

JOANNE WOODWARD'S

MY BABY-SITTER

(she's learning to be a mother)





Some baby-sitters are real dopey—you know, the kind who bring their own mushy stories and never play. But my nicest was one called Joanne Woodward. She was kind of old—20, maybe—but very pretty. The day she came to our house I didn't want to take a nap (I never do) so she ran into the bedroom and came back with

a scarf and an old baby blanket. "One day little Red Riding Hood went into the forest . . ." she began and pulled the scarf over her head and tiptoed like it was a forest she was new in. When she was being the wolf trying to gobble up Red Riding Hood, we got all tangled in the blanket and ended hitting each other with pillows. I made her tell another about a prince, "Whose initials are P. N. for Paul Newman but my friends," she said, "call him Paul for short. He grew up to be a movie star and marry me and now we're expecting a little Paul." Then she leaned over and kissed me. When I woke up, she'd gone.



She played all the parts—even jumped around the couch growling. I liked her best as the wolf with a comb for a moustache.



JERRY LEWIS:

*nurse,
the mercury
in this thermometer
tastes awful*

"Jerry Lewis In Hospital" . . . "Heart Attack For Comic" . . . These were the newspaper stories. The rumors were even more dire. You were worried and wrote us. Now, here is the truth, as we uncovered it, on what really happened during Jerry Lewis' ten days in the hospital.—THE EDITORS

On October 30, 1958, at 3:32 in the morning, Jerry Lewis sat bolt upright in bed and screamed. His wife Patti snapped on the lamp on the

night-table and saw her husband clutching his stomach. All color had drained out of his face and he was gasping for breath.

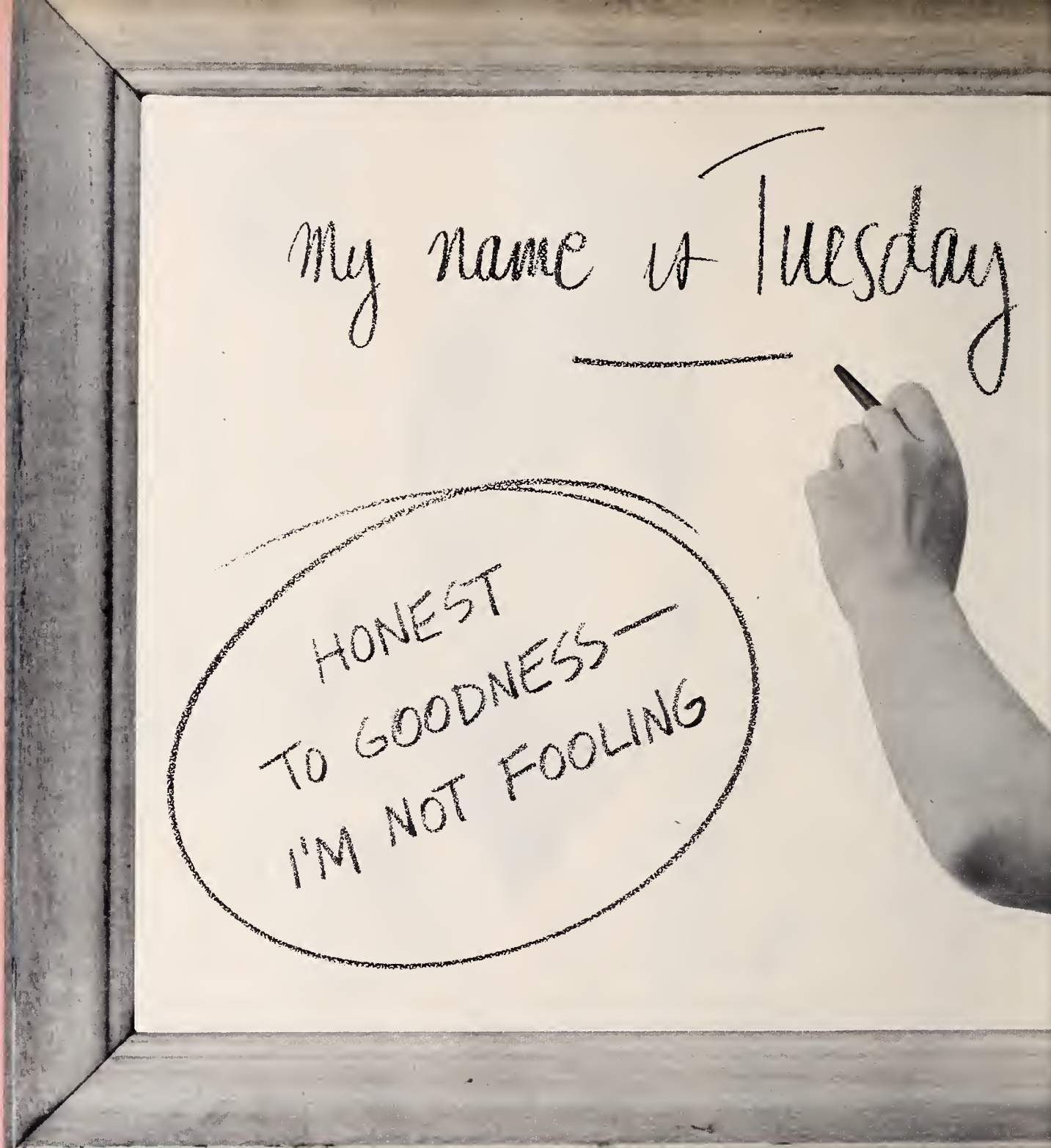
"Patti, Patti," he mumbled, "Patti, the pain . . . the pain . . . it's awful." And then he slumped back on his pillow.

Not knowing what to do, Patti went for a glass of water and sprayed it in Jerry's face and then clumsily sopped up the water with a towel. She ran to the telephone and dialed the number of their personal (*Continued on page 91*)

by JIM HOFFMAN

Jerry's pal, Jack Keller, dented hospital rules to snap this picture for worried fans





My name is Tuesday

HONEST
TO GOODNESS—
I'M NOT FOOLING

The day I enrolled at Hollywood High, I just knew it was going to happen all over again. You see, I've been to forty-seven different schools since kindergarten, although Mother insists it just seems that way and that I've really only been to six and had a whole series of tutors in between. But every time I go to a new school, or even to a new class in the same school, it happens.

The teacher smiles at me, trying to make me feel at home. Then she'll ask, "What's your name?"

I'll take a deep breath and say, "My name is Tuesday Weld."

"Yes, but what's your *real* name?" she'll ask, the welcoming smile just about gone now.

"Honest to goodness, my name (Continued on page 75)

Weld





by MARGRIT BUERGIN

age 17, Frankfurt, Germany

(as told to Jean Lewis)

ELVIS kissed me

Elvis Presley—that's all we had been talking about for weeks at the electric store where I work as a typist. Not only was Elvis in my country, but he was in Bad Homburg, a few miles from my hometown Frankfurt.

I wasn't as crazy about Elvis as my girl friends were. I liked him fairly much. In fact, I had six of his records, but he was not my favorite singer. I much preferred Frank Sinatra better. I became more enthusiastic about Elvis after I saw his movie, "Love Me Tender." His voice was sweet, and his is a shy boyish smile, and he was so sincere.

One day I was coming home from work to our apartment in Frankfurt, where I live with my mother, my two brothers, Rolf and Pieter, and my grandparents. I met Bruno Waske in the hallway.

Bruno is a photographer for a German weekly picture magazine, and he lives on the fourth (*Continued*)





ELVIS kissed me

continued

floor in our building. I have known him almost all my life. His son, who is just on my age, seventeen, is a very good friend of mine.

"How would you like to come with me to Bad Homburg tomorrow?" Bruno asked me. "It's Sunday, and you don't have to work. I am going to take some pictures of Elvis Presley at his hotel, and you could ask him for his autograph."

"How wonderful." I cried (*Continued on page 78*)



Elvis is away on maneuvers and I want to say, as he said in Photoplay, "Please don't forget me."

I still remember when we met. With such a crowd I did not think he'd even notice me. Then he smiled. . . .





*If you catch yourself
looking into a mirror and thinking:*

**GOSH, I'D LIKE
TO BE DIFFERENT**

then turn the page



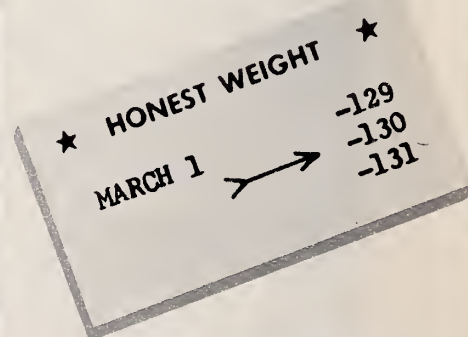
A diet's a promise to yourself. That's why

Her big eyes started to brim over with tears. She didn't want to cry, not in front of everyone, so she tried to hold them back. If only her girlfriends would come! Why did Joanie and Mary have to be so slow? She waited for them in the dimming afternoon light, standing by herself, in the long hall of their high school, "near the statue of Abraham Lincoln by the front door," where they agreed to meet. She'd been waiting ten minutes. Two tall, lanky senior boys came down the hall. As they passed, one turned and said to his short pal with eyeglasses, "Not bad, but a little hefty."

Although he didn't know it, he said it loud enough for her to hear. She was stunned for a moment; hurt by his wisecrack. If she waited any longer, she'd burst into tears so she walked out of the school building. The curving cement walk with its gleaming patches of wetness from the rain that had fallen earlier in the day seemed like miles. Her breath was a puff of white on the chilly air. She breathed deeply, trying to control the tears welling inside her until she got home.

She walked alone, something she hated to do, wending her way through the groups of laughing and chattering kids. She walked with her head down. She was so glad it had already grown dark because it was harder for people to see her, to recognize her. She didn't want anyone to say hello. If they did she wouldn't know what to say. She didn't want to talk. All she wanted was to go home and lock herself in her bedroom and cry.

When she rounded the corner, she ran the last two blocks to their small two-storied yellow clapboard house. Her aunt was giving a private music lesson and her mother was still out shopping.



The scale doesn't lie,
but you can help it change
its mind. Choose
milk, lean meat, fruit.

breaking it is so awful, you feel so guilty

She went in by the back door. She hoped her aunt would be too busy to notice.

The light was on in the blue and white kitchen with its old iron stove and high wooden cupboards. Soon as she opened the door, she heard the gliding strains of piano music from the front room. She was lucky. Her aunt was teaching the piano to one of her students. Slowly, uncertainly, the pupil played the sad notes of the wistful tune, "Souvenir," and the lovely music dissolved her. She closed the back door quietly, sniffing from the tears that ached to be released, and she tiptoed through the carpeted hallway to the mahogany stairs in the hall. One of the floorboards squeaked under her feet, and her aunt, whose sensitive ears never failed to hear even a barely perceptible noise, called out, "Honey, is that you?"

She swallowed hard and tried to speak. "Yes . . ." she said weakly, her voice muffled and trailing. Then she ran up the stairs, all buttoned up in her fitted brown woolen coat, bright red mitts and her rain galoshes. Once in her room, she breathed a sigh of relief. She closed the door and she fell across the white chenille bedspread, burying her face in the fluffy chenille and letting hot tears stream down her cheeks.

Finally, lying there on the soft bed in her coat and gloves and boots, listening to the piano lesson continuing downstairs, her tears stopped. The February night had blued the window panes in her bedroom. She got up and took off her coat, snapping on the overhead light.

Timidly she stopped, walked over to the long oval mirror with the dark wood frame above her dresser. (Continued on page 100)



Tempted? The new you
will be having too much
fun to mind having to
say no to calories.

★ HONEST WEIGHT ★
MAY 1
→ -119
-120
-121





**Come on, Rick, what do
you want to do tonight?**



"Gee, Dave, don't
you have a date either?"



Hey, Dave, I'm here!" Rick Nelson called out when he found the living room empty. Then hearing the sound of the shower from the back of the house he realized his brother couldn't possibly have heard him over the rush of the water. He walked out through the sliding glass doors to the back porch of Dave's cliff-hung

bachelor house and sat down on a canvas chair.

It was Saturday, the end of another exciting but hectic week of work on the family TV show and on his own private singing career. He had two whole days free and it felt good just sitting there, quietly, while below him the valley sprawled endlessly in all directions and a steady stream of cars inched along the Hollywood freeway. He looked fondly at his own bronze sedan parked in front.

It's so easy to talk to Dave, Rick thought to himself, as he sat on the porch lapping up the last rays of the rapidly setting sun. When they were growing up, the three-and-a-half-year difference in their ages had often been a barrier. Rick could remember the days when he was nine and Dave thirteen; when he was still in grammar school and just a kid in the eyes of an older brother who was part of the high-school set. They always had their work in common and the closeness of a solid family unit, but other than that they'd lived in two separate worlds.

But now, it was different. They were both *(Continued)*



Impossible, but we got it!



Dave and Rick in Dave's new home.



"You're smooth, Dave, call . . ."



"Can't call this late, Rick. A girl'd have to say no."

adults, he had his singing and Dave had his movie career. They double-dated frequently, talked together often about things that mattered a lot as well as about little insignificant things that were only momentary problems. It was a satisfying feeling; each had the other one to talk to openly, honestly, without shyness, embarrassment or strain. Rick was so relaxed just sitting and thinking that he didn't even hear Dave's footsteps until his brother was out on the porch beside him.

"Hi, Rick," Dave said. "I didn't hear you come in. I thought you said you wouldn't be over till six."

"I did. I was going for a gallop on Tink this afternoon but the trails were so crowded I thought I might as well come over early. Hey, Dave, I know you invited me up for dinner, but I'm hungry now. Let's eat early."

"That's right, I did mention dinner," Dave said. It all came back to him now, including the fact that he'd forgotten to stop and get some food. "Gee, Rick," he continued, trying to get out of the (continued)



"Hey, remember that blonde? Maybe . . ."

"She has a sister!"



DAVE and RICK

continued



"Hello . . . Dave Nelson . . . Oh . . .
Gee . . . Maybe next week?"

immediate problem, "I can't get over you, you're always hungry these days. Used to be Mom had to tell you stories to get you to eat anything at all. I might have known you'd wait until I had a place of my own before you suddenly developed an appetite like a vulture!"

"If I concede that I eat a lot, can we skip the chatter and raid the icebox?" asked Rick, getting up from the porch and heading for the kitchen.

Rick opened the icebox in anticipation; it was bare except for a can of tomato juice, two apples and a nearly empty quart of milk. Avoiding his brother's surprised expression, Dave busily occupied himself, taking two big dinner plates from the cupboard and setting them out on the low dining-room table. Then he went back into the kitchen, reached up on to the grocery shelves and found a can of beans. (*Continued on page 88*)



"Here, Rick, maybe you'll have better
luck with her sister."



"Going to a party. Oh . . ."

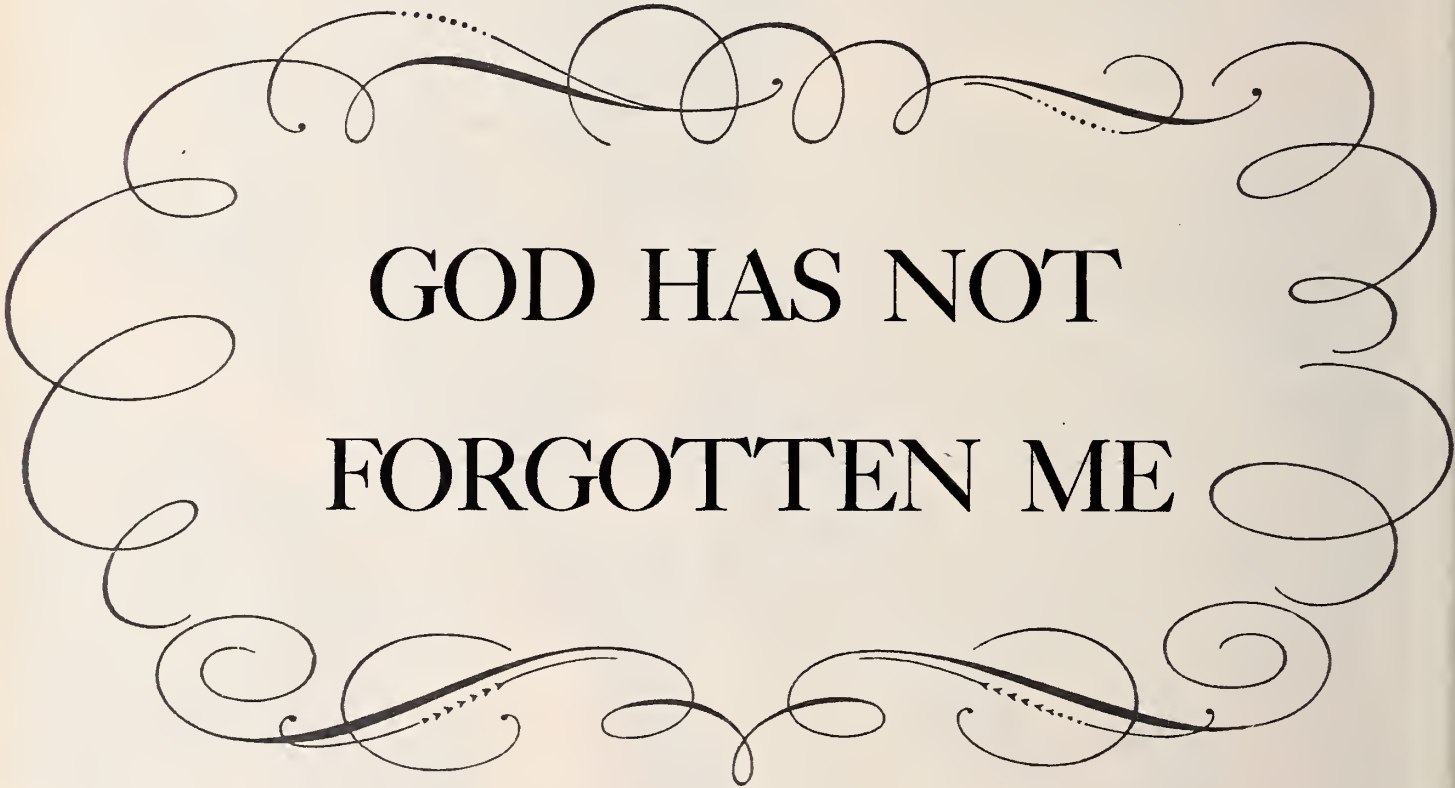
"Well, at least we
have dates for next week."





Guess we're doing nothing...What are you doing tonight?

Four years ago, Susan Hayward lost faith---
faith in life, faith in the future, faith in herself. But today
Susan, who once forgot God, knows in her heart that



GOD HAS NOT FORGOTTEN ME

The big old trees made a dappled pattern on the Carrolton, Georgia sidewalk as the morning sun filtered through. In a patch of shadow, a six-year-old girl with a bridge of freckles across her nose and her light-brown hair braided into two pigtails stood looking very solemn, moving only her hips as she kept a red hula hoop rotating around her small middle.

"Mornin', Mrs. Chalkley." The girl greeted her neighbor without missing a single revolution of the hoop. Then she

smiled to show an empty place in her mouth where she'd just lost a tooth. She let the hoop circle down to her ankles, jumped out of it deftly, snatched it up and offered it.

"Want to try?"

"I'll have to practice first," Susan Hayward Chalkley laughed. "You're so good at it, I'd rather just watch you." Susan stood there admiring the little girl as she wiggled her hoop. "Got to go now," she finally said. "See you again."

Susan Hayward walked on past (*Continued on page 97*)

by HILDEGARDE JOHNSON





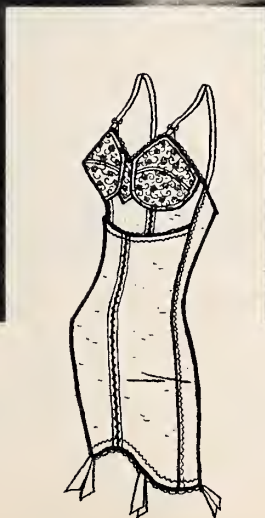
"WHAT DOES YOUR FIGURE MEASURE UP TO?" asks Molly Bee

You've done it: Stood in front of a park fun mirror and laughed out loud at your figure, as Molly Bee does here in the Pacific Ocean Park fun mirrors. But if you find when you look into your own mirror at home, you can no longer laugh at the picture, then it's time to do some personal figuring. And figures—no matter what anybody else tells you—don't lie. Check your figure with a measuring tape and if you have a star figure like Molly Bee's, your bust and hip measurements should match (35" x 35") and waist should indent by a neat ten inches. To measure the bust, place the (Continued on page 96)



(LEFT) **Top Heavy?** Nylon uplift bra sketch has elasticized band under bosom and at sides, insuring trimness. Maidenform, \$3.95. Too-straight hips? The answer is Formfit's panty girdle with cotton inserts (not padding) at back for separation. \$10.95.

(RIGHT) **Out of Proportion?** Whether you're long-waisted or short-waisted, here's an all-in-one to put your curves back where they belong. Split double front freedom. Gossard, \$15.00.



For where to buy, see page 96





Now—the Exotic Look—in Pearl Polish by Cutex

Your nails become exotic jewels—it's the most expensive look in history! Suddenly—your present polish looks flat and old hat. Your nails should gleam with the fire and fascination of exotic pearls . . . blues and greens from the deep blue seas . . . orchids and oranges from the islands . . . whites from foaming breakers. Never before have nails looked so exciting! Be the first to have the Exotic Look in Cutex Pearl Polish, the new, longer-lasting polish that turns your nails into jewels.

49¢ plus tax **CUTEX®**



YOUR FIGURE

continued



Too much bulge?



Laminated cotton bra gives natural uplift. Jantzen \$2.95. Lace-trimmed girdle controls curves. Vassarette, \$12.95.



Too flat?



Control around cups on cotton bra minimizes width. Lovable, \$2.00. Thigh-slimming panty girdle. Peter Pan, \$5.95.



Too wide?



Laminated bra has removable straps, turn-down cups. Perma-lift, \$5.00 Hi-rise girdle shapes midriff. Sarong, \$6.95.



LAWRENCE WELK:

it hurts when people laugh at you

Are they laughing at me?" Lawrence Welk stared at his own image on the television screen—the program had been filmed this week so he could appear at a benefit. Now he could see himself exactly as people all across the country were seeing him.

"Sure they are laughing," he said out loud. "Listen to that accent . . . and just look at me. Who could blame them for

laughing. Maybe I still don't belong up there in front of a band."

Fern Welk dropped the pink sweater she was knitting for their grandchild and walked over to the flower-patterned couch where her husband sat hunched over. "Lawrence," she said softly, putting her arms around him, "don't feel that way. Let's not go back . . ."

But Lawrence (*Continued on page 93*)

by MAXINE ARNOLD

ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING WOMEN IN THE WORLD: **ROME**



ELSA MARTINELLI is a glamorous and gifted actress, wife of a handsome young Roman Count, and mother of a lively one-year-old. In her teens she was a top-flight fashion model in Paris and New York. Recently she won the

top acting award at the Berlin Film Festival. "I often feel tense," she says, "but I must never look it." She uses Pond's Cold Cream to deep-cleanse and moisturize... to ease away tension lines... "My skin stays soft and smooth."

*She's busy yet she's beautiful...
she uses Pond's*

- Pond's Cold Cream beautifies as it cleanses—moisturizes *below* the surface
- Replaces the inner moisture modern living drains away
- Goes on moisturizing long after you tissue it off—keeps your skin dewy-fresh all day



Use Pond's to deep-cleanse at night—to moisturize under make-up all day.

WITH POND'S COLD CREAM YOU NEED NEVER BE TOO BUSY TO BE BEAUTIFUL

this page is yours

by Angela Busoni
Naples, Italy

Hope Lange and Don Murray visited our Italian town



"Always movie stars!" Papa teased. Then he heard how Hope Lange and Don Murray visited the orphanage.

That's me, Angela Busoni—in the picture with Hope Lange and Don Murray—and that's my friend, Pia. We're what you in America call "movie fans." We see all the pictures we can—Italian and American. We were very excited when we heard Don Murray and Hope Lange were going to visit

the Casa Materna Orphans Home near where we live. The whole town came out to see them. The Murrays went into all the classrooms, watched Dr. Eugenio Maida at work in his clinic, and examined some new buildings going up nearby. It was Mrs. Murray's birthday and one (Continued on page 81)

TUESDAY WELD

Continued from page 52

is Tuesday Weld. Honest, I'm not fooling."

Sometimes, the teacher just sighs, shrugs and tells me to take a seat, usually at the back of the room. Sometimes she asks for my mother to come and see her or to write her a note. And once, when I burst in upon the class in the middle of an algebra lesson that was going nowhere, the teacher handed me a piece of chalk. "If that's your name," she said, "go to the board and write it 100 times."

I don't really mind. I like my name. I come in for a lot of jokes but at least once I'm introduced, people don't forget it.

I was named Tuesday, you see, because I was born on Thursday and had arrived two days late. Well . . . since my mother's going to read this, the actual truth is my folks were expecting a boy. They'd already picked out a name, Rodney, after one of my great-grandfathers. When they found out I was a girl and they needed a name for the birth certificate, Mother said, "Put down Susan."

As soon as I could gurgle, I called myself Tu Tu. Mother called me Too-Too because I was always getting into things. Somehow Tu Tu and Too-Too turned into Tuesday.

I was born on August 27, 1943—or was it 1941???—in a Salvation Army Hospital in New York City. It's a very nice private hospital, so I'm told, and also very inexpensive. My being born was a financial problem for my family. My older sister Sally and my brother David, he's six years older and Sally's eight years older, were both born on a farm in Cape Cod, when Daddy was a stock broker and a gentleman farmer with 3,000 chickens. Just before I was born, he became very ill and he couldn't work any more. My folks had to give up their farm and move to New York.

When I was three years old, Daddy passed away. I don't remember much about him except from photographs—he was very handsome. He used to call me his "little social security card," whatever that means! Daddy developed a serious heart condition which finally took him away from us.

Even when you're very young there are certain things that you can remember about your life. For instance, I remember the place we lived in from the time I was born until I was nine. It was a cold-water flat on 53rd Street in New York, with the bathroom in the hallway and the bathtub in the kitchen. It wasn't very nice but it was all we could afford. After my father died, Mother went out to work to support Sally and David and me. She got a job at Lord and Taylor's department store, selling things. Everything she made went for rent and food and clothes for us.

Mother had a friend who was a designer and buyer at Best & Co., a New York department store. One day, when she happened to see some pictures that a photographer had taken of me for the family scrapbook, she told Mother I would make a good model and Mother agreed to give it a try. I was then just three years old. From my very first professional sitting I had fun. I liked looking into the camera. I posed for ad copy and fashion promotion for Best's until I was about eight. Actually it was good for me, I was very shy as a child. Meeting people through my work helped me climb out of the shell I was in. I've been told I was the first child model who had a long

blonde page boy, instead of tight corkscrew curls that most baby models had. I was known as the tailored type. Whenever dresses didn't have any ruffles they sent for me.

When I was nine, Mother took us all to live in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, which worked out very well because I was tired of modeling then. Besides, I'd become unpleasantly plump which is not too good for photographing. Besides, David and Sally loved to swim and Mother wanted them to have a chance to take lessons with a good coach. By saving her money she was able to afford to take us. Sally and David really learned how to swim like champs. Matter of fact, David is in the Marine Corps now and he just sent us home a trophy he won for coming in third in a relay race in the All Marine Corps Swimming and Diving Championships.

When I was ten and a half, we moved back to New York. I enrolled in the Professional Children's School and began modeling again and also doing TV commercials. Between times, I went to school, which was really a hassle—not school, but getting there.

My brother David was in charge of taking me every morning. We did not get along. In fact, I couldn't stand him. People tell me this is normal. We had to take three buses, then get off and walk through Central Park to get from our apartment to school. I was awful hard to get along with and David didn't help matters any. He used to tease me. We'd get on the bus and within two minutes we'd have all the passengers glaring at us. I'd scream at him at the top of my lungs and throw my lunch money under the seats, which he had to retrieve. Or else I'd wait until we got off the bus and toss my money in the street. I was such a sweet girl! Then we'd walk through the park and he'd begin teasing me and I'd cry. My sister and I didn't get into fights much. In fact we weren't particularly close. Eight years is a lot of difference when you're growing up. Now Sally's married, has two children and lives in New York.

Do you believe in fate and dreams? I do. I hope that doesn't sound strange but I'm a Virgo (born between August 22nd and September 22nd) and that's typical of us, according to some horoscopes I've read. From the time I was ten I used to have a dream that some day I would meet and get to work for director Elia Kazan. Even when I was ten, Mr. Kazan's name meant more to me than any other in the profession. He had just directed "East of Eden." When, soon after I'd had a small part in a picture made in New York, "Rock, Rock, Rock," I heard that Mr. Kazan was casting for "The Dark at the Top of the Stairs," a Broadway play, and that there were to be open tryouts. I flew at the chance.

The week before I was to appear at the tryouts I wracked my brain deciding what I should wear. Most of my wardrobe was—and still is—jeans and shirts and pullovers, but I had to wear something to impress Mr. Kazan. I couldn't make up my mind which extreme to go to. Oh, yes, I *had* decided to go to an extreme, that was for certain.

First of all, I bought the highest high heels I could find. Then I found a bright pink sleeveless dress that I knew Mr. Kazan couldn't help but notice, and to go underneath it, I bought a huge crinoline and taffeta petticoat that stuck out a mile and made a swishing noise when I walked. I even dyed my hair platinum. When my mother came home that evening, she nearly died! But it was too late to do anything about it. Next came some deep-tan

makeup so that I would look outdoorsy and healthy even though the summer had already passed. To complete the picture, I bought some thick phony eyelashes that could have knocked six people down if they'd stood within a foot of me.

As I started to leave the house, I got cold feet. Had I gone overboard? I pinned on a hunk of false hair made up into a thick ponytail braid, and over it I tied a pink scarf—more like a rag—which I felt was sort of a "country" touch to balance things. Off I went to the theater.

When I finally heard my name called I could barely walk to center stage. I started reading. After a few minutes, Mr. Kazan called out and asked me if I would please go offstage and come down where he was.

"Young lady, how old are you?" My idol was talking to me and the words weren't what I wanted to hear.

"I'm . . . I'm . . ." I mumbled something that sounded like sixteen. (I was really going on fourteen.)

"Well, then, can you tell me one good reason why you've made yourself up to look like a woman of thirty-five!"

Sitting there listening to him tear me apart, I was crushed. Then, in a flash, I realized I should be grateful that he cared enough to even waste time with me. I sat quietly and listened.

"First of all, that *hair* . . . it *has* to go. Get it back to its natural shade. And that makeup and those eyelashes! Miss Weld, you're a mess! Another thing, that petticoat you're wearing—I could hear you coming a mile away."

He could see I was almost in tears, but he knew that he had to say what he did for my own good. I started to get up and he said softly, "I would like you to come back and read again."

I nodded, too numb to speak.

"All right, Tuesday, I'll expect you back next week."

One week later, in flat shoes and minus war paint, petticoats, false hair and bright pink dress. I read again for Mr. Kazan. That was only the beginning of the "hurry-up-but-wait" routine connected with Broadway tryouts. I came back to read again off and on for nearly three months. Finally, I was given the part of understudy to the two lead ingenues. Maybe if I was lucky one of the girls would get sick—not that I wished them harm—only some minor ailment serious enough to allow me to make my Broadway debut! I was so happy I cried with excitement. I was going to work for Elia Kazan!

Opening night I sat backstage listening to two other girls saying the words I knew by heart. Since I was only an understudy, I didn't have a dressing room and, between acts, I found a seat on the steps in the basement. There I was, dressed in black and in a blue funk when a man came over and introduced himself. I'd been reading movie magazines practically all my life and I knew immediately that this tall, young, handsome man was *the* Dick Clayton, former actor turned agent. The man who'd helped discover and develop stars like James Dean and Tab Hunter. He was very nice to me. He asked me why I looked so sad, and I told him it was because I would never get a chance to act in the play and that I was utterly miserable.

There was something very soothing about him and his voice. He asked if I had an agent. I said yes. I did at that time. Then he said the most exciting words I'd ever heard:

"Tuesday, you don't belong in a basement sulking. You belong out in Hollywood. You should be a star."

I just nodded and he continued.

YOUR NEEDLEWORK

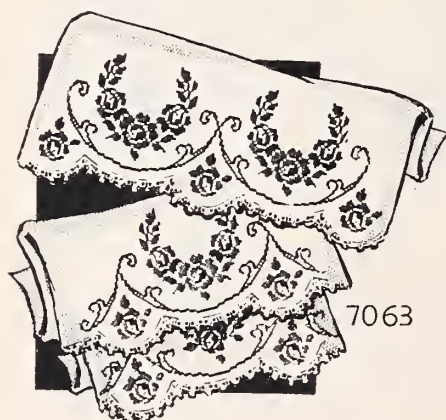
Send twenty-five cents (in coin) for each pattern to: Photoplay Needlework, P. O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, N. Y. 11, N. Y. Add 5¢ for each pattern for 1st class mailing. Send additional 25¢ for Photoplay's Needlework Catalogue.



Joanna Barnes, who loves to sew, is in "Up Periscope," for Warner Bros.



613—Directions for three crocheted caps to trim with crocheted petals to make for a delicate Easter bonnet.



7063—Plain linens take on new luxury when you add your own hand embroidery. Transfers of 3 motifs.



7092—Embroidered pinafore with full skirt to make from remnants. Tissue pattern, transfer. State size.



818—Crib quilt with child's prayer embroidered on squares includes diagram and transfers. 35 x 43 inches.

"If you ever decide to come to Hollywood and you need an agent or help and advice, let me know." He gave me his card.

In April of 1958 Mother and I sat down and had a long talk about things. The agent I had in New York wasn't able to do anything for me and I was too impatient to just sit and wait for things to happen. Mother agreed that perhaps I would have a chance if we went West. Then she said, "But, Tuesday, going to Hollywood is expensive. We'll need money for transportation and clothes and we'll have to find a place to stay; there's no guarantee you'll find work right away."

I knew it wouldn't be easy but I said, "Mother, why don't we talk to Mr. Clayton? He seemed so kind. Maybe he'll help us." Mother agreed. We sent Mr. Clayton a wire and asked him to call us.

Two hours later I heard the operator say, "Hollywood calling." Dick Clayton was on the wire. Mother and I talked with him and told him we wanted to come West but that we were poor and didn't know how we could manage it. Mr. Clayton said, "Leave everything to me. I'll see what I can arrange and call you back in a day or two."

He called us back a day and a half later with a guarantee of a job—an appearance on "Matinee Theater" on TV. "Can you leave tonight?" he asked. "You start work tomorrow morning!"

I'll never forget the night we arrived at the Los Angeles airport, April 18, 1958. When I get nervous I eat a lot, especially sweets, which doesn't help my usually size-seven figure. I hadn't realized how I'd been gorging myself until I got off the plane. Mr. Clayton took one look and said, "My gosh, Tuesday, you've grown into practically Wednesday!"

Then I realized I'd put on about ten pounds since he'd seen me. On the way to the hotel, where Mother and I spent the night, Mr. Clayton told me about the part I was to play on TV. Then he handed me a slip of paper with the name of a doctor. "I want you to take off some weight," he told me. "But don't make yourself sick starving like some kids out here do. Go to this doctor and have him give you a sensible diet."

With Mr. Clayton's help, Mother and I found a tiny furnished apartment in a section called the Sunset Strip. On a clear day, if you lean out of our front door far enough, you have a view of the whole city!

People ask me what I'm like and what I like. It's not really easy to be objective about yourself, but as near as I can tell I'm not very difficult to sum up. I'm 5 feet, three inches tall. While my natural shade of hair is honey blonde, right now it is lighter, a sort of gold and silver blonde. I weigh between 110 and 112—that is, when I stay on my diet. I love sweets, go on candy and cake binges every once in a while, but I'm usually content to drink coffee, black, munch on grapefruit, drink hot lemon and water (ugh) and fill up on proteins and salads without dressings. When I go off the wagon, I like to cheat like mad—maybe five thousand calories at one sitting—then I can go without sweets for weeks.

I'm pretty moody. I don't know why, except I seem to be very high or very low, being "middleish" is not a frequent occurrence. I am still a little shy underneath, but now I handle it differently. When I was young I'd go off by myself or hide in corners at parties. Now I'm a big extrovert, which is only an introvert who has learned how to cover up his insecurity.

As I said, people call me kooky, which

I guess means I'm a character. I hope they mean it in a nice sort of way! I hate anything routine; it bores me to get into a rut, which is why I flit from thing to thing. I have never been able to make too many close friends, my friendships, like my hobbies and interests, go in spurts. I love to paint and play the piano and read books on art. I'm crazy about all kinds of music from Rodgers (Jimmy) to Rachmaninoff (Serge). I love to go horseback-riding, dancing and my idea of a good date is if I don't have to dress up.

One important lesson I've learned is that if you laugh at yourself other people will laugh *with* you and not at you. As I said, I'm a pretty moody kid. In order to help get myself out of moods I change cosmetics, like different shades of lipstick and most of all I like to fix my hair different ways. I have several full wigs, plus a lot of false braids and extra hair, in assorted colors. that I use whenever I need a lift.

So when Timmy Evert (he had one of the leads in "Dark at the Top of the Stairs") took me to the opening of the play "The West Side Story," and then to a swanky party at the Ambassador Hotel, I decided to wear a chignon. Before going out I'd secured my false hair with enough bobbie pins to keep it in place for a year, or so I thought. During the evening someone requested the orchestra to play a polka. It was fun. Soon everyone got into the spirit of the music. Timmy started whirling me around faster and faster until all of a sudden I could feel my billion bobby pins coming loose. . . . I tried to slow down. Have you ever tried coming to a halt during a full gallop? That's the way it was with the polka—we just kept whirling around. Next thing I knew I felt something tickling my shoulder—out of the corner of my eye I saw it—my hair—hanging limp, with the bobbie pins falling all over. I tried to say something, but Timmy kept twirling me around. The music was so loud, he couldn't hear me ask him to stop. We kept going until we were the last couple left on the floor. All that motion made me dizzy. Next thing I knew, I was falling; before I could stop myself I'd slid clear across the slippery dance floor. My chignon, which now looked like a rag mop, flew in the opposite direction! The music stopped. Everybody was watching me. Timmy helped me up. I held my head high, smiled at him and said in what I hoped was a dignified tone, "Excuse me, I think I've lost my hair."

With that, I strolled casually across the room, stooped down and picked up my chignon. Then, walking back across the floor, I said, "I'll only be a minute, Timmy." I laughed and, hair in hand, headed for the powder room. As I walked away, I could hear the others laughing, but laughing *with* me, not at me!

It's very hard to put your whole life down on paper, but I hope you know me a little better after reading this. If I haven't said it before, I must mention that everyone out in Hollywood sure has been great to me. I hope I can stay here for a long time. I think I'm making some strides. When I first started working in pictures, I overheard Leon Shamroy, the cameraman on "Rally Round the Flag," tell someone I looked like Jayne Mansfield's sister—"from the rear." At least that means I'm making some progress. I can't wait until the day I look like a grown-up glamor queen from *all* directions!

—AS TOLD TO MARCIA BORIE

TUESDAY'S IN 20TH'S "RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS" AND WILL SOON BE SEEN IN "THE FIVE PENNIES," PAR.; "SAY ONE FOR ME," 20TH.

JUST OUT

HOLLYWOOD'S BOOK-OF-THE-YEAR

The brilliant new 1959 PHOTOPLAY ANNUAL is ready for you now. This is the book that tells you everything about Hollywood. This glamorous yearbook sparkles with bright new pictures of all the top-flight stars. Here, too, is all the news and gossip of Hollywood . . . plus exclusive stories about the screen's outstanding personalities of the year. This is a book you must have. Here's a sample of what's inside this exciting yearbook:

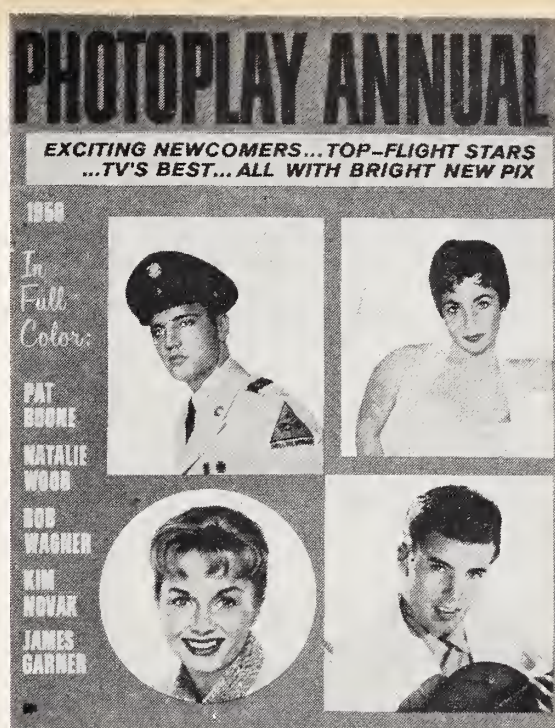
HOLLYWOOD MADE NEWS—Stars marry . . . divorce . . . have babies. And all around the globe their doings are front page news. Here in pictures and stories is a blow-by-blow account of the exciting goings-on in the always-exciting world of the movies.

PERSONALITIES OF THE YEAR—Stories and pictures of Dick Clark • Pat Boone • Kim Novak • Rock Hudson • Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner • James Garner • Debbie Reynolds • Liz Taylor • Brigitte Bardot • Marilyn Monroe • Sal Mineo • Tab Hunter • Tony Perkins • John Saxon • James MacArthur • Hugh O'Brian.

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ELVIS KISSED ME

Continued from page 54

Elvis Presley in person! How my friends will all be jealous!"

I couldn't sleep all the night thinking about the next day. I had never seen anyone famous, and Elvis was something super-special. All the girls in Germany were mad for him. His autograph was even selling on the black market. That's how popular he is! What a story I would have to tell Inga, my best girl friend, and everyone else at the office Monday morning.

Bruno came to pick me up right after lunch. I hadn't eaten a bite myself, I was so excited. I wore a fluffy white sweater I had bought especially for the day, and a new skirt my mother had made me.

All the way to Bad Homburg, I chattered at Bruno. But I was nervous. It did not seem real that I was about to see Elvis Presley.

Then I began to worry. After all, how was Bruno so sure I could even get near to Elvis to ask for his autograph? There would be many people crowding around his hotel. Maybe we would not see him.

"Never mind, you will see him," Bruno said. "I have to take some pictures of him, and I have never missed an assignment yet."

At Elvis' hotel in Bad Homburg, we learned that Elvis would be taking a walk with his father in a park nearby at 4:30. There were a lot of photographers around, who were waiting, like Bruno, for him to come out.

My eyes were glued on the door of the Ritter's Park Hotel. Suddenly I grabbed Bruno's arm. "There he is," I screamed, and I dashed across the street.

Elvis was followed by several men. I noticed them without seeing them. I saw only Elvis. He looked very handsome in his American uniform.

I squeezed through the photographers, who were beginning to crowd around him. I held Bruno's calling card up to him. It was all I had. "Please, may I have your autograph?" I asked him in German.

He smiled, and I thought I would melt. "Wie Geht Es Dir?" (How do you do?) he said to me, also in German, and he looked straight into my eyes, as he signed his name.

"How about a picture with the girl, Elvis?" all the photographers began to shout. Elvis smiled again and looked at me questioningly. I could only nod my head, I was unable to speak.

He took my hand in his, right there in front of everyone, and we began to walk towards the park. He asked me my name, and he repeated it after me. "Margrit," he said softly.

We did not say much. It was difficult, as I do not have much English. Oh, how sorry I was that I did not speak his language. For the last two months, I had been going to night school twice a week to learn English. That was because I hoped to go to America one day. I understand a little but I speak only a few words. But I found it easier to understand Elvis than even my English teacher. Elvis spoke English slowly, so softly, spacing the words carefully to make it more easy for me.

"Autogramm . . . autograph. It is the first German word I have learned," Elvis said. We were still walking, hand in hand, followed by hundreds of people. I did not feel ill at ease. I felt as if I had known him always.

"How about a little kiss?" one of the photographers asked.

I blushed a deep crimson, and Elvis looked embarrassed too. Then he laughed.

He tossed his head like a little boy when he laughs. He looked at me for permission, and I nodded my head.

He took me very gently into his arms and kissed me lightly on the cheek. "Again, again," cried the photographers. Once again he kissed me, holding me closer.

This time I closed my eyes. No more photographers milling about. No more crowds watching us. No cameras clicking, no people pushing. Just Elvis . . . hugging me, his lips warm against my face—kissing me again and again and again. (Later Bruno told me there had been sixteen kisses.)

Finally, I opened my eyes. Elvis put his hand gently against my cheek. He smiled at me and said, "Thanks a lot."

Then he took my hand, and we walked back to the hotel. Elvis bent down and kissed me on the cheek. Then it was all over. He waved and went into the hotel.

The crowds of people began to cheer and scream, "Elvis, Elvis." They were staring up at the second story balcony. I did too.

Elvis was standing on the balcony. He looked straight at me and blew me a kiss. I blew one back. Then he disappeared.

The people began to leave, but I stood in a daze. I kept looking and looking up at the balcony. Bruno finally brought me back to the real world.

"Do you know what just happened?" Bruno cried.

"Elvis kissed me," I answered.

"Not that," Bruno said, "something else. I was just talking to Lamar Fikes, Elvis Presley's secretary, and he said that Elvis wanted your address and phone number. What do you think of that?"

I could not answer. I just gulped and looked up at the balcony.

For the next several days, I did not think of anything except Elvis. I hoped and hoped he would call me, but deep in my heart I did not think he would.

Two weeks went by and there was no call from Elvis. I gave up hope. But just the same I kept looking in the paper for news of him. I read that he had moved with his father and grandmother to a hotel in Bad Nauheim. Then they changed to a smaller hotel, so that his grandmother could cook for him. I read also he was working very hard in the army.

Then I stopped reading the paper. Forget about him, I told myself. But if you have been kissed sixteen times by Elvis Presley it is not easy to forget . . .

One Sunday, three weeks after I had met Elvis, I came home from a movie where I had gone with my girl friend, Inga. I found my mother in a terrible state of excitement.

"He has called," she cried, before I had closed the door.

"Who?" I asked, and then I guessed before she could stutter out the name, "Mr. Presley."

"About twenty minutes before. A man's voice asked for you in English," my mother explained. Fortunately, a friend of my mother's, who understands English, was visiting. She took the call. It was Mr. Fikes, and he wanted to talk to me about making a date with Elvis. He said he would call later.

At that moment the phone rang again. It was Elvis' secretary. I asked my mother's friend, the one who understands English, to take the message. Mr. Fikes said that Elvis was too busy in the army to call himself but he wanted to know if I was free on the following Tuesday to go out with him.

"Yes," I said, taking the phone from my mother's friend, "Yes." "We'll pick you up at 6:30," Mr. Fikes said, and somehow I understood every word.

Yet I could not believe it was true. "Maybe it is a joke," I said to my mother.

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"Maybe one of Elvis' friends," another soldier, is playing a joke on me."

Joke or no joke, I was certainly going to be ready at 6:30 on Tuesday. I do not know how I passed those two days. I could not keep my mind on my job, and my thoughts would stray off to Elvis when I was taking dictation. I did not say anything at the office—not even to Inga. I did not want to be kidded in case it was a joke.

On Tuesday I took a taxi home from work—something I never do—so I would have much time to dress. Also, I missed my twice-a-week English lesson, a thing I had never done before. But right there and then I said to myself that I would make up for it, that I would take lessons three times a week from then on. And if Elvis liked me, I would need the extra lessons . . . so that I could really talk to him.

For my first date with Elvis I chose a red plaid woolen jumper, which I wore with a white peasant blouse. My mother had made them. She makes all my clothes. I put on my highest heels. I am very tiny, not even five feet, and Elvis is so high.

Then I sat down on my chair to wait. At 6:15 the phone rang. My heart skipped a beat. Elvis is breaking the date, I thought. It was Mr. Fikes, who said that Elvis had been delayed coming back to camp. It was a dark, foggy night, and he explained—through my mother's friend—that because of the delay he himself would come in a car to fetch me and take me to meet Elvis.

At 7 o'clock sharp, Mr. Fikes rang at my door. I introduced him to my mother. He told her that Elvis was sorry he could not meet her himself, but that duty was duty. He explained that I would meet Elvis' father and grandmother, and then maybe we would go to a movie.

My mother told him I had to be home at 11 o'clock at the latest. Mr. Fikes agreed. Then my mother kissed me, and I went out to the taxi.

In the cab I said hardly anything. I had never had a real date before and wasn't sure how to act. From time to time I glanced at the illustrated English-German dictionary I had brought with me. As we came more near to Bad Nauheim, I got more nervous, and kept asking myself, "Will he like me?"

Elvis was waiting in the hall of the hotel for us when we arrived. He had on a dark suit and a heavy white sweater. "Hi," he said, smiling. He shook hands in a friendly fashion. He took my arm and led me upstairs, where I met his father. His father is very good looking. "My grandma isn't feeling too well tonight," Elvis said. "You'll meet her another time."

Soon I was not nervous anymore. Elvis and his father were so friendly and natural. I understood the general sense of almost everything they said. Whenever I was puzzled about a word, I looked in my dictionary. Elvis sat near me and helped me find the word. "You will teach me German and I will teach you English," he said.

We drank Cokes and Elvis beat time with his foot, even though no music was playing. He asked me if I wanted to see a movie. "Do you want to see 'Tamango'?" he asked me. "It's in German. That's better for you."

I was touched by his thoughtfulness in suggesting a German language one for my sake.

We came into the movie during the middle. Elvis looked relieved. He would have been mobbed if we had been seen. He picked out two seats in a corner of the movie house.

He took my hand, and I felt all warm and glowing inside. Whenever there were love scenes between Curt Jurgens and Dorothy



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Andridge in the movie, he pressed my hand more tightly.

We left just before the movie ended so we could avoid the crowd. "Didn't understand a word," he grinned, as he helped me into his car, a beautiful Mercedes.

Driving back to Frankfurt, about twenty-five miles, he talked quietly and very slowly, so I would understand. I had my dictionary open on my knees. Sometimes I shook my head to show I did not get a word. Then he'd stop the car and he would turn on the car light and thumb through the book to find the illustration. We laughed and laughed.

One thing I confess I didn't understand at all. He kept repeating the word "puppy" all the time. I thought he was calling me that, as a pet name. He looked and couldn't find the word in the dictionary. Finally he gave up.

We had reached my home. It was not quite eleven. My shyness had gone, and I felt like I had known him for ages. He took me to the door, kissed me very sweetly and said, "See you tomorrow at the same time."

Then he dashed to his car, waved to me and drove off.

My mother was waiting up for me and I told her everything that had happened ending with, "He is so nice, so polite and courteous."

The next day at my office, I told all my friends about my evening. They were divided into two groups. There were those who criticized me. They were the same ones who had said before that I should never have let Elvis kiss me in front of all those photographers. As my mother said, "A kiss in front of the world cannot be more innocent." I decided they were jealous.

Then there was the other group, including my girl friend, Inga. They were thrilled and happy for me.

For my next date the next night with Elvis, I took my hair down and wore it in a horse tail. I had worn it rolled into a chignon the other times. I put on a green mohair pullover and a narrow red skirt. At 6:30 my doorbell rang. It was Elvis himself. I introduced him to all my family, first to my mother, then my grandparents, who were very shy and excused themselves. My big brother, Rolf, was impressed, and my little brother Pieter started to show off by pulling out Elvis' records from a shelf.

Elvis shook hands with everyone. There was a very sad look in his eyes.

When we climbed into his car, he was silent. The look of pain was still in his eyes. "You know, I recently lost my mother," he said, looking steadily out the window. "It's terribly lonely without her. During the holidays, I thought more and more about her. I keep remembering all the things we did together. It's more lonely here than it was back home because we don't know anyone."

At that moment, more than any other, I did regret I could not express myself well enough to tell him how sorry I was. I knew that meeting my mother had brought back memories of his own.

We were silent. Then he smiled, still sadly, but he was making a big try to be gay. "Why don't you wear makeup?" he asked me. "You'd be even prettier if you did."

"I never wear makeup," I told him. "I do not think I have enough years yet."

"All the girls in America wear it, even at your age," he answered. "Your brown eyes would look so much bigger if you wore mascara. And I like to see girls with lipstick. My favorite color lipstick is the red they use on the Colgate toothpaste tubes." He looked at my hair. "You know, I like your hair. It's the color of corn stalks, but I like it better when you

wear it up." I promised him to wear it up the next time.

When we arrived in Bad Neuheim, he took me upstairs to his grandmother's room. He introduced us and then said, "I must go downstairs for a bit. My Daddy and I have a date with some reporters. You stay here with my Grandma."

It was not too easy for me to talk to his grandmother, again because of the language. But I understood her as well as I did Elvis. "You remind me of a girl Elvis knows in Memphis," she said. Then she changed the subject.

"I keep busy doing the cooking," she told me. "I brought along a lot of old recipes from the South. Elvis' father does the shopping every morning with the taxi driver, but we can't find the kinds of meats and vegetables we're used to back home to make the kind of dishes Elvis really likes."

When Elvis and his father came back, his grandmother said "Good night." Then the three of us went to Elvis's room. His father came with us.

I looked around the room. There were twin beds and several comfortable chairs and lots of cushions. There was a picture of a woman on a table. I was sure it was Elvis' mother. They looked alike. In a corner were stacks of letters. He told me they were from his fans.

Elvis took a small guitar, which was standing in a corner, and began to play and sing for us.

"I like to play to let off steam," he said. He sang all the songs I knew so well from his records, "Jailhouse Rock," "Love Me Tender," "Don't Be Cruel," and "Treat Me Nice."

It was so wonderful. In the tender songs his voice was so warm and caressing. I wanted to lean back and close my eyes, but I did not want to miss seeing him for a minute.

That night I discovered my mistake about the word "puppy." He showed me a beautiful little dog, champagne color, with long ears like a cocker spaniel. "This is my puppy," he said.

Elvis loved that little dog. "Its name," he explained to me, "is very fancy, 'Cherry of the Mainkur.' That's his name on the papers, but we call him 'Cherry.'"

"Would you mind if Lamar takes you home tonight?" Elvis asked, as the time approached eleven. "I'm afraid I have to be at camp extra early tomorrow morning, so I'd better go to bed."

He walked with me to the taxi. "Will I see you tomorrow?" he asked me.

"No," I shook my head. "I have my English lesson on Friday, and I have already missed it once in this week." It took a lot of will power for me to say this.

"Okay, honey," Elvis said. "Then how about Saturday, the same time?"

I shook my head, yes, and he hugged and kissed me and waved goodbye.

Again my mother was waiting up for me when I got home. After I reviewed the evening for her, she said, "What a nice young man . . . nothing conceited about him. It is hard to believe he is a famous star."

The first thing I asked my English teacher Friday night was the meaning of the word "honey."

She explained to me that it is a product

from bees used as a sweet. When I looked puzzled, she asked if someone had called me that. When I told her yes, she laughed. "Then it was meant as a pet name," she explained. "They use it a lot in America."

For my Saturday date, I was very careful to put my hair up the way Elvis liked it, but not even for him would I put any lipstick on.

That night Elvis again played on the guitar and sang to all of us. "I don't like to go out on the town," he said. "I like to stay home with people I like and be comfortable."

During the evening Elvis told me that he would be leaving on maneuvers soon. "I'm not looking forward to it," he sighed. "It's going to be real tough. For eight weeks I won't be able to get a pass. But I want to be a good soldier and I'll do my best. I've got wonderful buddies in my outfit."

He told me he did not know if he could see me that next day because he did not know when he'd be leaving. "I'll call you and let you know," he said.

He sent me home by taxi, and as always I was there at eleven. Just before I went to bed, I circled in red on my calendar, as I had every time I had been out with him.

The next day was a Sunday. At 4 o'clock he phoned. "I still don't know when I'm leaving, honey," he said. "I'll call you at 6:00 but be ready anyway at 6:30."

At 6:30 Lamar came in a taxi for me. Elvis' father was not there when we came to the hotel. It was the first time I had ever been really alone with him.

"Well, I'm definitely leaving on maneuvers tomorrow morning at dawn," he said. He was already dressed in his field uniform. "I want you to learn English while I'm gone," he said. "I think it will be easier for you than for me to learn German."

"You know, I like you," he said, "even if you won't put any lipstick on," and he laughed. "It won't be so lonely for me here if I have someone to talk to that I like."

On a sudden impulse I said to him, "Do you have a special girl friend?"

"No," he shook his head. "No one special."

I told him I was sure I could learn English quickly and that I would make my lessons to three times a week.

We talked about sports. Elvis was pleased to know that I loved to swim. "I like to swim too," he said. We discussed music. I told him I often went to the Frankfurt Jazz House to listen and dance. "You'll have to take me there when I get back," he said.

It was getting late, and I knew he had to get up very early. He agreed with me. "Before you leave, I want to sing you one more song," he said, and he took out his guitar.

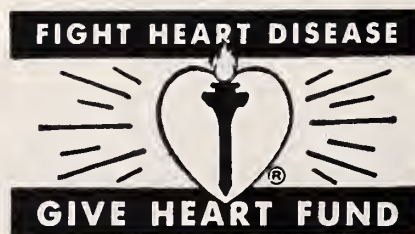
He played and sang to me in German, an old German folk polka, "*Ich Tanze Polka Mein Schatz*" (I Dance the Polka with You, Sweetheart).

"See you," were his last words to me, as he took me to the taxi and kissed me goodbye.

The only news I've had of Elvis since is what I read in the papers. I know he was in the Greenwoehl Forest, near the Czech border and that he was living under actual battle conditions.

He has not written, and he gave me no address to write him.

If he was not a big star, it would be much easier. Then I would not be afraid to write him. Then I could tell him about my hopes and dreams of going to America. I had begun my English lessons so I would know the language good enough to apply for a job as a baby-sitter or helper in an American family in exchange for my room



and board. I was planning to study English shorthand so that I could one day apply for a job as a secretary in an import-export firm.

Those are my hopes and dreams . . . the ones I would like to tell Elvis. But right now I can only talk to the wall—to the wall of my room where I have put up the pictures of Elvis and me that he took the first day we met. There I have also put a cover from Photoplay magazine, and a picture of my family and me looking at this cover. This cover has special meaning for me. It has a beautiful photograph of Elvis on it, with a message from him to his admirers in the United States: "Please Don't Forget Me While I'm Gone." In my mind I change the "I'm" to "You're" and think: *Elvis, Don't Forget Me While You're Gone.*

Maybe I will never hear from Elvis again. Even if I do not I still have a warm, pleasant memory of a wonderful, soft-spoken, polite boy who was my first real date.

THE END

THIS PAGE IS YOURS

Continued from page 74

of the little boys gave her a bouquet of flowers, making a little speech of thanks to them "for everything you have done to help us and our home."

Pia and I found out from one of the people in the big crowd outside that Mr. and Mrs. Murray are in charge of something called the "Homeless European Land Program." Through HELP they support the work of the orphanage at Casa Materna.

Even though they were very busy, they did find time to talk to us. Hope Lange was very beautiful and very nice. Don Murray is just like he is in the movies. (Pia and I saw "Bus Stop" three times. It was very good.) We told them how much we like their pictures (we also saw "Peyton Place" three times), and they signed autographs for us.

When it was time for them to leave, the director of the orphanage thanked them for all they were doing for the children. Mr. Murray said something then that Pia and I will never forget. He thanked the director for what *he* was doing. And then he said (and Pia and I remembered every word): "A Catholic priest I know once said the kind of work you're doing—helping children—is wonderful. He said it's wonderful, because we cannot do good to God and we cannot hurt God, since none of us has been able to have that kind of a personal relationship with God. But God has given us man whom we can help and we can hurt. It is this way we either serve or abuse God."

Mr. and Mrs. Murray saw how excited we were being with them and invited us to go along to their train. On the way we asked if Mrs. Murray was going to have a baby. She said "Yes." We were very glad.

When we got home, Pia told my mother and father what Mr. Murray had said at the orphanage about serving God. Pia knows English well and she had written down every word he'd said. My father nodded his head and said that Mr. Murray was certainly a fine man. We think so too.

THE END

HOPE LANGE WILL SOON BE SEEN IN "THE BEST OF EVERYTHING" FOR 20TH AND DON MURRAY'S IN U.A.'S "SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL" AND 20TH'S "THESE THOUSAND HILLS."

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| 19. Peter Lawford | 219. Natalie Wood | 274. Robert Culp | 298. Joanne Woodward |
| 22. Burt Lancaster | 220. Dewey Martin | 275. Michael Ansara | 299. Teddy Randazzo |
| 25. Dale Evans | 221. Joan Collins | 276. Jack Kelly | 300. Paul Anka |
| 33. Gene Autry | 222. Jayne Mansfield | 277. Darlene Gillespie | 301. Peter Brown |
| 34. Roy Rogers | 223. Sal Mineo | 278. Annette Funicello | 302. Edd Byrnes |
| 51. Doris Day | 224. Shirley Jones | 279. David Stollery | 303. Joni James |
| 56. Perry Como | 225. Elvis Presley | 280. Tim Considine | 304. Jack Mahoney |
| 57. Bill Holden | 227. Tony Perkins | 281. Nick Todd | 305. Jim Franciscus |
| 66. Gordon MacRae | 228. Clint Walker | 282. Johnny Mathis | 306. Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. |
| 74. John Wayne | 229. Pat Boone | 283. David Nelson | 307. John Smith |
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| 84. Janet Leigh | 231. Don Murray | 285. Pat Conway | 309. John Russell |
| 86. Farley Granger | 233. Pat Wayne | 286. Bob Horton | 310. Gene Barry |
| 92. Guy Madison | 235. Anita Ekberg | 287. John Payne | 311. Chuck Connors |
| 105. Vic Damone | 236. Corey Allen | 288. David Janssen | 312. Geo. Montgomery |
| 109. Dean Martin | 240. Patti Page | 289. Dick Clark | 313. Craig Stevens |
| 110. Jerry Lewis | 241. Lawrence Welk | 290. Yvonne Craig | 314. Steve McQueen |
| 121. Tony Curtis | 243. Larry Derr | 291. Carol Lynley | 315. Conway Twitty |
| 128. Debbie Reynolds | 244. Buddy Merrill | 292. Jimmie Rodgers | 316. Ty Hardin |
| 135. Jeff Chandler | 245. Hugh O'Brien | | |
| 136. Rock Hudson | 246. Jim Arness | | |
| 139. Debra Paget | 247. Sanford Clark | | |
| 140. Dale Robertson | 249. John Soxon | | |
| 141. Marilyn Monroe | 250. Dean Stockwell | | |
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| 149. Russ Tamblyn | 255. John Kerr | | |
| 150. Jeff Hunter | 256. Harry Belafonte | | |
| 175. Charlton Heston | 258. Luana Patten | | |
| 179. Julius La Rosa | 259. Dennis Hopper | | |
| 180. Lucille Ball | 260. Tom Trvon | | |
| 182. Jack Webb | 261. Tommy Sands | | |
| 185. Richard Egan | 262. Will Hutchins | | |
| 187. Jeff Richards | 263. James Darren | | |
| 192. Jean Simmons | 264. Ricky Nelson | | |
| 194. Audrey Hepburn | 265. Faron Young | | |
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Continued from page 41

knew my parents would be mad if they found out. But the idea of belonging to the group was too great a temptation.

At first I had to force myself to swallow the stuff. It made me choke and had a harsh strong smell. I felt like throwing up, but I wasn't going to let the other fellows know that. So I kept on drinking, kept on being "one of the boys," and soon I found I was really beginning to enjoy it.

But I felt guilty. Guilty because I was misusing the trust my parents had placed in me. They believed in me; believed in me enough not to cross-question me every time I came home. And all the while I was doing something they had taught me was wrong.

One night we bought more than we could drink. Since I'd chipped in the most money, I got to take the two leftover bottles home. That didn't please me as much as it was supposed to because . . . what would happen if my mother and father found the bottles? As I left the boys to go home I grinned bravely and told them they were great for letting me have the extra beer. But I didn't feel so great myself.

I slipped quietly into the house, trying to close the front door and creep up to my room without anyone hearing me. But just as I tiptoed onto the first step of the staircase, it gave a loud creak and my father shouted from the living room, "That you, Pat?"

"Yes, Pop."

"Come here a second. I want to speak to you."

"Be with you," I shouted and leaped, two stairs at a time, up into my room and buried the bottles under the bed. Then I trotted, whistling as I went, down the stairs to speak to my father. All he wanted to know was if I were neglecting my schoolwork.

By the time I got to go to school the next day, I had forgotten about the beer under the bed. It wasn't until ten o'clock, right in the middle of the English class, that I remembered. The bottles! My mother must have found them by now! I'll really be in for it!

When school let out, I ran all the way home, dashed up the stairs and threw

myself against the door of the room. When it swung back I had one of the happiest sights of my life. Staring at me was a rumpled, unmade bed. Yesterday's clothes were thrown over a chair and my schoolbooks were still on the table where I'd left them.

I looked under the bed. The bottles were untouched. Mom hadn't made my bed or tidied the room as usual. I heard my mother's voice calling to me from below.

"Pat, Pat." And I could hear her footsteps on the stairs. She put her head around the door. "Pat—I left your room like this on purpose. How do you like coming home to such untidiness? You must learn to be neater."

When she left I dove under the bed, grabbed the bottles, and, hiding them under my jacket, darted out of the house to ditch them in the first empty lot. I couldn't face drinking the stuff. And I felt so ashamed. If she had found them I know she would have been more hurt than angry. That incident with the bed had taught me a lesson.

When you are young you do a lot of crazy things. But I had to get into trouble on account of a man who died one hundred and fourteen years ago; the seventh president of the United States, Andrew Jackson. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

First I'd better explain that I was in the eighth grade at the time. Each year the graduating class at the school gets to take a trip and this is always looked forward to as one of the highlights of the semester not only for its educational value but most of all because it means no classes on a regular school day! Our class outing was to the Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson, which is located a few miles outside of Nashville.

When the day of our trip arrived, we marched out of the building feeling very big-time because the other students were stuck in their classrooms. We could see a few of them, the ones with seats near a window, gazing down at us longingly as we all piled on to the chartered bus. During the ride, our teacher reminded us of the highlights of President Jackson's life, some historical events that took place at the Hermitage, and then she ended by telling us that we were expected to behave like ladies and gentlemen. We were not to make too much noise and above all not to touch anything on the premises.

I can still remember my first view of the home as we drove up. It's a big, sprawling, two-storied house with four white pillars which makes it resemble a Greek temple. Inside we didn't know what to look at first: the crystal chandeliers, the heavy rose-colored draperies, or the exotic furniture.

We got to one bedroom and I remember the guide saying, "Even the wallpaper in this room has not been changed since President Jackson's day." As he mentioned the word wallpaper, old "Hawkeye" Boone noticed that at the far corner of the room a chunk of the paper had peeled away from the wall and was hanging down. It wasn't a very big hunk but I thought it would be great to have as a souvenir.

I stayed behind. When the others were out in the hallway, I reached up and grabbed off the drooping fragment of paper. In pulling it off a little bit more started to peel until finally I had quite a chunk. While I was figuring out where I could put the paper so it would be safe until I got home, a few of my buddies came back into the bedroom looking for me. I was caught "with the goods" as they say in mystery stories. Since I was caught I did the only thing I could think of at that moment. I gallantly tore some strips from my hunk of paper and distributed one to each of my buddies. That year I happened to be class president, and this "feat of daring" only served to enhance my reputation as a big man.

The rest of the day was uneventful. As soon as I got home I made a beeline for my bedroom and carefully slipped the paper into the back of a desk drawer. I was as proud of that souvenir as if I'd won a statue from the Smithsonian Institute! And I rationalized that it was really only a small piece of paper so nobody should miss it.

Well, the amount of paper I pulled off the wall might have seemed small to me, but not to the caretaker who evidently noticed the damage as he locked up for the evening. I learned later that he reported the incident to our principal because, having discovered it right after our thundering herd took off for home, he assumed that someone in our group was responsible.

The next morning, as soon as all of us had taken our seats, the teacher got up from behind her desk. She looked very upset as she said, "I have to ask you all a very important question. While I'm positive that none of my students could possibly be involved, we have been notified that a large piece of wallpaper is missing from a bedroom in the Hermitage. In fact the caretaker says the wall is defaced because some rowdy mutilated the paper."

She paused, looked around the room, then added, "Is anyone here responsible?"

As she spoke I felt as if my face must be turning beet red. I was sure that guilt was written all over me. Yet as I listened to her it became increasingly clear to me that she obviously didn't want anybody to confess, because it would have reflected on her. I felt awful. The realization of what I'd done hit me suddenly. I felt even more disturbed when it dawned on me that it would be fairly easy to just keep my mouth shut about the whole matter. I debated with myself for a few minutes, at first trying to reason things out by deciding I would be much kinder to her if I said nothing. The only people who knew what I'd done were a few close buddies, and I knew they'd never tell—especially since they all had chunks of paper almost as big as mine.

Then slowly I found myself raising my right arm high in the air. I'd wrestled with myself . . . and lost. As the teacher



"I'm not perfect," Pat admits, "though I hope my little Debbie thinks I am."

looked at me in disbelief, I said quietly, "I did it, ma'am. I took the wallpaper." I thought she would sink right through the floor. Not only was one of her students the culprit but it had to be the class president to boot! After I made my brief announcement, she said nothing. She just walked back to her desk and continued the day's lesson. When the bell rang she said quietly, "Pat, would you stay for a few minutes, please."

When everyone had left, she took me by the hand and, without saying a word, marched me straight to the principal's office. I was asked to describe in detail just how I had accomplished the "foul deed." When I was through talking, the principal gave me a long lecture, followed by a walloping, and then he called my home and told my mother what I'd done.

I took the long way home that afternoon to try to figure out what I would say to my folks. That night my father and I had a little talk. Then he gave me a walloping. When it was all over, I stood there while my father talked to me in his own quiet way. He told me that I had to be punished because I'd done something very wrong. At the same time he explained that he hadn't hit me too hard because he was glad I owned up to what I'd done. "It takes courage to admit an error," he said.

The way he said it made me feel so small, because I realized how stupid I'd been.

After Dad finished talking, he told me to go up to my room and write a letter to the people at the Hermitage and express my sincere apologies. I wrote the letter, but it took me hours to put the few words down on paper.

I learned a lot that day about thoughtlessness and being irresponsible and I think I became more considerate from then on. But it's a funny thing about learning, you think you've learned for good and then suddenly you do something that sets you back with a sharp jolt.

That jolt for me became the story I'm going to tell you now. The story I've never told before. No one outside my immediate family and the few friends who were with me at the time know about it. But lately, I've wanted more and more to speak about it, especially since so many kids seem to think I was so perfect as a boy. Nobody is. We all have to learn, and the hard way, I guess.

I remember the day . . . it came at the end of my junior year at high school. There is a printed record of this error . . . in the files of the Nashville Juvenile Court. And it can never be erased.

It all started in a completely innocent, fun way. I guess a lot of trouble starts like that.

I can't remember who actually first came up with the suggestion, but to add some excitement to what was apparently going to be a dull Friday night, we decided to sneak into the movie house without buying tickets.

We all had money with us to go in the normal way. That wasn't the point. We were just thirsting for fun, an "adventure" which would be different.

By diversionary tactics, we managed to slip unnoticed passed the cashier. The man who was tearing tickets presented a more difficult problem as he was not so busy and had better view of everyone around him. We ambled about as though waiting for someone, then finally managed to slip past him when a large group of kids went in. Smart, we thought.

But as we stood by the candy machine, pleasantly drunk with achievement and wondering where to sit, the manager slipped unnoticed up to us and in a commanding voice began, "Hey, you fellas. . ."



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But before he had had time to get out his words we were off. He caught one fellow by the arm, but my buddy twisted neatly and ran off with me and the other guy.

Down the dark aisles he chased us, with the doorman close behind. We ducked into an empty row and clambered over the seats, making for an exit at the side of the theater. The two guys with me made it—but I tripped against one of the seats and stumbled long enough for the doorman to grab me.

He took me to the manager's office and the manager called the police. I was terrified. I could just see mother crying.

"Is this the kid?" I vaguely remember hearing a cop say as he plodded into the manager's office.

The police drove me down to the station. There I was, sitting in the back of a police car, wanting to sink right through the floor with shame and guilt. What would they do? What would my father say?

We stopped at traffic lights and to my horror I noticed some of my friends drive up alongside. One fellow noticed me cowering in the back of the patrol car and I

could see him gesticulating to his friends, evidently pointing me out to them. I managed to open the window a little and yelled, "Don't tell anyone you saw me!"

Then we arrived at the police station. And they checked to see if I had any former record. When they found I didn't, they became much nicer and the sergeant just lectured me. Then he took me into a small room at the back and told me to sit and wait until my father came. His last words were that my name was now part of the permanent records of the juvenile court and that the next time I was caught doing *anything*, I'd be in for far more than just the warning I was getting now.

That wait seemed endless and to this day I can still see my father's shocked face as he walked through the door into that little room. He was as pale as a ghost. That he had lived to see the day when he would be picking up his son at a police station, seemed completely to crush him.

All I could say was, "I'm sorry, Dad."

We didn't say a word to each other all the way home. That was the worst of all because I knew by his silence he had been

terribly hurt. Everytime I was about to say something, that look on his face stopped me.

It isn't true that I was once caught shoplifting. That's just a rumor. It is true that I was once part of a bunch of guys who did shoplift some clothes. We were looking for excitement, but then I remembered the look on my father's face when he'd come to the police station to pick me up. I confessed to my high-school principal and he helped arrange for me to pay for the things I'd taken. I earned the money by singing nights.

Thoughtlessly, I'd hurt the people I cared for most. It taught me a great deal, that in hurting the people we love we ourselves are the ones who get hurt the worst.

So you see, it's not true to say I'm perfect; so perfect I make it tough for kids whose parents set me up as an example. I'm proud that they do but I'm happier now that I've been able to explain that I made my mistakes, same as any kid, and learned by them too. THE END

PAT'S IN "MARDI GRAS" FOR 20TH AND CAN BE SEEN EVERY THURSDAY AT 9 P.M. EST, OVER ABC-TV ON "PAT BOONE CHEVY SHOWROOM."

DICK CLARK

Continued from page 43

on the stools at the fountain, and then go back to the booths. All this time, keep a tight hold on his hand so that everybody will know he's with you.

I can guarantee that, after the first few gab sessions, you'll really have to tighten that hold, or he'll speed out of the shop on twelve cylinders with twin exhausts. Play it cool and let him lead the way, and nine times out of ten he'll be dialing your number and ringing your bell again. And take my word for it, everybody will know you've had a date.

Those are just some ways to lose a Valentine—and there are more to come. Does the shoe pinch? Well, just ease it off while I let you in on how I got started on all this. It's because I hate to be the kind of a guy who has to do everything at the last minute, but sometimes there just isn't any help for it. You know what I mean. You make out your Christmas shopping list in June, make all kinds of plans to start shopping in September, and end up still cramming presents into the car on Christmas Eve. It does happen. Something almost as bad is buying a birthday card or a Valentine card and carrying it in your pocket for a week before you decide it's too late to mail and end up delivering it yourself. A very bad habit. Ask me, I know. Not all of the time, mind you, but every once in a while, on my way home after the program, I head for the corner card shop. Pick out my card. Then suddenly find something else taking up all my attention.

Valentine Day cards, for instance. I went shopping real early this year. One noon-time when I suddenly found ten extra minutes to spare from listening to new records—I still can't decide which side of the Everly Brothers' latest I like best—and outlining the day's "American Bandstand" show, I decided to put on my coat and take a short walk around to the card shop not too far away and get a batch of cards to send off. My intentions were really of the very best. So I slipped out and was spending a few minutes browsing among the collection—man, some of them were but real crazy! Soon I had a nice little stack piled on the counter, and, after

paying for them and pocketing my change, I was on my way out when I saw a familiar face. It was a girl who had been in to our show a few times.

"Hi," I said. "I'll bet you get two for each one you send."

That is where my downfall began. Seriously, she turned and her face fell and I knew I had done it.

"Most of my cards will be from girls," she moaned. "For some reason the fellows seem to forget me." In the back of my mind those little wheels started spinning, and since I had already stolen a few minutes off, I thought, why not take a few more. So I plunged in.

"What gives?" I asked. "I've seen you at 'American Bandstand' and you seem to have a guy for every dance."

"But they're all one-time dances, and it's usually the same with dates," she told me. "and I just can't seem to keep the fellows interested in me." Before she could ask "What can I do?" those wheels had clicked and my mental motor was running. I knew why I had noticed this girl out of the hundred or so on the dance floor. Knowing that, I could also make a good guess at why the dancing and dating ended up the same way each time.

She's the girl in example number one, and once I'd remembered the easy way my friend at the card shop used to lose her Valentines, I just naturally got started thinking of other sure-fire, tear-tested ways.

For instance, one sure way to drive your intended Valentine into the arms of another on the dance floor or on a date is to duck every opportunity to follow his conversational leads. You may be worrying about his dance steps, and concentrating hard on them, but whatever the reason, you're not paying any attention to what he's saying. I know a lot of times that's confused with shyness—and often it can be just that—but at all times, when he starts the conversational ball rolling, that's your cue to lend an ear.

If all he gets back is a strained expression, he's bound to get the idea that you don't share his interest, and that's when he'll clam up and make a fast getaway when the music comes up and out. Even if everything he wants to talk about isn't Topic "A" with you, it's still the best way possible for you to get to know him and for him to get a lead on your likes and dislikes. Most young couples have some interests in common. The job is sorting

them out. That's another art that you can practice without him actually realizing you're getting around him. They say "it takes two to tango," and remember it also takes at least "two to talk" in this teenage world or any other.

Of course, I say "lend an ear," but that can be twisted into "bend an ear."

Don't go all the way off in the other direction and begin chattering about anything and everything that comes to your mind. Just work a middle line and you'll find it's also the shortest one to his friendship, interest and attention.

I noticed an incident the other night when I was at one of the record hops and that also set me to thinking. About three couples were standing off to one side of the gym floor, and one girl had a real tight grip on the right arm of one of the fellows. Everytime he'd say something, she would let loose with a hilarious giggle that really drew attention away from whatever he had said and focussed it right on her.

Now I'm sure she didn't realize this. She just seemed to be anxious to show her appreciation of his remarks, but I could see that he was starting to throw around those looks that can only mean "How am I going to escape?"

They were out on the dance floor a few minutes later, and she was really talking up a storm. There was another storm, too, and it started showing on his forehead. Whenever he would say something, that was his partner's cue to pick up in mid-sentence and really go off with a line that never seemed to stop. It was easy to see that he wasn't getting wrapped up in that line, and before the evening was over I saw them both sitting off to the side, neither saying a word, and both looking like an explosion had taken place. The cause was obvious. Sure he wanted his date to be interested in what he was saying, but he didn't want her taking over completely. The blow-up, when it came, must have been tough on both parties, but it seemed to me that it hit hardest on the girl. All she'd been doing, she thought, was trying to please the fellow. But going overboard with the chatter had drowned that romance and buried it at sea.

There's another way I've found to keep Valentines out of your mail box, but here you have to have some help. That's when you and your girl friend double date. After the dance or show, you stop off for a snack,

keeping up a running line with your girl friend while the fellows are left to themselves, and feeling ignored. Fellows are as guilty of this as girls, I'm told, and I'm sure you girls get just as burned up when it happens to you. After all, that's the reason for dates in the first place—to enjoy each other's company—so make sure that everybody gets a word or two in the conversation. You can help if you're the one who notices someone is being left out. Look for an opening to bring him back into the fold, and he'll be your friend for life.

Most of these problems can come up on a date, any date, and believe me I know fellows make their share of mistakes. Sure you get mad, too, at the guy who tells you to be ready at seven-thirty and then shows up at eight-fifteen. Or the guy who says "How would you like to see the basketball game Friday night?" And then after you dress in sweater and skirt, he shows up dressed to kill and informs you, "Oh, no, we're going to the dance at the church hall." Murder, you say. Well, don't do it. That's when you should smile, and tell him it won't take you more than a minute to change into something more formal. I guess even worse is when you've dressed in your newest dress and spent hours getting ready for a dance and he comes along with the last-minute word: "It's a square dance."

Now these mishaps aren't your fault, and nobody could blame you if you blew up and just "told him off." But, the date, and the ones that might follow, could be salvaged and you are the one who can do it. Don't start blasting right away. Get ready for the occasion as quickly as possible and then, later on in the evening if your anger hasn't worn off, politely indicate that you wish you had been told beforehand just where you were going. Sure, you are still in a way letting him know where you stand, but what could have been a really bad evening is smoothed by a lot of patience on your part.

These evenings might have started off being real hectic, but there is another way to make sure they don't end up that way.

That can happen when you try to impress your date by telling him that you don't have to be home until twelve—when your parents really have set an earlier curfew. All unsuspecting, he takes you to the door at midnight only to be greeted by an irate dad or mom demanding to know why he kept you out so late. Oh... there he goes. Fleeing down the steps and out of sight and out of your social life.

He has been told by his parents what time he should be in, so it's only natural for him to know your deadline. Tell him honestly and he won't get sore. At least he won't get as burned up as he is when he gets blasted in your doorway.

So now you know how, if you really try, you can lose your Valentine. If you'd rather latch on to those dances and dates, there's a lesson here for you, too. Most of the boners I've talked about come about for pretty much the same reasons—because the girl isn't interested enough in her date, or she's interested but doesn't know how to show it, or she goes about showing it in the wrong way. Show him he's a VIP and he'll send the mailman around with Valentines to show you what he thinks.

Did I say Valentine cards? ... That reminds me ... now which pocket did I put them in? I know I've got one here just for you.

See you next month. Meanwhile, write me at the office here at Photoplay. They've given me a brand-new file cabinet of my own, just to keep your letters in.—DICK

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JOHNNY SAXON

Continued from page 46

tight, hollow gasps of breath continued. No, Johnny said to himself, he isn't listening. He can't hear a word I'm saying.

Suffering from cancer of the throat during this past, pain-wracked year, his grandfather had refused to go to the hospital until now, in a critical condition, he had been brought by a speeding ambulance to this white, ether-smelling room where he lay dying through these last twenty-four hours.

Holding his grandfather's bony hand in his, Johnny prayed. He prayed hard, begging God to release the hot, throbbing life from his own fingers into his grandfather's limp palm. But the dying man's breathing quickened, and Johnny bent over and touched the old man's bony hand with his cheek; then went out to the hospital hallway to summon the nurse who waited outside with his family.

"I want him to know I'll be a success, that I'll make good in Hollywood, that I have a contract." But his immigrant grandfather who had only gone to the movies once in his life didn't grasp the meaning of what he was telling him. All he seemed to understand was that his Johnny, "his beloved Carmen," was ushering in a movie theater.

"Don't be ashamed of your work, whatever you do. If you're an usher be the best usher!" was the last thing his grandfather said before lapsing back into a coma.

Now, the nurse, a rustling blur of white with softly curled black hair against a rose-pink complexion, held his grandfather's wrist and checked his pulse.

Seeing the old man gasp for breath brought new tears to Johnny's eyes. "He . . . he needs help," he tried holding back a sob, the hard lump in his throat, and walked over to the wide hospital window while the nurse stood silently by his grandfather's side counting the pulsebeats.

Outside, in the cloudy light of the sunless spring afternoon, the March wind seemed almost to sigh against the hospital window. Below, on the grey Brooklyn street, shouting children in warm coats and bright-colored caps ran home from school. Yellow taxis honked their horns. Clusters of women waited on streetcorners for buses. Far away, on a rooftop, Johnny saw, through his tears, a washline of clothes fluttering in the wind.

The squeals of the young, grade-school children, as though carried by the sighing spring wind, reached the seventh-floor room where Johnny stood gazing through the hospital window, and reminded him of a day, years ago. He was six and ready to begin school . . .

Wasn't it his grandfather who said, "I . . . I bring the boy. I bring Carmen to school." His grandfather was proud of him, his first grandson and namesake, and wanted the joy of enrolling his Carmen in the yellow-brick parochial school not far from their home in Brooklyn.

On that first day of school when the elder Carmen Orrico came calling for the young Carmen to register him in the first-grade class of St. Catherine's of Alexandria, he gave his grandson a brown, leather-trimmed school bag and a double decker pencil box of colored Mongol pencils.

"Someday," he told the young Carmen in his lusty, loud-lunged voice, "someday, my little one, you . . . you're going to be an important man. You wait and see. Here, in America, you have fine opportunity!"

Hand in hand, they both walked slowly to school on that crisp September morning. They walked along the busy sidewalks under the spreading trees, those sun-spangled trees of heaven, the trees that grow everywhere in Brooklyn.

"Will I like school, Grandpa?" young Carmen wanted to know.

"Like school?" his grandfather said with a tone of incredulity. "Of course, my boy, you'll like school." He went on to explain all the things Carmen would learn in school. ". . . and you must study hard so that someday, when you grow up, you'll make Grandma and me proud of you!"

Young Carmen listened intently, but when the time came for him to say goodbye in the hallway of the musty-smelling school building, he was frightened. "I don't want to be left alone," he had said.

"Now, don't you worry," his grandfather answered as he pinned a small St. Christopher medal inside his coat. "He will take care of you in your new travels.

"And remember; now you are a man," his grandfather said in Italian. "You don't want to make us ashamed of you. A man never cries!"

Carmen swallowed hard and tried to hold back his tears. He followed the black-robed Sister to the first-grade room, past the American flag in the corner and to a circle of children, smiling girls in pretty plaid dresses and beaming boys in starched

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cotton shirts. The Sister smiled her welcome and began to read a prayer from her big brown book.

That noontime, his grandfather left work to come and get Carmen. He waited in the school's hallway. When he met the boy he had said, arms outstretched to greet him. "There's my Carmen. Tell me now, how was the first day of school?" And he took him to Lou Hessing's corner ice cream parlor and bought him a double dip chocolate ice cream cone.

Later, when young Carmen wanted to know why his mother or father didn't bring him to school on that first day, his father told him how much schooling meant to his grandfather who had come from a poor family in Naples and never had the luxury of education. School in Italy, at the time his grandfather grew up, was only for the higher classes. The lower classes had to go to work.

But his grandfather, determined to find opportunity for himself, immigrated to the northern climate of New York from his sunny Naples. And he dug ditches and mixed cement to raise his family. He knew he might never be able to send his own children to college, but the dream he held in his heart was for his grandchildren to reap all the glorious benefits of his newly adopted and beloved land.

"America," he used to say in Italian, "she is going to be good to us. . ."

Now, as the spring wind whistled against the window pane of the hospital room, the priest from their parish in Brooklyn, in his somber black suit and starched white collar, entered with Johnny's family; his weeping, grey-haired mother who clutched a handkerchief and dabbed at her swollen, puffed cheeks; his short, stocky father whose dark eyes were red-rimmed from crying; his saddened teenage sisters, Dolores and Julie Ann;

all of his heartbroken uncles and aunts. They had all waited in the hospital hallway while Johnny tried to talk with Grandfather alone, while he tried to explain to the dying man that Carmen Orrico was going to be a success. But Grandfather, failing from the malignant illness, didn't hear all of Johnny's words, didn't understand what Johnny wanted him to know.

Now, in the midst of that dark March afternoon, here they were, all of them huddled together in grief, kneeling in silent prayer while the tall priest unfolded a narrow cloth of purple silk and placed it over his shoulders. He gave Johnny's gasping grandfather his final communion and read the last rites from a black prayer book, the sign of the crucifix embossed in gilt on its cover.

"Here we all are," Johnny thought, "a family brought together by death." How many times before they had been brought together! For sicknesses, for happinesses, for the death of his kind grandmother, Veronica Orrico. Here they were now, brought together out of love for the man who had the strength and courage to leave a destitute home in faraway Italy for the future of his children and his children's children.

In a low, chanting voice the priest intoned the Latin prayers of the final sacrament, and Johnny, as he fell to his knees to pray, recalled a memory, a touching remembrance of an August Sunday following his sixteenth birthday. . .

He had had a come-of-age party the Friday of his birthday with all his friends from the neighborhood and from the New Utrecht High School. He had rolled the living-room rug into a corner for easy dancing and spin-the-bottle games, and everybody said they had a wonderful time. But on Sunday, two days after Johnny became sixteen, his grandfather and grandmother came to a family dinner in Johnny's behalf, after morning Mass at St. Catherine's of Alexandria. All the Orrico relatives were there. His grandfather was dressed in his dark grey Sunday suit, high white collar, striped silk tie.

"How distinguished he looks," Johnny had told himself. "He has so much . . . so much dignity." A laborer, yes. A ditch digger. A brick loader. But no matter. Grandfather Orrico was proud of his life and his family, and his pride showed in his deep-set eyes, his erect bearing and the admiring way he looked at them all.

"Carmen, my Carmen," his grandfather said as he embraced his grandson proudly and gave him a silver Parker 51 fountain pen. His small grandmother with the black-olive eyes, in a dark dress and tiny gold hoop earrings in her pierced ears, kissed Johnny and wished him good health and good luck.

They were here because this was his day, Carmen's day, and everyone brought him beautiful gifts and good wishes. The Friday night party was fun, but somehow it didn't make him feel sixteen. This day did. Seeing his grandfather and grandmother looking at him with loving eyes, his mother pouring red wine into the dozen sparkling wine-glasses on a silver tray held by his sister, Dolores, his father offering all the men Havana cigars, it was their way of saying "Son, you've come of age. We're behind you. We believe in you. We're here to make this day yours."

Smiling, his dark-eyed sister offered all the guests glasses of Chianti wine, and after everyone was served, they lifted their glasses into the air while Johnny's grandfather pronounced a toast to Johnny's golden future. Everyone sipped from the thin-stemmed glasses. And again, like the

first day when he went to school holding onto his grandfather's hand, Johnny almost cried. He held back the show of emotion. His grandfather wouldn't like it. It wasn't manly, he told himself. It wasn't right.

After the toast there was silence, then Aunt Tess lifted her glass and toasted "to the nice pretty girl, wherever she is, who someday's going to be his wife!"

Tempting aromas of tomato sauce, cheeses, spaghetti and turkey came in from the kitchen. Soon, everyone sat down to a bountiful Sunday meal, and Grandfather, who sat at the head of the walnut-wood table in the dining room with the faded camellia-flowered wallpaper, asked Johnny to say grace, and Johnny, nervous, flustered, unsure of himself, floundered. He didn't know what to say.

Finally, after a long silence, with everyone waiting for him to speak, Johnny began reciting an "Our Father," not knowing what else to do, and when he finished, his grandfather made the sign of the cross and said, "You have a gift, my boy, a gift from God. Your voice, it's gentle. You must think about using it in your work. You know, you might make a good lawyer!"...

Praying now in the white-walled hospital room, his eyes on the gold crucifix the priest placed in his grandfather's stilled hands, Johnny asked God to make his grandfather understand why he had to change his name in Hollywood.

His grandfather chose to ignore the film world, refused to believe that Johnny had changed his name from the generations-old Carmen Orrico to the artificial Johnny Saxon. Years ago, when his grandfather went to a neighborhood movie, he stayed only for ten minutes. When he walked out he declared everything he saw on the big screen was trash. Now, he couldn't understand that Johnny, his Carmen, lived in Hollywood. He chose to believe Johnny was following the call of wild youth, roaming around before he settled down.

Only last night when a film of Johnny's was being shown on television, Johnny rented a TV set, had it wheeled into his grandfather's quiet hospital room in order that he might see his grandson as an actor, but when it came time for the program his grandfather fell into a deep sleep, never once seeing—if only for a moment—his grandson in the leading role.

Now, Carmen Orrico, immigrant from Italy, laborer, family man, was dying with his loved ones at his side. Arising from their prayers, Johnny's mother and father walked over to the deathbed and kissed the sallow cheeks of the gasping, dying man.

Johnny arose and walked to the window. He looked out at the cloudy spring sky. "Dear God," Johnny prayed, "let him know of my work, let him know I'm no longer an usher in a movie house, let him know I've fulfilled his dream of success."

For a moment, only a brief moment, the March sun came out from behind the grey clouds and shone all over the rooftops and streets of Brooklyn. Tears streaming down his cheeks, Johnny looked up at the sun in wonderment. It was as if God had spoken to him through this golden burst of sunlight. Then, in that next instant, the sun disappeared, vanished, fell into dark hiding behind a mist of spring clouds.

Johnny stopped crying.

Maybe Grandfather had understood.

THE END

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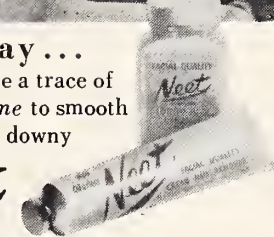


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RICK AND DAVE

Continued from page 64

Going to the icebox, he took the milk, juice and apples and spread them out on the center of the table. Then with a flourish, as if he were serving pheasant under glass, he said, "Okay, Rick, dig in. You can have your choice of beverages and we'll split the beans."

"Quit the kidding, Dave. Take a few steaks out of the freezer."

"I'd love to oblige, but the fact is I forgot to buy any food last night and Mom isn't due to arrive with her weekly shopping bag full of goodies until tomorrow. If you're so hungry stop complaining and eat. It'll do you good to restrain yourself," Dave said, "you know we both should be in training."

"For what, starvation?" Rick retorted and then, grinning, he sat down on a cushion on the floor, since Dave's dining room offers no chairs but only the conventional Oriental manner of dinner à la rug.

"You know, Dave, I kind of like this sitting on the floor and eating routine; sort of like Marlon Brando in 'Sayonara.' But frankly this menu is ridiculous," he mumbled, swallowing a spoonful of beans.

"How about some background music with dinner?" Dave suggested. He got up and put a stack of records on the hi-fi, knowing Rick would soon forget about the lack of food and get lost in the mood of the music. The strategy worked.

A half of can of beans and a glass of milk later, Rick had forgotten about his appetite. "Dave, I heard a new album over at Music City yesterday. I've just got to have it. It's got a great guitar background and some real good tunes."

"Well, why didn't you get it?"

"I didn't have any money. But they keep open until late on Saturdays, maybe we could drop by and pick up a copy later on our way out. That is, if you'll loan me \$4.98, plus tax."

"What did you do with the ten dollars I saw Pop give you the other day? I suppose you've been splurging again!"

Ever since Dave had become financially independent, on his twenty-first birthday, the plight of Rick's financial status had become a running joke in the family.

"You know me, Dave, I'm a real big spender. I splurged on gasoline and getting a haircut and luxuries like that," Rick said.

Dave, playing along with the gag, said in mock seriousness, "Humm, gas and a haircut, that shouldn't have used up the whole ten. But then I suppose the rest went for hamburgers and malts and that candy and soda pop you're always spending our hard-earned money on."

There was much truth in what Dave said. Whenever Rick couldn't be found on the soundstage, nine chances out of ten he was over at the snack shack on the lot at General Service Studios where their show is filmed, buying an assortment of chocolate bars, cough drops and soft drinks. However, no matter how much Rick got from his father or borrowed from Dave, his pockets were usually empty. Gone were the days when they'd received a regular weekly allowance; long gone. Since they both had been earning a healthy salary every week for years, the time had finally come when their folks had just said that whenever they needed money they could ask for it. Money never had been any problem to them, except lately when Rick found it hard not to spend everything he had, down to the last penny. Of course, for the past year, since Dave had come of age and was able to

touch the money that had been kept in trust for him, as well as being able to get his hands on the weekly paycheck, he'd become an additional source of loot for his brother. But being on the conservative side, Dave had left all of his money invested as it was and kept himself on a strict weekly budget, banking the rest.

Digging into his jeans, Dave came up with a crumpled ten dollar bill and two singles. "I'm sort of short on cash myself this weekend, Rick. But to show you the generosity of my nature, I'll give you half. You can have six whole dollars to spend on whatever your heart desires."

"Thanks, Dave. After I buy the album and get some gas I'll be broke again. Just think, only two years and three months more and I'll be solvent on my own. It's not that I'm complaining about the situation. I've got to admit it, you and Pop are pretty loose with the folding money, but two years sure seems like an awful long time."

"Well if six dollars isn't enough, before you pick up your date tonight stop home and put the bite on Pop. You have to go home to change clothes anyway."

"Say, that's right. Wait a minute . . . what date? Gosh, Dave, you just reminded me, I forgot to get a date. I did ask a girl out for tonight but she was going out of town with her folks. I forgot all about it until just now. By the way, where are you going tonight? Wherever it is, while you're out having a good time think of me alone, lonely, unwanted," he said, putting his hand to his heart to emphasize the drama of it all.

"Very funny. According to the magazines you're the idol of millions of girls from here to Timbuctoo; don't tell me you're slipping?"

"I told you I forgot to call anyone. Don't change the subject, where are you going tonight?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, I asked a girl out but she's gone away for the weekend, too."

"You're kidding, you mean neither one of us has a date tonight? Look, Dave, you're the smooth one, let's call up a couple of girls and ask them to a show or something."

"You just can't call girls at the last minute, Rick. Even if she's sitting home dying for the phone to ring, no girl's going to accept a date at six o'clock on a Saturday night."

"I guess you're right, Dave. You know, sometimes I just don't understand women at all. They ask you to call and when you do they say they're busy when they're not. It's no crime to have a free Saturday evening. Gosh, Dave, I like girls who are satisfied to do things on the spur of the moment. But I guess you're right, it wouldn't be very nice to call anyone so late."

"Hold on a minute, maybe there's a solution," said Dave, who'd left his floor cushion to begin chinning himself on the wooden cross-beam over the kitchen. "Come on, let's get in our daily dozen, we can think about the situation and keep ourselves in trim at the same time."

Rick hoisted himself up on the wooden beam and they spent the next half-hour doing calisthenics while they discussed the female, or rather the lack of female companionship both were faced with that evening.

"You know, Dave, I'm changing my attitude about girls. I used to go for the shy ones that stood on ceremony and played hard to get, but now sometimes I think it would be refreshing to have a girl act a little eager."

"That's because you don't understand the psychology. Girls think they have to act very popular or else no other guy will be interested in them. I think they're right

in a way. Anyway, I still go for the reserved type. They're much more of a challenge."

"I guess you're right," Rick said, puffing a little as he completed his twenty-fifth attempt at chinning himself. "Twenty-six . . . twenty . . . seven . . . hey Dave, am I seeing things or is that thing hanging at an angle?" Rick asked, pointing to a Japanese silk screen on the wall behind the couch.

"From girls to angles . . . I see the connection! You're right, Rick, it is crooked. Didn't I tell you that when I moved in and started hanging up the pictures, I discovered the whole house tilts? It's almost impossible to hang anything straight; if I do it keeps falling off the wall, usually when I'm standing or sitting right underneath it. Having a place of your own creates problems now and then. Living alone is the greatest but it does have its complications."

"I know, Dave, but you've got it made. You're only three minutes away from our house, close enough to home-cooked meals and convenient for raiding Pop's wardrobe closet. What else could you want?"

"Not a thing. I'm very satisfied, only I'm just warning you so that you won't think there isn't any responsibility connected with this place."

"I see what you mean," Rick laughed, "Responsibility, like having food in the house when people come over, especially when they're invited for dinner. I understand, Dave; it's not so easy."

"Score one for you. Say how did we get away from girls so completely? Come on, Rick, let's pool our 'charm' and figure out a way to get some dates tonight."

"A good idea," Rick agreed, stretching out on the floor with a bunch of pillows propped under him.

"Incidentally, you'd better stop telling reporters that your ideal girl is blonde and blue-eyed; you're discouraging an awful lot of potential brunettes that way."

"When did I say that? Oh, I remember . . . you must have picked up an old magazine. That interview was months ago; a guy's entitled to change his mind. The next time a writer asks me what my ideal type female is I'll be prepared. As a matter of fact, I've been giving the subject quite a bit of thought."

"Let's hear the latest Rick Nelson philosophy on women," said Dave, getting up off the floor to turn the records on the flip side.

"Well, first thing, I've wised up enough to realize it isn't exactly diplomatic to give a detailed physical description of your ideal girl. Like you said, mentioning blondes sure leaves out a lot of brunettes and redheads, too. Besides, the real truth is I don't think the color of a girl's hair or eyes is so important. At least I've gotten to the point where I know pretty much what I don't like about girls."

"You mean there are a few things about the opposite sex that you don't like?" Dave said in laughing disbelief.

"Seriously, Dave, I mean I just don't like phoniness in anyone, but I can particularly spot it in girls. And I like a girl who knows how to listen as well as gab. I think a lot of girls feel they have to fill up every minute of time with conversation. They think I'll think they're dull if they don't talk. But really there are some times when a few minutes of quiet can be a very effective thing. Another thing, Dave, like I said before, I don't like girls who say one thing when they mean something completely opposite. And last but not least, I don't like girls who are too eager; they should learn how to play the game of being independent but subtly enough so they don't make a guy want to run in the opposite direction. I think a

girl should be a little mysterious . . . oh, you know what I mean. But sometimes they play guessing games that make me lose all interest in waiting around until they finally decide it's time to let you know they *really* like you."

"You *have* been giving this a lot of thought. That's the longest speech I've heard you make since the filibuster you pulled discussing the pros and cons of not having your hair cut, the last time Pop reminded you it would be better to switch from the guitar to a violin unless you visited the barber!"

"Yes, I remember . . . that was last Monday when I talked all the way to the barber chair . . . and wound up losing out on a close decision to Pop's point of view."

"Incidentally, here you are talking about girls not acting too eager and a half hour ago you couldn't understand why I thought it was pretty impossible to call and get some dates for tonight."

"You're right, Dave. Which leads me to another conclusion: No matter how old you get a guy just doesn't have a chance when it comes to girls. You can't lay down any rules or specific standards because, well, like tonight, I'd be more than happy to oblige a girl who was honest enough to accept a date if she didn't have one. But I suppose the best thing to do is just take things as they come. It's really rough on a guy knowing what to do and how to handle the female situation. Girls are just too darn unpredictable."

"When you stop and think about it, Rick, girls still have it rougher than we do. At least *we* have the choice of whether or not to ask a girl out. They have to sit and wait to be asked and that's not easy."

"Sometimes I wonder how people ever do get together. I used to think the answer was to go steady all the time."

"I remember, you set the record in the seventh grade . . . going steady three times with three different girls within the space of a month, wasn't it?"

"You're exaggerating, Dave. It was three girls in six weeks, not four!"

"Pardon me," Dave grinned, "how could I have ever imagined you'd be fickle enough to manage three steadies in only four weeks!"

"Take tonight, Dave, if we were going steady we wouldn't be sitting here *talking* about girls; we'd be getting dressed and thinking about where to take them, instead of wondering what we're going to do tonight."

"You've got a point there. But going steady isn't always the solution either. I've decided that when you get married it's time enough to spend your life with one woman. Until then, it's too confining. The only way I'd go steady is the way I did it the last time."

"When was the last time, Dave?"

"That's all past history, Rick. The point I was getting at is that the last time I went steady we made an agreement that we were free to date someone else if we felt like it. That way, knowing I could see a new girl I liked and ask her out without worrying about hurting my 'steady,' I really didn't even have the inclination to look elsewhere. I guess what it boils down to is that if you feel you have your freedom, it isn't so vital to take advantage of it."

"Hey, it's six-thirty, we'll never get a date for tonight if we don't think up something quick."

"I've got it," shouted Dave, getting up off the floor again and walking into the bedroom to find his "little black book."

"Gee, why didn't I think of her before?"

"Who?"

"Remember that cute blonde girl who worked on the show a week or so ago. You did a dance routine with her."

"Oh, yes . . . say, she was real cute. But what makes you think she's so eager to go out with you?"

"Not me, Rick, you. I guess it slipped my mind, but we had a cup of coffee together while you were shooting a scene and she told me she thought you were a great dancer. We got to talking and she admitted she'd love to go out with you. I said I'd fix it up but I guess I forgot to mention to you."

"Swell! Say, wait a minute, isn't she the girl that was wearing that fuzzy pink sweater that got all over my blue jacket?"

"Yes, that's the one but don't hold her angora sweater against her."

"Don't worry—I won't, but *she's* the girl who told me she had an older sister who was dying to meet you!"

"You're kidding? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I don't know. Anyway we're even. You have her phone number . . . go on, call her . . . you ask for the older sister and then when you're all set I'll take over with the younger one."

"Well . . . I don't know. It's almost seven o'clock."

"Look, Dave, since she's an actress maybe she'll realize we've been so busy working all week we haven't had a chance to make dates in advance. Sure . . . don't be afraid. She's probably worked all week herself and maybe, just maybe she didn't make any plans either."

"Well, I don't agree and I'm doing this against my better judgment, but okay. Get the phone, will you, it's in the bedroom. In the meantime I'll find her number."

Rick, suddenly coming to life, sprang up off the floor and returned with the telephone. "Here, Dave," he said, setting the phone down on the kitchen counter, "it's all yours."

Dave dialed the number, still trying to think of what he could possibly say so that the girl would know he *really* wanted to take her out and that he was sorry he hadn't called sooner.

"Well, say something," Rick coached from the sidelines.

"Quiet, Rick, I can't talk until someone answers the phone!"

Rick, grinning sheepishly and surprised by his *own* eagerness, simmered down and stood by while Dave let the phone ring.

"Hello . . . is this Mary? No, don't go . . . wait a minute. If you're her sister you're the one I want . . . I mean, well . . . my name is Dave Nelson and Mary's told me a lot about you and . . . Say, I'm sorry to call so late . . . I'm not disturbing your dinner, am I? Oh . . . well, let's get together sometime soon. I'll call you the first part of the week. Swell . . ."

"Dave," Rick whispered, "don't hang up, ask for Mary . . ."

"Oh, pardon me but is your sister in, my brother would like to talk to her. Good, I'll put Rick on." Handing the receiver to Rick, Dave looked on eagerly as his brother picked up the phone.

"Hi, Mary, how are you? . . . Rick . . . Rick Nelson . . . Oh, I'm fine. You know I've been meaning to call you, Mary, but gee, I don't know where the week went to . . . Pardon me . . . oh, no I don't mind . . . sure I understand . . . well, have a good time and maybe we can get together next week. There's a swell double bill playing at the Warners in Hollywood. Great . . . I'll call you Monday. Goodbye . . . and . . . and have fun tonight. By the way, whose party are you going to? Oh, sounds like fun . . . no, I don't think I know her. I just asked because Dave and I might go to a party tonight, too. I thought by coincidence it might be the same one . . . well, bye now . . . see you next week."



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"What did you say we were going to a party for?" Dave asked as soon as Rick had hung up.

"I just said we *might*, and it's possible. Besides, we didn't want them to think we were calling them at the last minute, did we? This way it seemed like we just called to say hello and break the ice for next week . . . at least I think it sounded that way, didn't it?"

"What a diplomat! . . . It's funny, when I asked Mary's sister if I was disturbing her dinner she said no, that she had a dinner date and she was busy getting dressed but that she loved hearing from me. All I could think of to say was that I'd call next week."

"Well, there's no harm done. At least we have dates for *next* week and I'm sure they're not mad that we called them tonight."

"I guess you're right, Rick. Well, we tried. Any suggestions?"

"Sure . . . let's forget about going out tonight . . . there's a real good old movie on TV . . . I can't think of the name of it . . . you know, the one about those guys who take a trip to the moon."

"Oh, I've seen that one three times . . . besides, I have news for you, my set's on the blink. The only picture you can see tonight is a test pattern."

"Gee, Dave, I thought you fixed the set. Didn't I hear you tell Pop that you got scratched up falling off the roof fixing your antenna?"

"You heard me . . . I *did* fix my antenna and I *did* fall off the roof . . . about fifty feet as I remember. You know I really was very lucky, too. When I picked myself up I discovered I fell in the only soft mud bank that stood between me and the valley . . . there's just sheer rocks all around except for that one spot."

"You *were* very lucky, Dave; but what I don't understand is why doesn't the set work?"

"Just because I fell off the roof doesn't automatically mean I did the right thing when I was still on the roof. I fixed the antenna but evidently not good enough. I called a repairman but he couldn't come out until Monday. You have to get a special man who knows all about roofs that slant and all about the interference of the hills."

"Well, that eliminates the moon picture," Rick said dejectedly.

"You can always step outside and look up if you're *that* anxious to see the moon!" Dave said.

"I know," said Rick, after a brief pause to laugh at his brother's last comment. Brightening up and reaching over for the Samurai sword that Dave had mounted on the kitchen wall for decorative purposes, he said, "I'll take this and you can put on one of those masks you have hanging in the living room. What do you call them again?"

"You mean the Kabuki masks the Japanese wear when they do that ceremonial dance?"

"Right. Now, I've got it . . . I'll be a Samurai warrior and you can be a ham actor and I've come backstage to ask you to commit hara-kiri before I'm forced to use my trusty Samurai . . . then . . ."

"Next suggestion," said Dave, showing his lack of enthusiasm for his brother's comic brainstorm.

"Well how does this sound? Let's drive down to town in *my* car so *you* can lend me money to get gas."

"That's exciting!"

"Wait, I'm not through. Then we can ride over to Music City and I can use the change from *our* ten dollars to get that album I want. Then we can come back here and play records . . . and we'll have some change left from the ten after I get the gas and the record . . ."

"I suppose you have plans for that, too?" Dave said, not really caring what they did at that point.

"Why naturally . . . you know I'm very clever when it comes to *spending* money. We can stop off at the drive-in and get some food. We have enough for a couple of cheeseburgers and malts. You haven't forgotten you did invite me to dinner!"

"Okay, Rick, let's go. By the way, are Mom and Pop home tonight?"

"No, they went to some charity banquet."

"That's right. Well, then if you're really eager to see that moon picture we can stop home after we get your gas, and record and the food and use the folks' TV set."

"I'd just as soon come back up here and talk, Dave . . . besides, I just remembered I already saw that movie last month when I was on that singing tour. There were all those girls out front and, you know, I thought it would be great to meet one of them and go to a show or something. But I tell you, Dave, it's rough being up on that stage with all those cute girls way out there . . . they ask for my autograph but then they shy away because I guess they figure I'm not looking for a date. If

they only knew how I spend my nights when I'm on the road—watching old movies on TV! Honestly, Dave, like that girl in Atlantic City I told you about. The one with the ponytail who sat in the front row; the one I sang a song to, hoping she'd get the message. I waited backstage for a while afterwards, thinking maybe she'd come back but she didn't."

"Maybe she tried, Rick. I heard they had twenty policemen at the stage door keeping the crowd in order."

"That's right, they did. I suppose it's the best thing; for *them*, I mean. You know how it is. I think they're afraid someone will get hurt if they let a big crowd just stand around. But sometimes I think it would be swell if I got to really meet people when I went around the country. I think it would be fun going out with a lot of girls from places outside of Hollywood. Well, maybe next summer when I go out on tour again, I'll think of some way to meet a few of the girls in the audience. That girl in Atlantic City sure was cute, Dave. I wonder if she did try and come backstage. Gee, it wouldn't really be difficult to date a girl from out of town. I could go to her home and meet her folks and they'd see I was lonely and away from home and anxious to know a nice girl to take to a show."

"I guess that is a problem. It's funny, too, because every time you go out on the road all the guys think how great it is, you with all those thousands of girls around. I never thought about it too much, Rick, but I can see how it could be hard on you. Maybe next summer I'll go along for a week or so . . . between the two of us I'm sure we could manage to find *some* dates. I could arrange things while you were up there on stage earning money."

"You've got yourself a deal, Dave."

The Nelson boys drove into Hollywood, dateless. By the time they got through talking and listening to records and devouring their cheeseburgers and malts, the hours had flown by. At quarter to one, Rick said goodnight to Dave and started off down the hill home. Just before he left he said, "You know, Dave, it was fun, tonight, even without dates. Besides now I'll get in early enough to get some sleep."

Dave just looked at his brother and answered in two words, "You're kidding?" unable to believe that his brother Rick would be content with such a placid evening.

"Of course, I'm kidding," Rick smiled, "but it's always polite to let your host think you've had fun!" And with those parting words he managed to get out of the doorway before the cushion his brother tossed at him could connect with the top of his head!

When Dave was alone he went around the room shutting off the lights. The last thing he did before he got into bed was to write himself a note in red pencil: "Call Mary's sister, Monday, for sure." A few miles away, back in his own room, Rick Nelson got out his little black book. Just before he shut his light off, he transferred Mary's number into the book from the piece of paper he'd used at Dave's to copy it down. Then, reminding himself to call her on Monday, he got into bed. He and Dave *had* had a nice evening, he thought to himself. Stag nights are great, but not *too* often! —MARCIA BORIE

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I want to read stories about (list movie, TV or recording stars):

ACTOR

- (1).....
- (2).....
- (3).....
- (4).....

ACTRESS

- (5).....
- (6).....
- (7).....
- (8).....

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are:

- (1)..... (3).....
- (2)..... (4).....

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

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JERRY LEWIS

Continued from page 50

physician, Dr. Marvin S. Levy. After talking to the doctor, she returned to Jerry and, sounding as confident as she could, said, "Help is coming, honey. Everything will be all right."

Jerry winked at her and then stuck out his tongue. She forced a smile. Seemingly satisfied, he closed his eyes again. Patti forced herself to close her own eyes, too, and resting her head on the pillow next to him, she prayed.

Twenty minutes later the ambulance arrived, awakening their sons, 13-year-old Gary and 9-year-old Ronnie, who came sleepily down the hall to find out what was happening. Explaining what had taken place, Patti told them to go into the younger boys' room—Scotty, three, and Chris, one—to reassure the younger boys if the ambulance's siren had awakened them, too. Then she went downstairs to open the door for Dr. Levy and the ambulance attendants.

The doctor hurried upstairs and into Jerry's bedroom. He felt Jerry's pulse and then gently opened his eyes. Jerry rolled his eyes from left to right, and then from right to left. The doctor said sharply, "Stop it." He took out his stethoscope and put it against Jerry's chest.

The comedian shivered. "That's cold," he said. "Doesn't anyone make mittens for stethoscopes?"

"Quiet," the doctor said, and continued the examination. Finally, he lifted up his patient's head, put two pills in his mouth, gave him a sip of water, and then eased his head back down on the pillow. He motioned to the ambulance attendants who helped slip Jerry out of bed and onto a stretcher and carry him down the steps. At the front door they stopped for a second and Patti bent over and kissed Jerry on the forehead. When she straightened up, Jerry winked at her and stuck out his tongue again. And then they carried him out to the ambulance.

Patti waited at the door until the sound of the siren had faded in the distance. Then she went back upstairs, told Gary and Ronnie that everything was going to be all right and that they should go to bed. She stood for a moment by Scotty's youth-bed and Chris' crib. Neither had heard the siren; both were sleeping soundly. She pulled Scotty's blanket up over his shoulders and pushed Chris' Teddy bear to one side of his crib. Then she switched off the night light and left their room.

Back in her own bedroom she went over to where Jerry had been lying just a few minutes before. She straightened the top sheet, gently, as if he were still there. Then she sank down on the bed and buried her face in the pillow. It was still a little warm from Jerry's head and a little wet from the water she had splashed in his face. For a long time she lay there, sobbing. At last her crying stopped. Then she turned over on her back and stared at the telephone. She touched the St. Christopher medal she wore around her neck. Jerry had given it to her before they were married—one for her and one for him—and they had both worn them ever since. She touched the medallion, and gazed at the telephone, and waited for the call from Dr. Levy. . . .

In the hospital corridor Jerry woke up. "Where am I?" he asked. "This looks like one of the sets from 'Rockabye Baby.'"

"You're in Mt. Sinai Hospital," a nurse answered, "and you must be quiet, Mr. Lewis."

"Quiet," Jerry said, "why I'm on the

board of directors here. You'd better look out or I'll use my influence and force them to make you my private nurse."

"Please, quiet, Mr. Lewis," the nurse said.

Jerry started to answer but his words were lost as the ambulance attendants shifted him from the stretcher to a wheelchair. An orderly wheeled him into an elevator and he was taken up to the fifth floor to room 514. A nurse and an orderly helped him into bed.

One of the resident physicians and Dr. Levy came in and examined him again. Then they put more pills into his mouth and soon he was asleep.

Dr. Levy called Patti and told her that Jerry was resting comfortably and that they would have to wait a few hours before making a definite diagnosis, and he told her to get some sleep.

"Yes, doctor," she said, "I will. Thank you." And then she hung up. But even though it was only 6 a.m., she dressed and went downstairs. She worked around the kitchen, straightening things that didn't need straightening, washing a few dishes Jerry had left in the sink the night before. And every once in a while, without even knowing what she was doing, she would touch the St. Christopher medal. . . .

When Jerry woke up, a nurse was sitting in the chair next to his bed. "Hi," he said, "you're definitely not my wife. Who are you?"

"I'm your nurse, Mr. Lewis."

"What's wrong with me?"

"That's up to your doctor—Doctor Levy—to tell you."

"Where is he?"

"He'll be here soon," she answered.

"Would you like something? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes," he said, "I want to call Patti . . . my wife."

"I'm sorry," she answered, "but you're not allowed to make or receive any calls. That's doctor's orders."

"Impossible," he said.

"I'm sorry; those are my orders."

"Do you have orders to starve me until I confess?"

"You can eat," she answered. "But before that . . . how do you feel? Any pain?"

"A little," he said, "here in my chest . . . and a bit in my stomach, but nothing that some orange juice, bacon and eggs, fried potatoes and a heap of toast, couldn't fix. Coffee, of course."

"But it's two-thirty in the afternoon," the nurse said, "much too late for breakfast."

"Afternoon?" said Jerry, scratching his ear. "Okay, it's afternoon. Then I want some chili. I suddenly have a craving for chili. And I crave a chocolate malted. With vanilla ice cream. Gosh, maybe I'm preg . . ."—but the nurse interrupted by sticking a thermometer in his mouth. Then she left the room.

A few minutes later she came back with a tray and set it down across Jerry's bed. Each plate was covered by a metal pan. She took the thermometer from Jerry's mouth.

He lifted the first cover and there was a little mound of cottage cheese. The second—a small scoop of mashed potatoes. The third—something that looked like tapioca pudding. And under the fourth was a dish of cream.

Jerry looked at the tray and then at the nurse and back at the tray. "I'm really sick, huh?"

"You're really sick."

He pushed the potatoes aside, started to do the same with the cottage cheese, and then thought better of it. "Cottage cheese and sour cream," he said, "that's not so bad," and lifted the cream to pour it over the cheese.



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"That's sweet cream," she said. "You better get used to it; you're going to get a lot of it."

"That does it," Jerry said, glaring at the plate of cream. "I'm on a hunger strike. As of this minute. I want to see my doctor, any doctor."

"I'll see if I can find your doctor," the nurse said. As she left the room, she saw Jerry stick his finger in the cream, lick it, and make a wry face.

A little later two doctors came into the room. "Don't beat me," Jerry said. "See," and he pointed to the empty dishes on the tray. "I ate it all up. Just to make you happy. I'm really very good."

"How do you feel?" they asked. "What's wrong with me?" Jerry asked. "I couldn't read the tiny writing on the chart."

"At this point we don't know for sure," the other doctor answered, "but we think that you have a perforated, bleeding ulcer. At least that."

"At least that," Jerry repeated. "What else?"

"Well, while you were asleep we took an electrocardiogram—a picture of the action of your heart. There are deviations from the normal. But this isn't unusual. We'll have to wait three or four days before we can take x-rays and find out for sure. Meanwhile, get plenty of rest."

"And lots of sweet cream," Jerry added. "And no visitors except Patti."

"But . . . but . . ." Jerry said. A thermometer was put in his mouth, stopping his words.

The doctors left. The nurse looked at her watch and Jerry started to take the thermometer out of his mouth. She shook her head no. He picked up a pencil from the table next to his bed and printed on a piece of paper: HELP. I'M A PRISONER IN A SWEET CREAM FACTORY. CALL THE POLICE. He held the paper up for the nurse to read, folded it into a paper airplane, and threw it out of the window.

At last came the day when x-rays were taken. Then he was told the results.

"You have a perforated, bleeding ulcer of the rear wall of the stomach," Dr. Levy told him. "You did not have a heart attack and we can see no damage to your heart. But an ulcer in and of itself, especially the kind you have, is very serious. If you do what we tell you, if you follow orders, you'll be all right."

"Uh! Uh! I see more sweet cream coming," Jerry said.

"No," one of the doctors said, "you can

eat more—if it is bland. No drinking. No smoking. And you'll have to cut down drastically on work. No 17-hour a day schedule. No working all day at the studio, all night at home, and squeezing in benefits besides. No tension and excitement."

"No nothing," Jerry added. "Fellows . . . physicians . . . men . . . comrades . . . you're asking me *not* to be me. I can't take it easy. I don't know how."

"You'd better learn," the doctors said and they left the room.

On the morning of his fifth day in the hospital, a nurse's aide pushed a cart into Jerry's room. On it were the usual hospital gifts that patients might buy: books, candy, toys, and magazines. "I'll buy it all," Jerry said. "And I want to borrow the cart."

"But Mr Lewis, I can't give you the cart. It's against the rules."

Jerry took out a copy of a Mt. Sinai brochure. "Do you see this?" he asked, pointing to a page. "There's a list of the board of directors of this hospital. And whose name do you find here?"

"Jerry Lewis," she read.

"That's right. That means I'm a boss. One of your bosses. So may I have the cart, nurse?"

So Jerry went from room to room on the fifth floor of the hospital, distributing presents. As the cart's load lightened, he would push it fast along the corridor. When it was going at a good speed, he would hop on the back and coast along.

Finally, a doctor stopped him and escorted him back to his room. "I was having so much fun," Jerry said, "and you spoiled it."

That night, even though the "No Visitors" rule was still in effect, Jerry arranged for Danny Thomas, Jimmy Durante and Sammy Davis, Jr.—his good pals—to slip into his room. When his nurse made her usual nine o'clock visit to take his temperature, the light was out and he seemed to be sleeping. She put the thermometer in his mouth. He sat up quickly. It wasn't Jerry, it was Jimmy.

"What kind of hotel is this?" Durante asked. "Can't a man even take his beauty sleep without being interrupted by tourists?"

The nurse ran from the room, and Danny and Jerry came out from behind a curtain, laughing. Jimmy took out the thermometer, put it carefully in the glass next to the bed, pulled the sheets back over his head, and started to snore. It took the head nurse and an interne to "wake him up."

In the days that followed Jerry "rested." One evening he called Katy Jurado, who was in the hospital for a check-up, and asked her to "split a bowl of sweet cream" with him for breakfast the next morning. When she arrived at room 514, he was thumbing through a pile of scripts. "I got a great idea for a movie about a hospital," he said. "I'll play a double role: a psychiatrist, and a mental patient who looks like a psychiatrist. Now the patient locks up the doctor in a closet, puts on the psychiatrist's clothes, and starts to make his rounds. Now, he meets a beautiful young nurse—you'll play that part—and he . . ."

"Enough," Katy laughed. "Eat your sweet cream before it turns sour."

"Hey, that's a great idea," Jerry answered. "I'll leave the sweet cream standing around for hours and then it will become sour cream. I like sour cream. . . ."

"Jerry, stop," she said. "You're making me ill."

That afternoon Patti and the boys came to visit him, but his younger sons still weren't allowed in and had to wait across the street. Jerry had a camera with a telescopic lens. He leaned it on the window sill and looked through the lens at the boys.

"Patti," he yelled, "I can see them big as day. Hey, Chris has a new tooth. And Scotty . . . why he's wearing one of my ties, my favorite tie. I have to get out of here before he finds out my suits fit him, too."

One afternoon Jerry borrowed a doctor's uniform and went down to the children's ward. "I'm Dr. Lewis," he told the youngsters, "and I have medicine for all of you." He distributed candies and toys to all the kids there. One little girl was too sick to say anything to him, but she smiled wanly as he put a rag doll in her arms.

Later that evening, he called Patti on the phone. She came to the hospital by taxi and went straight to his room. "Patti," he whispered, "Patti." And then he just looked at her for a minute, in silence. "Patti," he said, "I've been doing a lot of thinking. I'm going to try my best to slow down a bit. It's hard. I love my work. I love to make people laugh . . . But you know all that."

"I'll cut down, yes. I've learned my lesson. But there are certain things I won't cut out. That telethon for Muscular Dystrophy, for instance. I've been doing it for about ten years. I can't stop now. I don't want to stop."

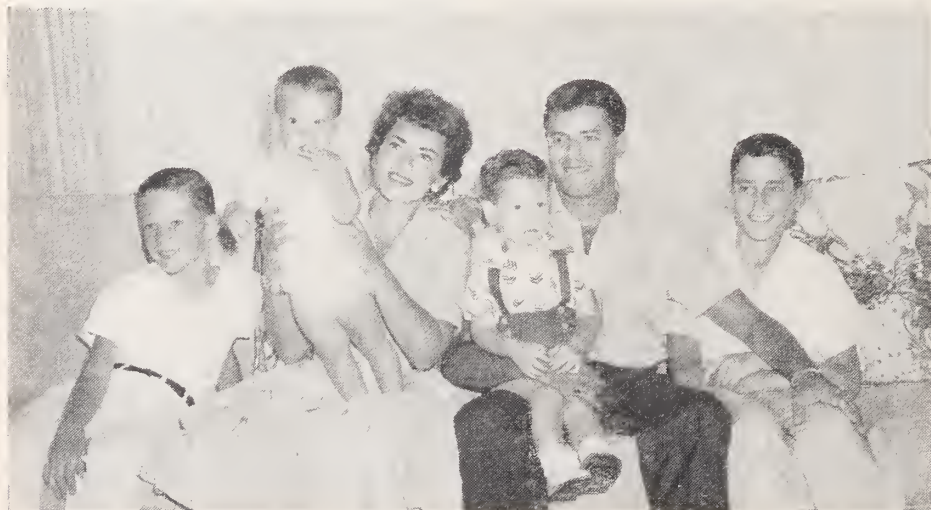
An expression of acute pain, of deep sadness, flitted across Patti's face. Jerry's fingers gripped her arm. "No, Patti, no tears. No. No. No. No. You misunderstand me. It's just that . . . well, I saw a sick little girl this afternoon. She doesn't have MD but she had something just as bad. I can't stop helping kids like that. If I did stop, then it would kill me."

Patti bent over and kissed him. "Perhaps they could postpone the telethon until you're a little stronger," she said. Then she put her head down next to his on the pillow. His arm circled her head and he closed his eyes and pressed his face against her hair.

The nurse entered the room, thermometer in her hand. "Oh, no," Jerry said, "not now. Look. I'm going home tomorrow. So be good. No temperature-taking. No sweet cream. Be good or I'll call Jimmy Durante to come over and scare . . ." But he never finished the sentence, for the nurse popped the thermometer, gently but firmly, into his mouth.

THE END

DON'T MISS JERRY IN PARAMOUNT'S "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP." WATCH FOR HIS "SPECIALS" ON NBC-TV.



During those long days in the hospital, Jerry had time to think. He had to slow down . . . he owed it to Patti and to the boys—Ronnie, Chris, Scottie and Gary.

LAWRENCE WELK

Continued from page 72

Welk's mind was already racing back through the years, racing back till he heard again the awful laughter of that night in Dallas, South Dakota.

"Look at that clown!"

"Get him!"

"Why doesn't he go back to the farm?"

The lonely man sat there on the edge of the wooden bandstand, his hands pressing against his ears to shut out the cruel echoes of those sounds. He began pacing the polished floor of the empty ballroom in a panic. Where, he asked himself, where could he go to get away from those sounds?

He sank down again on the edge of the bandstand. Except for a few torn strips of red and white crepe paper—these and the figure of this lonely man—the hall was bare. There weren't even any instrument cases standing around. The members of his own band had deserted him, walked out on him, refusing to work for a man who didn't even know how to speak properly and who acted, they taunted, as if he still had overalls on.

It all began just after intermission. Lawrence Welk thought he had hit on a new idea. Standing there, pumping out of the accordion the music he'd first learned from his German-born father, he suddenly thought how much he himself would like to dance. Why not? he wondered. It might even be good showmanship. He put his accordion aside and started down into the audience.

"Would you like to dance?" he asked, smiling warmly at the woman he had selected and trying not to hear his own accent.

"With you?" the surprised woman blurted out. There he stood, his open hand extended while a deep purple blush spread over his face, blotting out the warm freckles. Then it began—the laughter, the terrible laughter, the laughter he had heard all his life and knew he would never escape.

And afterwards there was still more laughter. "This is it!" the drummer announced. "We've had enough of this hick routine. What ever made you think that woman would want to dance with you? You're not much of a musician, but as a dancer . . ." The drummer signaled to the others with an abrupt motion. And, one

by one, the entire band walked right out the door of the ballroom. They left Lawrence Welk there, alone, white-faced and stunned, with nothing to say because he was too hurt and nothing to do because he was too discouraged.

"Well," he thought, slumping forward. "They're right. I'm a hick. I've got an accent. I'm nothing much to look at . . . and . . . I guess I even have to admit I'm no great shakes as a musician either. I never even learned to read music."

As a young boy, he'd worked in the fields, helping his father to harvest the crops. Then, after sundown, Ludwig Welk would teach his son to play the cheap pearl-buttoned squeeze box he'd brought from the old country. Then, when a ruptured appendix had almost cost Lawrence his life and had put him a full year behind the other kids at school, the accordion was the only thing that could cheer him up. When he finally returned to school, he was ashamed at being bigger and older than anybody in the class.

Once, when Lawrence was fourteen years old, the teacher of the country school he attended near Strasburg, North Dakota, let him go outside to play. He had finished his work, and she had to listen to the other pupils recite.

It was a mild spring day with new grass popping up all around the building, a perfect day to be outdoors. Inside this farm boy the love for music he had felt since he was a toddler began to grow and swell until he thought it would burst unless he let it out. Around in back of the schoolhouse he saw an old broomstick propped up against the building. He didn't want to make any noise that would bother the students inside; he couldn't sing. Still, he could dance. So, grabbing the broom in his plump, freckled hands, he began to polka around the yard, turning and twirling, hopping, leaping, skipping around and around, fast and still faster until his head began to swim with dizziness.

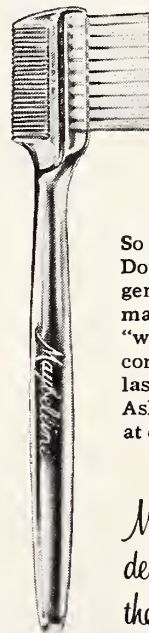
"Lawrence!" The teacher was standing in the door of the schoolhouse with a look he knew she used only when she had to punish someone. "I'm surprised at you!" she said. "I thought you were a more considerate boy. What on earth made you think we wanted to listen to you sing all morning? You'll have to come inside right now."

"Sing? Sing?" He didn't think he was making any noise. The music must have just popped out of him—and he didn't even

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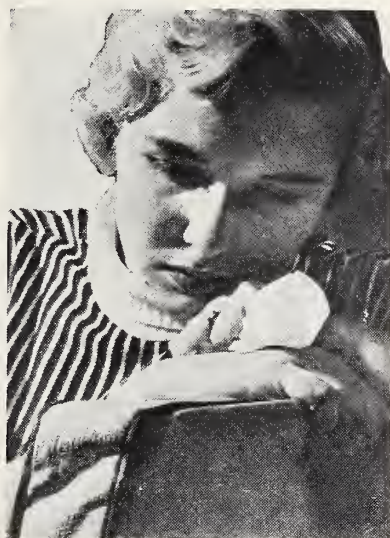
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know it was happening or how it happened.

Red-faced, he walked back into the classroom. "Get a load of the nightingale!" one of the sixth-graders yelled. A girl pointed at him, shaking her head and laughing. "Quiet!" Miss Randolph ordered. But her face too grew red when she saw the lines someone had scrawled on the blackboard while she was out of the room:

"Larry Welk went out to play, Sang and drove the birds away."

What hurt most was that even his father thought it was funny. When he saw the expression on Lawrence's face, though, Ludwig Welk's voice took on a kindlier tone. "They laughed—no? Well, what should I say? That's what you got to expect. For you to be a musician—that I don't approve anyway. But you got to be—how do you say it—*prepared*! That's it. This you haven't got, Lawrence. They laugh at me. I got an accent. No education. I'm just a farmer. They laugh at me. I'm afraid they will laugh at you too. But, I know, it always hurts when people laugh."

Ludwig Welk didn't want people laughing at his son and he didn't want his son leaving their good rich lands to go into the evil world that he pictured show business must be. And when Lawrence opened the mail-order catalogue to show him the shining new accordion he had his heart set on, Ludwig shook his head in protest. It cost four hundred dollars, much more money than he had. He would have to pay for it in installments and Ludwig had never bought anything on time payments in his life.

Lawrence pleaded. He was determined to have that accordion and, finally, he struck a bargain with his father. "I'll pay

back every cent of the money," he promised, "and I'll stay on the farm until I'm twenty-one."

Ludwig agreed and Lawrence kept his promise. But when he was twenty-one, he left his father's farm and tried to build a band of his own. Each year of hard work made him more and more certain his father had been right. People *did* laugh. They laughed when he flopped as an actor with a vaudeville troupe; they laughed when his accent popped out; they laughed every time he went down into the audience to dance. They even laughed at him, at the way he looked.

There was only one thing about Lawrence Welk that people did not laugh at—his sense of rhythm, his ability to know what songs people wanted to hear, the gift of music which he could bring them. They did not make fun of this.

After his own band had walked out on him, another orchestra leader offered him control of a band he'd organized. Lawrence turned down the offer, but it gave him back enough of his confidence to organize a new band of his own.

His first band had shared in the profits cooperatively, but while the men had been willing to take the good, they had balked at the bad times. Now, Lawrence paid his men a straight salary and began to learn how to talk to his men and how to be their leader. Before, he had set up the music stands and carried all the instruments for the boys himself. He was used to heavy work from the farm and he thought nothing of it until his new boys looked at him in surprise and explained that lugging and carting were not a leader's job.

For a moment, Lawrence was embar-

rassed and felt they must be laughing at him. But then he told himself they were just being friendly and, on this new basis, the band grew and Lawrence Welk became better known and more and more popular in the Midwest. He even had a radio show.

Among the crowd jamming the WNAX studio one day in Yankton, South Dakota, was a group of nurses. But for Lawrence Welk, there was only one person in the whole studio. Her dark brown eyes, the straight way she sat with her white-gloved hands in her lap, her attentive air of listening with her head cocked just a little to one side, attracted him. She's pretty, he thought, and a lady too. But she'll never go out with a homely bumpkin like me. Through the rest of the broadcast, he couldn't keep his eyes from constantly turning in her direction.

Fern Renner was embarrassed. At first she tried not to look back at him. One of her friends leaned over and whispered excitedly, "Lawrence Welk certainly has his eye on you! You lucky girl! What'll you do if he asks you to go out?"

"Oh, Annie, keep still!" Fern answered. "He does have a nice appearance though. Don't you think so? But he doesn't intend to look at me. Besides, who'd want to go out with an orchestra leader? They're so unstable. I bet he has a girlfriend in every town."

"Well, he seems to think you're awfully pretty," Annie replied. "And he looks so nice! Not at all sophisticated or dangerous!"

Annie was right. The minute the engineer waved the show off the air, Lawrence cut a path straight toward Fern. He hurried. Otherwise, he might have become too afraid to talk to her at all. "Hello," he said. "Are you girls enjoying the show? That's a pretty hat you have on," he continued, turning toward Fern. "In fact, it's too pretty to be put away in a box right after the show."

"Thank you, Mr. Welk. I enjoyed the show very much. But don't worry about my hat being put away. My friends and I are going out to dinner."

"That's disappointing! I thought maybe you'd have dinner with me." On closer sight, Fern was even prettier than he thought. Everything she said made him want to know her better. "Is it all right if I call you?" he asked. "Maybe we could go out some other night." That accent again! he thought. But she didn't seem to notice it.

Fern hesitated. She was trying to decide how she could tell him it was his profession she didn't like, not him. "I might as well be frank," she began, "I'm just not used to going out with musicians. My family wouldn't approve—and, well, I'd rather not."

"So that's it!" he said. But inside, he wondered. Maybe she just didn't like him. Even so, he liked her well enough to take the chance of being refused again. "I don't know how I can convince you—wait a minute! Tell you what I'll do; I'll invite one of your friends to go along with us."

"All right," Fern laughed. "There can't be any harm in that."

Over the next few months, Lawrence and Fern had several dates, but gradually they drifted apart. Lawrence went to Lake Placid, New York, where he had a booking, and Fern accepted a job as a laboratory technician in Dallas. Months later, she went to Denver for a vacation.

While she was in Denver, she noticed an ad in the paper—"Elitch's Gardens—Outdoor Dancing to the Music of Lawrence Welk." "Should I call?" she wondered. "I'd like to, but—but—he's a musician. Still, it'd be fun to see him. I will call him!"



The Lennon Sisters—Peggy, Janet, Dianne and Kathy—laugh with Lawrence Welk.

Three hours later she was lunching with him, and that night she was at Elitch's. Something deep inside her began to tell her that Lawrence's fine qualities as a man were more important than the fact that he was a musician. How surprised she would have been if she could have known Lawrence still thought she just didn't like him well enough to marry him.

"Having you here means a lot to me, Fern," he whispered as they moved over the polished ballroom floor together.

"I like being with you more than I've ever told you," she answered, turning her pretty face up to his.

"I know I'm not much of a prize, Fern. I'm a backwoods hick. But . . ." He was cut off by the sound of her laughter. He stopped dancing, his body too stiff to move. He stared at her, his mouth open. And at the back of his mind, he heard the old taunt: "Larry Welk went out to play, Sang and drove the birds away."

"Oh, Lawrence!" she continued laughing. She had to put her hand over her mouth in order to stop. "Lawrence, what's wrong?" She saw the look on his face and became frightened. "What's the matter?" she repeated.

"I've gotten used to most people laughing," he said, shaking his head from side to side in disbelief. "But I can't stand to have you laugh at me, Fern!"

"Laugh at you?" she echoed. "I'd never laugh at you! There's no reason to laugh at you! Oh—is that what you thought? You're so wrong! The idea that you're someone who *should* be laughed at—that's what's funny. There must be hundreds of women who'd jump at a chance to marry you. Whether you know it or not, you're a very attractive person."

"Don't kid me, Fern," he answered stubbornly.

"Kid you? What can I do to prove I mean everything I said."

"Do you mean it enough to marry me?" She was quiet for a few seconds, remembering that despite the things she had said, Lawrence was still a musician. Quickly—she prayed. And a decision came. "Yes. Yes, Lawrence, I will marry you. I know now that you're strong and reliable. I think I can accept your profession too."

A few months later Fern Renner and Lawrence Welk were married at the Sacred Heart Cathedral in Sioux City, Iowa. With the morning sun shining down on them through the brilliant, stained-glass windows, they took each other's hands and made a pledge, a pledge to be together through good times and bad ones, through one-night stands, through separations, through the years and over the miles—in fact, forever.

Sometimes keeping the pledge was hard work. It took patience and determination, a sense of humor and, perhaps most important, the courage to shut out the laughter which still followed them. On their wedding night, they went to a hotel in Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

"You'll have to sign the book," the clerk said to Lawrence as he looked them over.

"Oh, sure," Lawrence took the pen and confidently wrote down: "Fern Renner and Lawrence Welk."

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Debbie Reynolds color by Virgil Apger; Tany Curtis color courtesy of U-I ("Operation Petticoat"); Dick Clark by Gene Cook; John Saxan by John Hamilton (Globe); Joanne Woodward by Tapix; Elvis Presley by Bruna Waske; Doris Day by Larry Barbier, Jr. (Globe); Hope Lange and Don Murray by Hamilton Millard; Sandra Dee by Gene Trindl.

The clerk looked at the book and then winked at Lawrence. "You'd better try again," he said.

"Okay." When Lawrence saw what he had written, he could hardly control his confusion. The accent he'd picked up during his Dakota childhood came out stronger than ever as he tried to explain, "We . . . well, you see . . . we were just married this morning."

"Oh, a foreigner," the clerk laughed scornfully as he handed him the key.

But Lawrence and Fern were learning. Together, they were learning how to shut out the laughter. The next few years were good ones. Lawrence Welk grew in many ways. He and Fern had their first child, Shirley. And gradually Lawrence's band obtained better and better bookings. Then came the Depression years, and, like everyone else, Lawrence suffered as an entertainer. Bookings got smaller and smaller, less and less frequent.

Somehow, they got through the bad times. The worst were the separations, the being apart, like the time when baby Shirley had been born. After that, they stayed together through as much of the touring musician's life as they could. When Donna and Lawrence Jr. were born, they joined the Welk caravan, which now traveled only during the day so that the children would have a reasonable place to sleep at night. Later, when they were of school age, the children traveled with him only during the summer.

When fall came, they would go protestingly back to school and Lawrence would continue his touring alone. (All the places they visited, though, must have given Larry Jr. a good idea of what people like in music. Larry's become his father's unofficial talent scout and it was he who first heard the Lennon Sisters and told Lawrence Sr. about them.)

And meanwhile, the champagne music of Lawrence Welk was catching on.

People were beginning to come from long distances to see him and his warmth and smile as well as his music were becoming known. Lawrence Welk was at last starting to know the feeling of being accepted and being liked, although he still dreaded the laughter he thought might be behind his back. Even with his very popular television shows, his recording sessions and his regular engagement at the famous Aragon Ballroom, he just couldn't stop wondering whether he ought to be "up there in front of a band."

It wasn't so bad any longer when he was actually "up there." He knew the boys in the band were his friends and he could look out at the audience and see by the way they were smiling and dancing that they liked his music. But when he was sitting there at home, staring at his own image on the television set, he'd shake his head and think, "I'm making such a fool of myself. They can't really like me, not honestly. Not like I am." And when he'd hear himself trip up in his speech, he would groan aloud.

"Lawrence." Fern was actually shaking him to make him understand. "All those people all over the country who are watching, they could just click the dial if they wanted to. And the people who come to the Aragon Ballroom or who buy your records, nobody's forcing them to that, either. Lawrence," she smiled at him with tenderness, "Oh, Lawrence, you're right. Nobody likes you at all . . . nobody at all . . . just people." THE END

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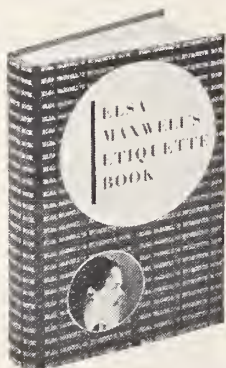
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YOUR FIGURE

Continued from page 69

tape measure around your body under the bust and draw in tightly. Now add five inches to find your bra size. To measure the waist, pull tape firmly without pinching. To measure hips, place tape around hips at widest part. This will vary on different figures; for some, this may be as high as three inches below the waist; for others, it means almost at the thigh line. If your mirror and your measure tell you your figure is somewhat less than perfection, take heart; the proper foundation can do wonders for you. There's one for every figure type—it's just a question of knowing which type you are, and then doing something about it.

WHICH FIGURE TYPE ARE YOU?

The Young Figure: This is the figure which is still developing, and it's likely that your last year's size is strictly out-of-date. Best advice for you is to buy one bra at a time, keeping two bras going constantly, one to wash and one to wear.

The Junior Figure: Smaller than the average figure in scale, if you're a junior you are probably short waisted. Did you know that many models and starlets are a junior figure? This does not mean that these girls don't bother with support. Every young model and starlet owns a wardrobe of bras and girdles! If you want to accent your figure, many of the new bras this season have laminated inserts in the cups which merely add contour without heavy padding. Generally, a lightweight, pull-on panty girdle is enough control for you. But for the best answer, try on your bra and girdle in the fitting room, letting your saleswoman help select the proper style with you.

The Top-Heavy Figure: Do you have a nice bosom but straight narrow hips which measure less than 6" larger than your waist? If you are in this category, choose a bra with support under the bosom and double panels at the side to keep your curves natural. A lightweight girdle is enough for you. If you plan to wear it under slacks or shorts, try the new panty girdles with separate seat panels such as the one pictured on page 68.

The Elongated Torso: You generally have shorter legs compared to your overall body length than the average figure. A garment which puts your figure back in proper proportion (such as the all-in-one shown on page 69) can smooth your midriff while accentuating feminine curves.

The Squashed-down Look: If your figure bulges in the wrong places, if it's thick through the middle, for instance, there's no reason to look dumpty anymore! Try an uplift bra which actually raises your bosom away from your midriff, and buy a girdle with extra waistline control. You can't afford to let those bulges have their way. A bra and girdle such as those shown at the top of page 71 will do the figure-molding work for you.

The Shrinking Violet: Too flat? Too skinny? If you are in your teens, your figure will probably change of its own accord before long. In the meantime, though, you can help it along with a good padded bra (the center one, page 71, can also be worn as a strapless and has a rubberized "grip" band under the bosom so it promises to stay up). Often your trouble below the waistline is a too-round tummy and a sway-backed profile. Good posture

will do a lot to correct this. Practice against a door tucking your hips forward, holding in your tummy, lifting your chest while keeping your shoulders down until you are able to flatten your back completely. Also, wear a girdle specifically designed for tummy and rear control. Wherever you see double panels, you know it means extra control, such as the girdle pictured center on page 71.

The Pear-Shaped Look: This may mean you're wide all over, or it may mean that you're wide through the hips and thighs, but quite small on top. If your hips are 12" larger than your waist and 2" larger than your bust, you belong to the latter type. A contour bra will give you the bustline you want, while a long-line panty girdle, such as the one at the bottom of page 71, will support you firmly through the hips and thighs.

HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR LINGERIE

All underclothing should be washed daily; otherwise perspiration will rot the elastic. Girdle manufacturers now recommend machine washing with a good soap or detergent in lukewarm water. To dry, hang your girdle upside down by its garters on a wire hanger . . . do not put in automatic dryers. Treat your underthings to the gentle care they deserve. Molly Bee has a final hint: keep a sachet in your lingerie drawer for sweet-smelling daintiness all day long.

WHERE TO BUY

The Photoplay fashions shown on pages 68, 69 and 71 are available at stores listed below, or write manufacturer for store nearest you.

Maidenform embroidered nylon bra

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.....Broadway
MIAMI, FLA.....Burdine's
NEW YORK, N. Y.....Bloomingdale's
PHILADELPHIA, PA.....John Wanamaker
or write, Maiden Form Brassiere Co.
200 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Formfit's Emilio Pucci panty girdle

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.....Broadway
or write, Formfit Company
400 South Peoria, Chicago 7, Ill.

Gossard all-in-one combination

ATLANTA, GA.....Rich's
or write, H. W. Gossard Co.
111 N. Canal, Chicago 6, Ill.

Sarong high rise girdle

BALTIMORE, MD.....Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.....Broadway
NEW YORK, N. Y.....Bloomingdale's
or write, Sarong, Inc.
200 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Peter Pan powernet panty

HOUSTON, TEX.....Foley's
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.....May Co.
NEW YORK, N. Y.....Bloomingdale's
or write, Peter Pan Foundations, Inc.
389 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Perma-lift cotton bra

or write, A. Stein & Company
1149 W. Congress, Chicago 7, Ill.

Hollywood V-etie Vassarette girdle

BALTIMORE, MD.....Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
RICHMOND, VA.....Miller & Rhoads
SAN ANTONIO, TEX.....Joske's
or write, Hollywood V-etie Vassarette, Inc.
6773 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

Jantzen cotton bra

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.....Bullock's
PHILADELPHIA, PA.....John Wanamaker
or write, Jantzen, Inc.
261 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Lovable cotton bra

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.....Broadway
or write, Lovable Brassiere Company
180 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

SUSAN HAYWARD

Continued from page 66

the wide lawns, the roomy houses with their ante-bellum pillars and porticos, and the occasional new ranch house with its picture windows glinting in the sunlight. She turned a corner and came out onto the modest shopping street. "Mornin', Mrs. Chalkley," a farmer in overalls called to her and she smiled back at him as she continued on past the haberdashery and shoe stores, past the gleaming front of the new supermarket and the savory smells of the barbecue stand close by it, past the still-shuttered ticket cage of the movie theater. She skirted a pile of cardboard cartons waiting to be carried inside the general-notions store, waved at a man in a white apron who was polishing the word "French" on the window of the dry cleaners', and then came back to where she had left her car, in front of the small brick post office. She'd driven into town to pick up the mail and she had left the stack of letters and magazines on the front seat before starting her walk. Now she slid behind the wheel and drove slowly back through the quiet streets, feeling once again a sense of gratitude for the peace of this little town that had let her come home.

It had been a long road home.

As Susan passed the outskirts of town and turned onto the highway, she gained speed, making the asphalt and the white center stripe appear to be moving ever-faster backward beneath the wheels of her car. And as she watched the stripe, her thoughts turned to a quiet little girl—Edythe Marrener, nicknamed "Mousey"—sitting in the assembly hall of Girls Commercial High School in Brooklyn, listening to a lady giving a lecture. Through a monotony of speech the words incentive—drive—personality—lingered in the girl's mind. While Edythe listened to the woman, her eyes rested on the mink coat that the speaker had carelessly tossed over the back of a chair on the stage. Then she looked down at her own faded, mended cotton dress; she owned just one other. And that afternoon she made a promise to herself: "Some day I'll come back here and lecture to the girls, and I'll be wearing furs, too."

She kept the promise. Years later she came back, wearing furs, and she lectured and signed autographs—"Susan Hayward."

She was now earning over \$200,000 a year.

As she guided the car along the highway out of the town of Carrolton, she found herself speaking the words, "You can get razzle-dazzle in Hollywood. You can get rich. And you can get smashed!"

Here in the sunlight, among the peaceful hills of the Georgia countryside, it was hard to remember the night when her life seemed to lie in ruins. But as she turned off, onto the narrow, tree-shadowed road through the pine woods which led to her house, Susan's mind went back to the night of April 25, 1955, in another house, in Sherman Oaks, California. . . .

She was alone in the living room. As she watched the carved hands of the tall grandfather clock relentlessly slip away the minutes, her thoughts circled hopelessly. Her marriage had blown up the year before, blown up in a flare of headlines. Just four days earlier, she had reluctantly met with her ex-husband, who challenged her custody of their twin sons. As she sat on the couch, her head thrown back in utter exhaustion, she could hear his angry voice echoing in her ears. Nothing had been settled; she could foresee no

end to the recriminations and quarrels.

Timothy and Gregory were sleeping upstairs, yet at this moment they seemed very far away from her. Kept at the studio for a conference, she had come home after their bedtime and crept up to look in on them, just motionless forms outlined under the covers with only their heads peeping out. In the afternoon, when school was out, the house must have been filled with the shouts and laughter of two husky ten-year-olds. But she had not been there to hear them.

Susan sighed. She looked up again at the clock. How the minutes were dragging. It seemed as though the night would never end. Already she had tried to go to sleep—but sleep would not come. So she had gotten out of bed to come and sit on the couch. Beside her lay the script of "I'll Cry Tomorrow." She picked it up, glanced at a few pages, but could not concentrate. Her mind kept racing on, racing in circles, finding no way out of her personal trap.

Her doctor had prescribed sleeping pills. They didn't do any good. She was still awake, still sitting in her living room, in the dark, alone. She could feel no love around her, no promise of help from anywhere, no vision of morning light to come.

Even now, driving along the winding road through the pine woods, Susan could not clearly bring her mind to remember the rest of that terrible night. She knew only what her mother had told her and what the newspapers had reported.

In the small hours of the morning, Mrs. Ellen Marrener had been awakened in her own house by the ringing of the telephone. The voice over the wire, broken by sobs, said, "Don't worry, Mother. You'll be well taken care of."

Herself close to hysteria, Mrs. Marrener promptly called the police, saying, "My daughter! I'm afraid she's going to commit suicide!"

Speeding through the quiet streets, the squad car screeched to a halt at the house in Sherman Oaks. The policemen rushed across the patio and pounded on the nearest door. From within came a dim voice trying to shape the word "Yes," but managing only "Yeh—yeh." They broke through the door and found Susan Hayward lying unconscious on the floor of her living room. Looking down on her, its face blank and unpytting, the clock that had measured the slow minutes after midnight now showed four o'clock. In Susan's bathroom cupboard upstairs, the police found two bottles of sleeping-tablets—empty.

Susan was rushed to North Hollywood Hospital for emergency treatment, then transferred to Cedars of Lebanon. And there she returned fully to consciousness. The morning had come after all, she thought, its light reaching into the hospital room. She felt weak, but her thoughts were no longer whirling; her mind seemed relaxed and she lay there welcoming the sensation of being alive.

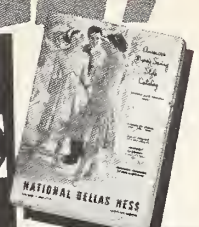
Her mother and her brother, Walter, were waiting to see her. As they walked towards her bed she saw in their faces the love that for a few terrified moments, the night before, she had forgotten. And she felt a spiritual love.

A few days after that, she said: "Don't ever think for one instant in your life that God does not exist. He does. I know." And she did know. Somehow she felt the other evening she had almost come face to face with Him.

Rounding a curve, the car moved out of the shadows of the pine woods and into the afternoon sunlight. Ahead was home, hidden among the gentle hills. Then it came into view, a rambling stone hunting lodge with a white roof. In a way, it had grown out of two hearts, hers and her husband's. Susan had pored over rough

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sketches with him and then architects' blueprints. And then almost every day they had walked from the small guest house that was already on the property, to see these drawings turn into solid reality, stone by stone.

Bringing her car to a stop in the garage, Susan switched off the ignition, pulled the key out and sorted the front-door key from the bunch on the ring before she gathered up the mail, a pile of magazines and her purse which lay on the seat beside her. As she went toward the door she smiled wistfully down at the key glinting in the sun. She reached the front door, opened it and went inside to find the living room orderly and spotless. Leaving the mail on the desk, the magazines on the coffee table, Susan went into the kitchen to prepare lunch. The planning of this room had been entirely up to her, and she had tried to make it both efficient and beautiful; all in white and gold. Its airy lightness suited her present mood. As she took lettuce, fresh fruit and cottage cheese from the refrigerator, she began thinking back to a pleasant evening three years before that had turned out to be more than merely pleasant.

It was during Christmastime of 1955, and she had been invited to a party at the home of Vincent Flaherty, sports columnist on a Los Angeles newspaper. The guest list casually mixed movie people and "non-pros," so for Susan there were many unfamiliar faces. Different kinds of shop talk, cheerful chatter, snatches of gossip and laughter echoed around her. Under the red, green, gold and silver of holiday decorations, it was a good-humored group. And then she saw him, "across a crowded room." She noticed him first because he was so tall and for the moment alone, beside the tinsel tree he looked so assured and at ease. Then people, circulating gaily, cut off her view, and she lost him in the crowd.

Flaherty came toward her a while later, always the genial host. "Having a pleasant time, Susan? Like some more punch?"

"This is fine, Vince. Thank you."

Out of the corner of her eye she noticed the stranger walk past them. Flaherty caught him by the arm.

"Oh, you two haven't met, have you? Susan, this is Eaton Chalkley."

She looked up at the stranger. He smiled. "Merry Christmas, Miss Hayward."

She caught a soft slowness in the deep-pitched voice. "Is that Dixie I hear?"

"Carrolton, Georgia," Eaton laughed.

"Where's that?"

"Forty miles from Atlanta. It's a small place, but it has been growing the last few years."

"Are you vacationing out here, Mr. Chalkley?" she asked.

"No, it's a business trip. I have a car agency in Carrolton, but my law practice takes most of my time. It brings me to the Coast pretty often. Anti-trust cases, chiefly."

She listened to his shop talk, listened respectfully, with increasing interest. It doesn't matter what a man's work is, she thought, because if he's really absorbed in it, really good at it, he can make it sound fascinating. And gradually the other voices at the party faded, and she could hear only Eaton Chalkley's.

His name was Floyd Eaton Chalkley. He'd once been in the FBI. He'd been divorced twice and was the father of three children. He was forty-six, eight years older than Susan, and he was enjoying his maturity. Susan liked that, for in Hollywood she had seen too many aging "boys," too many "girls" reaching frantically after vanishing youth. Certainly there was no time in her life that she yearned to go back to. Instead, with a sense of awaken-

ing, she found herself eagerly looking forward to the future.

Looking forward to what? Three years ago she could not possibly have pictured herself living contentedly in this house in Georgia. Susan went over to the easel in the corner of the living room and uncovered the painting she had started the day before. Slipping into her smock which she kept on a hook by the easel, Susan took out her palette and brushes and the box filled with tubes of oil paint. Patiently, she began to mix a blue. She was painting the view from the window and the blue was for the shadows under the trees.

The countryside was waiting, awakening, eagerly yet serenely. That was the look Susan wanted to put on canvas. And that had been the feeling in her heart three years earlier.

She had been waiting for something then, not waiting desperately and hungrily, but waiting serenely. Faith had returned to her. She knew happiness was not something to be greedily grasped at. It would come as a precious gift from God, to be accepted humbly and gratefully. And it would come first in small ways, as these buds would unfold on the trees, singly and slowly.

Susan remembered a spring night in 1956. It was the night of the Academy Awards, and she had invited her friends to come to her house afterwards for a "Win or Lose Party." Well, she had lost. She moved through the crush murmuring thanks for words of sympathy, lightly brushing aside words that laid the sympathy on too thick. Her gaiety might have been brittle and false, if there had not been a steady, reassuring influence in her house that night. Eaton Chalkley was among her guests. Each time their eyes met, the little golden statue she hadn't won seemed less and less important.

His standing in his profession was high enough to give him a choice among clients, and Susan smiled as she remembered what an unusual number of Californian cases had drawn his attention that year. When he was in town, they didn't dine at the fashionable see-and-be-seen restaurants. Nor did they haunt the so-called "hide-away" spots, which seem to be favorite hang-outs for columnists' informants. They simply went to dinner parties or informal evenings at friends' homes, or Susan entertained the group at her home. Often, the two of them would drift away to a corner of the room and stay there, quietly talking, absorbed in each other. Their friends must have noticed, Susan thought. If so, friendship was put first. This new romance was not fingered for quality, measured for size, pulled apart and rendered shopworn in the public prints. It remained the private property of Susan Hayward and Eaton Chalkley.

It wasn't first love—swift and sweet and uncaring. That kind is only for the young, never to be recaptured, though it can last and change and become stronger—if the couple are lucky. Susan and Eaton had not been that fortunate in their first loves. But they made a wonderful discovery: With the years, through experience, they had grown, and now their capacity for loving was greater than ever before.

And so they decided quietly to be married. They went to Phoenix, Arizona, for the ceremony. The date—February 8, 1957. The thought of that day brought Susan suddenly back to the present moment. Was their second anniversary really that close? Hmmm . . . that might explain the mysterious package Eaton had whisked out of her sight the other day. Well, she had her secret plans too.

Her wedding bouquet had been a single carnation, pinned to her simple, short-sleeved silk dress. The bridal party had reached Phoenix with no pack of news-

men and lensmen hot on the trail, but after Susan had become Mrs. Floyd Eaton Chalkley the reporters did catch up. Some of their questions made her nervous; it sounded as if they were trying to sensationalize this marriage story by recalling earlier headlines. Then, as Eaton's hand held hers in a firmer grasp, Susan answered straightforwardly: "I don't want to look back. From now on, I'm going to look forward, always."

She was going home, home to Carrolton, Georgia. She remembered a friend saying, "Leave Hollywood? You? You'll change your mind!" But then, they had not known how happy she would be, married to Eaton.

The first time she strolled the streets of Carrolton with her husband, she found gentle people to welcome her. Eaton's friends accepted her as their kind; being one of them gave her a wonderful, comfortable feeling. When the Chalkleys entertained or went calling, Hollywood was mentioned no more often than in any average group anywhere in the country. She had learned to play the accordion, to play simple melodies by ear, and now on many friendly evenings neighbors dropped in to listen to the music.

This evening there would be just the two of them, Susan and Eaton. Evening! With a start, Susan looked up at the clock and noticed it was already five-thirty. She hurried into her dressing room, just off the master bedroom, and began freshening up. There was only one other bedroom, for Timothy and Gregory. No guest rooms and, Susan had resolved, there never would be any. She had been quite firm about that when they planned the house; she wanted to keep it strictly a family unit, small and intimate.

Susan felt warm gratitude as she thought of her boys. Last April, she and Jess Barker had at last reached a legal agreement, and she had been allowed to take Tim and Greg home to Georgia, though Barker was permitted to visit his sons or have them visit him at certain times each year. They were almost fourteen now, both enrolled at Georgia Military Academy nearby. Tomorrow, Susan thought with happy anticipation, they'd be coming home for the weekend. And she would have time, plenty of time, long lazy hours to spend entirely with her sons. They would go tramping through the woods, across the fields of home, talking all the way, and enjoying a greater closeness than they had ever known before.

Soon she would have to go to Hollywood to fill a picture commitment—to make "The Snow Birch." This would be only her third

movie since her marriage. There had been "I Want to Live," then "Thunder in the Sun." On both of these she had found her work as absorbing as ever. But between takes she had felt a new detachment about the whole business of movie-making, almost as if she were a visitor on the set. At those times she found herself thinking, I want to be home. I want to be doing what I like best—making a man happy.

She heard the faint sound of a car approaching along the winding road through the pine woods. It grew louder and then stopped, and she heard the familiar rumble of the garage door closing. Then came the click of a key in the front door. Then the beloved voice: "I'm home!"

"I'm here," she called out.

He was in the doorway, crossing the room, and as he reached her he put his arms around her.

"Did you have a good day, darling?" she whispered.

"Mmm. And did you?"

Susan slipped into the kitchen to prepare their dinner. When she came into the living room she noticed the papers over the neatly-stacked kindling had already caught alight, and Eaton's manly figure was outlined against the blaze. She admired his expertness at laying a fire. The flames, still low, were steady, and there was a cheerful crackling. Eaton had turned on the TV but she didn't pay any attention to it until the announcer gave the title of the feature film which was about to be presented: "Adam Had Four Sons," starring Ingrid Bergman.

"That's an old one," Susan laughed. "I was in it, too," she added, turning to Eaton.

Then the announcer said, "I wonder if Susan Chalkley is watching in Carrolton tonight? This must have been one of her very early movies."

With those words a wonderful realization struck her: She wasn't Susan Hayward any more. All of that was past. She was Susan Chalkley!

"Is she watching?" Eaton asked, as she settled down on the couch next to him.

"Only if you want to. I can run out and put on the steak during a commercial."

Dinner under way, she sat by the warm fire, her husband's arm around her, feeling completely contented. She looked up at Eaton and remarked, "You know, dear, God has been good, very good to me." THE END

ACCORDING TO INSIDERS, U.A.'S "I WANT TO LIVE" IS SURE TO BRING SUSAN HER FIFTH ACADEMY AWARD NOMINATION THIS MONTH. SHE WILL BE SEEN NEXT IN PARAMOUNT'S "THUNDER IN THE SUN" AND 20TH'S "THE SNOW BIRCH."



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I'D LIKE TO BE DIFFERENT

Continued from page 57

She stood before the silvery looking glass, staring at herself in her yellow slipover sweater and pleated plaid skirt, turning to the right, then to the left.

Her heart thumped loudly. The heartbeats seemed to say you're getting fat, getting fat.

She had gained some weight, she admitted reluctantly to herself. She'd known this already from the way her clothes fit around her waist.

She stooped over and unzipped her boots, pushed them off and then went to her mother's room where she lighted the dressing-table lamp and weighed herself.

There it was, the awful truth, the black and white of her fear. She had gained ten pounds.

"You," she said, staring unflinchingly at the arm's length image before her, "you're going to change. You're going to be different."

And did she ever change? Doris Day laughed. We were walking through Farmer's Market, sniffing at the sausages and cheeses, admiring the bright reds and yellows of the fruits, and then suddenly there we were talking about diets. "That girl was Molly Bee," Doris continued. "Have you seen her lately? She has the cutest figure." (You can see for yourself, in the pictures of Molly Bee on page 68.)

"Molly told me that day changed her whole outlook on life. Why? She began looking after herself.

"Believe me," she said, "it wasn't easy. The hardest thing in the world is to make yourself realize you're ready for a change. It's so much easier going along at the same rutlike pace you've gotten used to. But when something happens that turns your world upside-down—like that senior's remark with her—you begin thinking, 'Oh-oh, something's wrong!'"

"Isn't it terrible that most of the time something upsetting like that has to happen before you begin to look at yourself from a new point of view? But looking at yourself is only the beginning. Then you have to start making the change."

The day after Molly made her big decision to be different she was, she remembers, a total flop in her sudden changeover program.

Molly's mother used to bring home paper bags of little cookies or white boxes of chocolate eclairs or cinnamon buns, and every night Molly would dig in and satisfy that terrible sweet-tooth craving. Later in the evening when she was doing her homework and listening to dance music on the white desk radio in her rose-painted bedroom, she'd nibble on the cookies and drink a couple glasses of soda pop.

The evening after she made her decision to change, Molly decided she wouldn't eat any sweets or have any soda. She didn't even want to look at them. But when her mother arrived after six o'clock with her bag of bake shop cookies, Molly couldn't take her mind off them. Finally, she ended up eating more that night than before because the thought of giving them up made her hunger for them all the more. She drank the soda pop, too.

"Maybe it was just as well," Doris says, "that she did . . . because she felt terrible. When she went to bed she tossed and turned and couldn't sleep. She felt she had broken an important promise to her-

self and she just felt awful, so guilty."

The next morning Molly went to school and during her Home Economics class, along with her classmates, baked a batch of butter cookies under the young Home Ec teacher's supervision.

"I probably looked so miserable the teacher figured something was the matter," Molly remembers. "I kept staring at the cookies on my plate, afraid someone would notice I wasn't eating them. The girl next to me finally said, 'What's the matter? Aren't you hungry? They taste so good.'" And she bit into another one. Molly just shrugged her shoulders. When the teacher came over and said, "Molly, don't you want to try the cookies?" she told her no. She said she'd take the cookies home, that she didn't feel very hungry right then. The teacher seemed to sense that something was wrong and she looked so sympathetic Molly went back to see her after school. She explained how she had gained weight, that she wanted to go on a diet. She couldn't have been nicer. She gave her such encouragement. She agreed that overweight wasn't healthy for anyone, and then she sat down and worked out a food plan with her that Molly's never forgotten—with lots of salads and fresh vegetables and broiled foods.

That was only the beginning, Doris says. The Home Ec teacher warned Molly against some of the diet pitfalls and stumbling blocks she would run into.

"The first thing she had to learn was not to be afraid to say no. This is the hardest thing of all," Doris says. "Of course, she wasn't on a starvation diet, but she had to cut down on starches and sweets and all those in-between snacks at school. Well, after school, a girlfriend would sometimes offer her a candy bar, and she'd say she was dieting. And the friend would say, 'Oh, come on, just this once! One little fudge bar won't hurt you.' After she gave in a couple of times, Molly decided all the worry afterward just wasn't worth it. She decided she'd sooner lose the fun of a couple of bites on a candy bar and say no to her girlfriends rather than torture herself for hours later because she goofed on her food plan."

But losing weight, Doris says, is a slow process and doesn't happen overnight. Anyone who intends to stick to a diet must have a storehouse of patience. Doris also adds that if a girl is more than ten to fifteen pounds overweight, she shouldn't consider a reducing food plan unless it's been approved by her family doctor. In fact, it's a good idea to check with him first in any case.

Gradually, Doris says, as those first results begin to show and the clothes don't fit so tightly around the waist, then the sweet music of compliments makes itself heard and the spirit really takes wings. The effort is worth it.

"When your girlfriend tells you you're beginning to look thin, that you look so much better, it is like listening to a serenade after all those weeks of saying no to chocolate cakes and lemon meringue pies.

"When you cut down on sweets, by the way, this meant cutting down on chocolate of all kinds. Cut out fried foods because of the grease they're cooked in. It's so fattening! And your complexion will begin to look better, clearer. When Molly told her Home Ec teacher all about this, she told her that was only the beginning. Molly didn't know what she meant then, but later on the dawn came!

"With dieting you gain new respect for yourself. Suddenly you become proud of yourself because you've had the daring to become a new you, to be different from the everyday person you've been. Not only do you get slim, but you feel happier, and your personality, I'm convinced, shows

it. After Molly went on that diet, she had no trouble getting dates. She was so peppy! All of a sudden she felt so much more alive!"

Besides dieting, Doris recommends exercise. You can try exercising alone in your bedroom—doing simple stretching exercises selected from the magazines.

"But misery loves company. You just feel so icky and stupid sometimes moving your arms around all by yourself.

"Why not tell your girlfriends about it and ask them if they want to get together and have a daily session. You could take turns at each other's houses, and play pop records and really go to town with the one-two-three-fours," suggests Doris.

"Exercising's a habit I follow to this very day," says Molly. "I told some kids in my neighborhood not too long ago to get a One-Two-Three-Four Club started, and they followed my suggestion. I also suggested they get one of the teachers to give them a diet list. Well, in two months, these gals lost anywhere from seven to fourteen pounds! Isn't that terrific? They said they exercised to some of Doris' records, especially 'Instant Love,' which they like because it's bouncy. But their favorite exercise record, they said, is Elvis' 'All Shook Up.' Sounds like a mighty good one to me."

Just as important as exercise, Doris says, is rest. A good night's sleep nourishes the body. One thing, though, that's been bothering her all these years is the fact that she can't get the hang of catnapping. Everyone she knows seems to be a past master at it. But no matter how hard Doris tries to take a quick nap in the middle of a day those forty winks just won't come.

"I see my mother doze off like that—for five minutes—and get up refreshed, and all I can do is wish I had the knack. Right in the midst of fixing a hem or mending a sock, she'll curl up on the couch and close her eyes, get up a few minutes later and say, 'My, do I feel good—just like a million dollars!' If anyone's got any suggestions, I sure wish they'd pass them along."

On the next page are calorie charts and diet tips for those of you who want to be different, too. Use it as a checklist and tape it to a prominent spot—on your bedroom mirror, desk, in your school notebook. Make yourself the same promise Molly Bee made to herself and just see if, after keeping it for a month, you aren't a little different (and happier!) than the girl you are today.

—LORRAYNE JO GREER

DORIS MADE "TUNNEL OF LOVE" FOR M-G-M AND WILL BE SEEN NEXT IN "THAT JANE FROM MAINE" FOR COLUMBIA, "PILLOW TALK" FOR U-I, AND "ROAR LIKE A DOVE" FOR U.A.

TAKE THESE GIANT STEPS TO A DIFFERENT YOU

● Do you need to diet? Your mirror and your scale will tell you—and so will a tape measure. Ideally, your bust and your hips should measure the same, and your waistline should be ten inches less. Make allowances for a young figure, but don't be too easy on yourself. For some undercover help on those ideal proportions, see Molly Bee's answer to "How Does Your Figure Measure Up?" on page 68.

● Check with your family doctor before starting a diet. Weigh yourself once a week

—your loss won't show from day to day. And don't be discouraged if, one week, you don't show a loss. Lost fat is sometimes replaced temporarily with water in the tissues, a condition which gradually corrects itself as you stick to your diet.

● Be sure to eat a good breakfast, one which supplies from a fourth to a third of your total daily calories. This gives you energy and makes it easier to resist between-meal snacks or too much lunch.

● Eat meals slowly and chew food well. This helps make smaller amounts of food more satisfying.

● Avoid hidden calories—extra butter or margarine on vegetables, oil in salad dressing, gravies and sauces. Stick to stewed, roasted, boiled and broiled foods instead of fried ones. Trim the visible fat from meat.

● When you join the gang at the soda fountain, don't be tempted by what the others are ordering. Do remember to count whatever you have then or at other between-meal times in your grand total of calories. If you feel hungry between or before meals, a cup of bouillon or even a glass of water can help.

● Remember that you don't have to permit yourself to suffer from hunger pangs during your dieting. A stalk of celery or even a big raw carrot—any raw vegetable for that matter—will help "fool" your stomach into feeling that it has just had a meal. Try it if you don't believe it! In fact, in private, chew on a stick of gum. This helps that hunger feeling.

● If you eat lunch out, you might find it easier to stick to your diet if you bring your own. Try these: a sandwich of 2 thin slices bread, 1 ounce lean meat, 1 hard-cooked egg, 1 teaspoon mayonnaise, lettuce; 2 stalks celery, 1 small cucumber, fresh fruit and 1 glass milk. Or, a sandwich of 2 thin slices bread, 2 ounces chicken or meat chopped and mixed with 1 tablespoon mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon chopped celery and a little chopped onion; a large fresh tomato, 1/2 green pepper, fruit, 1 glass skim milk.

● Take a tip from Doris and invite some friends—and/or your mother—along on your diet and on the exercise program that should go with it. Exercise—that's the vigorous and systematic contraction and relaxation of your muscles—will help measurably. It stimulates circulation, makes you supple, helps to relieve tension and improve posture. As a plus, it reduces your measurements. Well-toned muscles are short, holding the figure firmly in line and helping to mold those new proportions. Try specially designed exercises for those particularly chubby spots.



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GOSH, I'D LIKE TO BE DIFFERENT *continued*

Looking for a new self? Clip this page, post it and keep it handy as a daily reminder

THOSE "MUST" FOODS

The following foods should be on your menu every day. No skimping on these.

- 1 quart of milk
- 1 citrus fruit, 1 other fruit
- 2 yellow or leafy green vegetables
- 1 other vegetable (potato, if you like)
- 1 serving of meat, poultry or fish
- 1 egg
- 2 slices bread, whole grain or enriched
- 3 thin pats of butter or margarine
- 1 cereal, whole grain or enriched

HOW MUCH EXERCISE WILL MAKE UP FOR THAT SNACK?

Here are just a few examples:

- Ice cream soda.....
- an hour and a half of bowling
- 1-inch of fudge.....half-hour walk
- Chocolate bar...two hours of table tennis
- Chocolate cake....two hours of swimming
- Malted milk.....two hours of dancing
- 6 ounces of soft drink.....half-hour walk
- 4 cashew nuts.....half-hour walk

DO YOUR OWN FIGURING

You can lose up to 2 pounds a week on a diet of 1200 to 1500 calories. That's as fast as you can lose and remain alert, healthy. Choose foods for protein, vitamin and mineral content and for their variety. This chart is part of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's booklet, "How To Control Your Weight." A free copy of the booklet may be obtained by writing: Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

YOUR DAILY CALORIE COUNTER

Food	Measures	Calories
Bacon	2-3 lang slices, caoked	100
Banana	1 medium, 6 inches lang	90
Biscuit, baking powder	2 inches in diameter	100
Breads		
carn (1-egg)	1 2-inch square	120
cracked wheat	1 slice, average	80
light rye	1 slice, 1/2-inch thick	75
white, enriched	1 slice, average	75
white, enriched	1 slice, thin	55
whole wheat, 100%	1 slice, average	75
Brawnies	1 piece 2 by 2 by 3/4 inches	140
Butter	1 tablespoon	95
Cake		
angel	1/10 of a large cake	155
chacalate ar vanilla, na icing	1 piece 2 by 2 by 2 inches	200
cupcake with chacalate icing	1 medium	250
Chacalate		
milk, sweetened	1 aunce	140
fudge	1 piece 1-inch square by 3/4-inch thick	100
malted milk	fauntain size	460
milk with almands, sweetened	1 aunce	150
syrup	1/4 cup	200
unsweetened	1 square	160
Cala saft drinks	6-ounce bottle	75
Cream		
light	2 tablespaans	65
heavy	2 tablespaans	120
Ginger ale	1 cup	85
Ice cream	1/2 cup	200
Ice-cream sada	fauntain size	325
Jellies and jams	1 rounded tablespaan	100
Maple syrup	1 tablespaan	70
Marshmallaws	1	20
Milk		
buttermilk	1 cup	85
Peanut butter	1 tablespaan	100
Peanuts, shelled	10	50
Pies	(sectars fram 9-inch pies)	
apple	3-inch sectar	200
leman meringue	3-inch sectar	300
Patato chips	8-10 large	100
Patata salad with mayannaise	1/2 cup	200
Patataes		
mashed	1/2 cup	100
sweet	1/2 medium	100
Salad dressing		
French	1 tablespaan	90
Mayannaise	1 tablespaan	100
Sugar		
granulated	1 tablespaan	50
Waffles	1 waffle 6 inches in diameter	250



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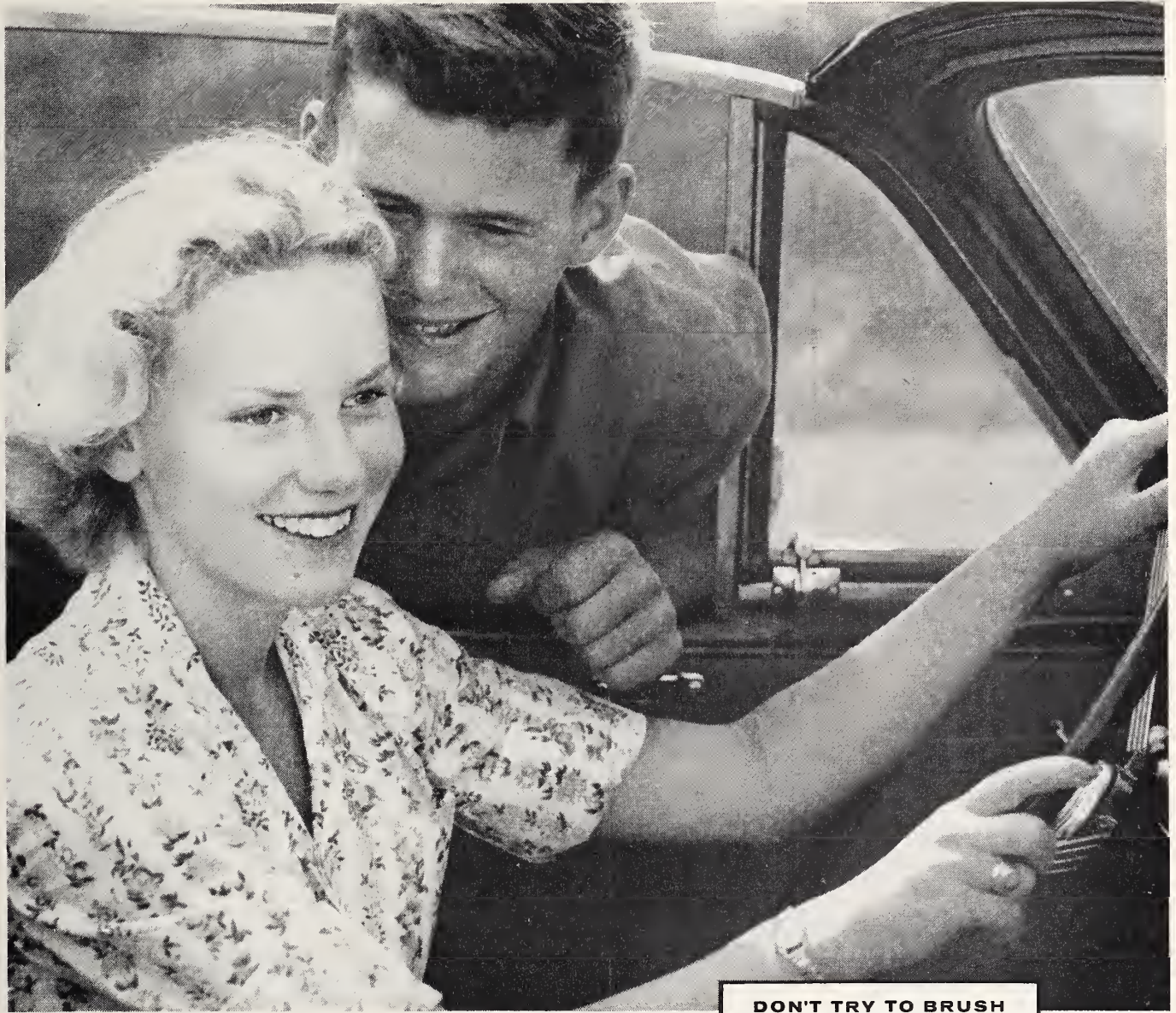
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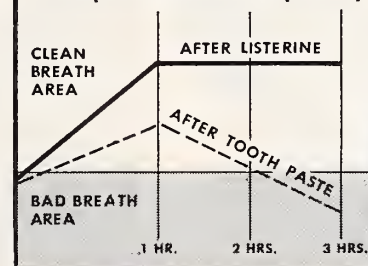
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KENNETH CUNNINGHAM, Art Director

NORMAN SIEGEL, West Coast Editor

CLAIRE SAFRAN, Managing Editor

ANDREE AELION, Story Editor

DICK CLARK, Contributing Editor

JIM HOFFMAN, Contributing Editor

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HARRIET SEGMAN, Beauty Editor

ROGER MARSHUTZ, Staff Photographer

RICHARD ADELSON, Art Assistant

MARCIA BORIE, West Coast Contributor

Your May issue will be on sale at your newsstand on April 2nd



Photoplay is Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. Executive, Advertising and Editorial Offices at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Lee Andrews, Vice-President; S. N. Himmelman, Vice-President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer.

Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco. Subscription Rates: \$2.50 one year, \$4.00 two years, \$5.50 three years in U. S., its possessions and Canada, \$5.00 per year all other countries.

Change of Address: 6 weeks notice essential. When possible, please furnish stencil-impression address from a recent issue. Address change can be made only if we have your old as well as your new address. Write to Photoplay, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Manuscripts, Drawings and Photographs will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or damage. It is advisable to keep a duplicate copy for your records. Only material accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes or with sufficient return postage will be returned.

Foreign editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President.

Re-entered as Second Class Matter May 10, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and other post offices. Authorized as Second Class Mail P. O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont., Canada. Copyright 1959 by Macfadden Publications, Inc. All rights reserved under International Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun la Convencion Pan-Americana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U.S.A. by Art Color Printing Company. Member of True Story Women's Group.



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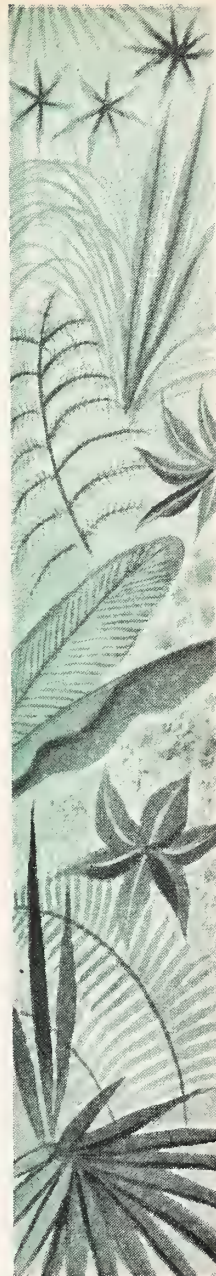
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THE MONTHLY RECORD

WEATHER

Remedy for spring fever:
Give in and fall in love!

By GEORGE

VOL. 1, NO. 2

MARCH 1959

4 NON ¢

THREE GUYS . . . THEIR POINT OF VIEW

When the Kingston Trio, whose smash recording of "Tom Dooley" skyrocketed these fellows to the top of the singing ranks, came to New York last month, they visited my corner closet in the Photoplay offices and lit into the subject of—you guessed it!—the fairer sex.

"I go for a gal who listens to a guy," said Nick Reynolds, the bongo, conga and guitar player of the group. "Someone who's able to sit quietly and not expect me to get up and do all sorts of goofy fandangos to amuse her.

"We were playing the Purple Onion in San Francisco a while back, and I met Joan Harriss, a comedienne I asked for a date.

"Wow! Did she impress me! She impressed me by not trying to impress me—if you get what I mean. We sat across the table



The Kingston Trio—Dave, Nick and Bob—dig the girl who's for real.

from each other on that first date and really relaxed."

Proof that this paid off: Nick and Joan's marriage last September. Where do they live? In a *houseboat* at Sausalito, California!

Bob Shane, who doubles on the guitar and banjo, nodded his head thoughtfully in agreement. "Quiet girls, especially if they lower their voices when they talk—man, they get me!

"I'm the easygoing type, so I guess it's only natural I go for the girl who doesn't make a big play for the man. Some guys like the firecracker-under-your-feet treatment. But not me."

Bob got hooked by Louise Brandon of Atlanta, Georgia, who wooed him with her southern "baby talk" drawl. Bob adds, "It makes me feel so strong and protective."

Bob met Louise on a blind date in Hawaii. His dad set it up! Dave Guard, who plays guitar and banjo, had this to say:

"I'm all for the lady-like gal, the one who's got manners and who knows what's going on in the world. I like a gal to talk about books she's read and the music she enjoys. And if she can discuss music beyond the 'it sends me' stage, then she sends me."

A Stanford U. grad, Dave's found his ladylove—Gretchen Ballard—and they're the proud parents of a nine-month-old baby girl, Catherine, who, Dave tells me, is going to get plenty of dating pointers from her dad when dating time rolls around.

COOKIE CONFAB

Sal the Man Mineo was elucidating on his favorite topic the other day at a big press confab for high school editors in New York. Sal served cookies and ice cream.

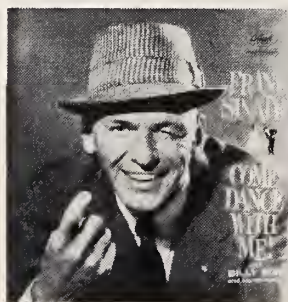
"My favorite hobby is girls," he answered an editor who wanted to know *Sal Mineo's hobby is girls*. about his pastimes, "and I don't care how busy I get, I'll *always* find time for dating."

Sal told the editors all about "Tonka," his latest film which was photographed on an Indian reservation. "Those Indians," Sal said, "man, do they dig rock 'n' roll!"

While on the West Coast, Sal picked up a smidge of slangage. "*Stacking*," Sal told me, "is when a girl is dating more than one steady at a time. And '*all time*' is when a party's going great."

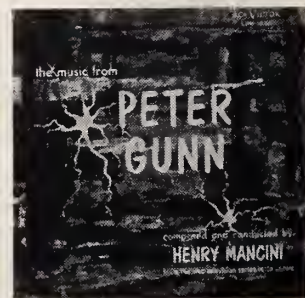


turntable vox pox



✓✓✓✓ Album of the month: The program? Vocals that dance! But if you're only in the mood for listening, it's almost as much fun to sit this Capitol album out while Frank Sinatra sings the songs that dancing lovers love. Frankie calls his new collection, "Come Dance With Me," and he sings "Saturday Night," "Day In, Day Out" and "Dancing in the Dark." For dancers, lovers, homebodies—everyone.

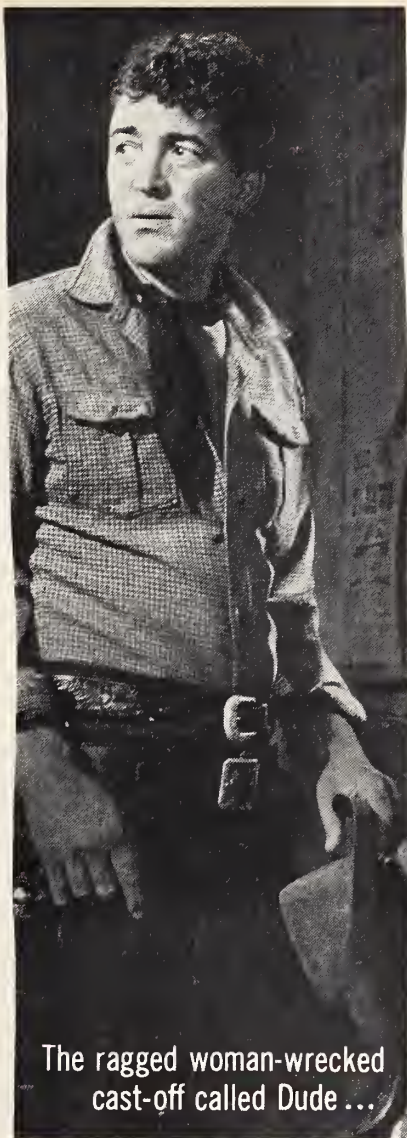
✓✓✓✓ RCA's "The Music From Peter Gunn" composed and conducted by Henry Mancini from the NBC-TV series. This isn't only Peter Gunn's kind of jazz; it's everybody's brew. All of it is easy and shuffle-footed—whether you're listening to the Peter Gunn theme or the show's opening motif, "Fallout!," or the other swingers.



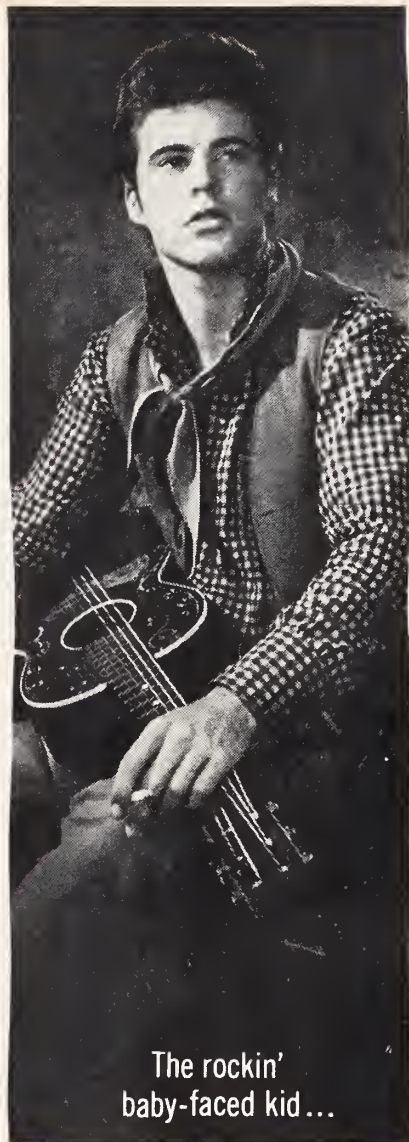
(Continued)



The big guy with the battered hat...



The ragged woman-wrecked cast-off called Dude...



The rockin' baby-faced kid...

JOHN *and* DEAN *and* RICKY WAYNE MARTIN NELSON

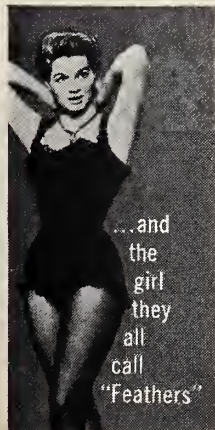
A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION

They grew into giants at...

RIO BRAVO



TECHNICOLOR®
from WARNER BROS.



...and the girl they all call "Feathers"



CO-STARRING

ANGIE DICKINSON • WALTER BRENNAN

WARD BOND • JOHN RUSSELL

WITH PEDRO GONZALEZ-GONZALEZ • ESTELITA RODRIGUEZ • Screenplay by JULES FURTHMAN and LEIGH BRACKETT
MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY DIMITRI TIOMKIN • AN ARMADA PRODUCTION • Directed and Produced by HOWARD HAWKS

Hear Dean and Ricky Sing... "Rio Bravo" - "My Rifle, My Pony and Me" - "Cindy"!

THERE'S NEVER A QUESTION—



When you use "Lysol" regularly—you're sure of feminine daintiness.

You know you can't offend—for "Lysol" brand disinfectant stops embarrassing odor by killing odor-causing germs!

Because "Lysol" is so effective—it's far more reliable than any home-style douche, including vinegar!

Yet new "Lysol" is mild. Won't harm your delicate insides. Leaves you sweet and fresh—confident of your daintiness! Try it soon.

Discover personal cleanliness the "Lysol" way!

Now available—
Pine-Scented "Lysol"
as well as Regular.

For free booklet
(mailed in plain envelope) on doctor-approved methods of douching, write to:
"Lysol," Bloomfield,
N. J., Dept. TS-459.



Lysol®

BRAND DISINFECTANT

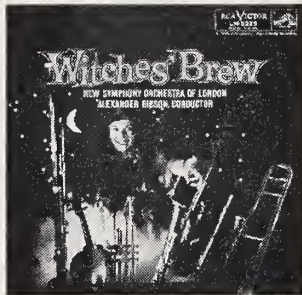
A Lehn & Fink Product

Also available in Canada

THE MONTHLY RECORD *continued*

turntable vox pox *continued*

✓✓✓ "Open Fire, Two Guitars," is Johnny Mathis' latest. His dreamy voice has a soft curl in it as he sings these sit-by-the-fire-and-lean-against-that-manly-chest favorites. There's a gentle strumming of guitars in the background while curly-voiced Johnny sings "Tenderly," "You'll Never Know," "Bye Bye Blackbird" and others on this top-notch Columbia LP.



✓✓✓ Here's some spook music from those long ago days in an RCA Victor album called "Witches' Brew" with the New Symphony Orchestra of London. So, all right, this is for longhairs, but crewcuts will flip for it, too. Listen to "A Night on Bare Mountain" and see if you don't send off a shiver. Or give an ear to "Dance Macabre" while skeletons dance before your eyes. Horror music addicts should delight in this eerie collection from great-great-grandmother's day, when they got just as big a kick out of goose-pimples as we do today.

✓✓✓ Shirley Temple's back, and the world is happier. Here she is, singing those winning songs from her ageless movies, in a 20th-Fox album titled "Shirley Temple's Hits." Shirley takes you on a magical joyride into the polly-wolly-doodle land of childhood. If you don't mellow as you hear Shirley sing "Animal Crackers in My Soup," "You've Gotta Eat Your Spinach, Baby," or "On the Good Ship Lollipop," you've turned into a mummy. Taken from the original soundtracks of Shirley's pictures, the album's likely to become standard equipment for all baby-sitters.



✓✓✓ Phil Everly of the popular Everly Brothers team told me a few weeks ago, "When you're young, you're open to all kinds of music. Seems to me like it's the older folks who sometimes close their minds." Phil went on to say how he was so impressed with the timeless musical church drama, "The Play of Daniel," recorded by Decca. This Twelfth-Century music-play about Daniel in the lion's den was recorded recently by the famed New York Pro Musica under the direction of Noah Greenberg. Some Sunday night you ought to play it for your church group. It's great.

HEMIDEMISEMIQUAVERS

Easy to listen to: Frankie "Shy Guy" Avalon's neat rendition of "Too Young to Love" on his new album, "The Young Frankie Avalon." . . . The late Glenn Miller and his orchestra swing high and low with "Chattanooga Choo-Choo," "I've Got a Gal in Kalamazoo" and "In the Mood" in a new 20th-Fox album which features music from all of Glenn's old movies. . . . Everybody loves a hummable college song, and here are a dozen of them from "The Whiffenpoof" to "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" in Warner Brothers' "Halls of Ivy" album which features the nation's favorites. . . . "Flower Drum Song," the big Broadway hit starring Academy Award winner Miyoshi Umeki is on wax, thanks to Columbia, and if you don't

flip for Juanita Hall's version of "Chop Suey," then you just won't ever dig the stuff. . . . Those two peas in a pod, Herbie and Hal, keep parlaying their double-dose of talent into one smash hit after another. In their latest Decca album, "The Kalin Twins," you'll hear all of their really big hits—"When," "Three O'Clock Thrill," "Forget Me Not" and "Clickety Clack." . . . "Hugo Winterhalter Goes Latin" is Hugo's latest, and he plays all those south-of-the-border smoothies: "Granada," "Vaya Con Dios" and "Valencia," to list a few. . . . Of course, no column would be complete without mention of the Kingston Trio's newest, "From the Hungry i," which includes French lullabies, calypso, Zulu hunting chants and a space age minuet.



Bobbi's 3 kinds of curlers give style-support for the casual, yet well-mannered look of "Aureole".

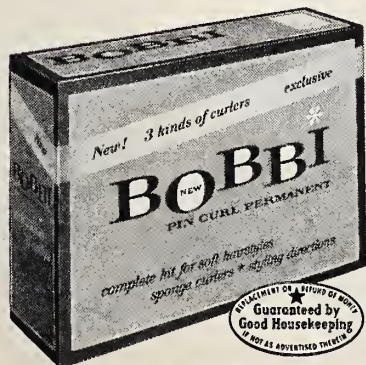


The smooth, lifted crown of "Rising Star" gets style-support from Bobbi's sponge rollers.



Style-support is the key to the extra crown height in "Empirette". With Bobbi it's simple as setting.

New improved Bobbi waves in **style-support** with the ease and softness of a setting

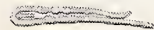


The easiest permanent to give yourself . . .

The only pin curl permanent with sponge rollers, neckline rods and pin-curlers . . . waves in the style you want with the support it needs

Style-support . . . the new Bobbi magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and, of course, there's no resetting. New improved Bobbi—waves in style-support! Complete kit, only \$2.00. Refill without curlers, \$1.50.

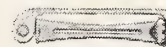
ONLY NEW BOBBI GIVES YOU ALL 3 KINDS OF CURLERS



40 CASUAL PIN-CURLERS
for easy, over-all softness in major areas.



6 LARGE SPONGE ROLLERS
for areas needing extra body or "lift".



6 MIDGET RODS
for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.

THE MONTHLY RECORD CHECKLIST

THE CHILDREN'S MARCHING SONG. <i>Mitch Miller & his</i> "Sing Along With Mitch" Chorus (Columbia).....	Tops
YO-YO with <i>Sonny James</i> (Capitol).....	So-so
LET'S LOVE with <i>Johnny Mathis</i> (Columbia).....	Ummm
THE RIDDLE OF LOVE. <i>The Four Preps</i> (Capitol).....	Nifty
PINETOP'S BOOGIE WOOGIE. <i>Lawson-Haggart Rockin'</i> <i>Band</i> (Decca).....	Neat
HURRY UP, BUTTERCUP. <i>Charlie Grace</i> (Coral).....	Novel
MY ONLY LOVE. <i>Tab Hunter</i> (Warner Brothers).....	Cool
TALL PAUL. <i>Annette Funicello and the Afterbeats</i> (Disneyland)	Chilly

PROOF POSITIVE

For all you gals who scoff, by the way, on the old adage, "the way to a man's heart is through the recipes you collect," listen to Kenneth More, England's most popular film star, who says he was a confirmed bachelor until he met the future Mrs. More. He admits he liked her sense of humor, but he didn't think about her again until she invited him to dinner and served him Spanish steak (sliced steak sautéed with tomato and onions) and a magnificent lemon meringue pie for dessert.

Suddenly, he says, he found himself looking forward to her little dinners every week. Ultimately, the bounty of her dinner table turned to love, of course.

Kenny, as he's called by his friends, admitted this to us when he was in New York a month ago for personal appearances for his two films, "A Night to Remember," the nerve-shattering screen adaptation of the sinking of the Titanic, and "Sheriff of Fractured Jaw," a British satire on our oat-opuses in which he co-stars with gun-totin' Jayne Mansfield. P.S. Look for some heart-throb recipes here next month.

book nook

Hollywood's deep in the midst of a reading jag.

Johnny Saxon's crazy for a mad book called "Ounce, Dice, Trice" by Alastair Reid, with sketchy ink drawings by Ben Shahn. It's a book of fun words.

For instance, there are Bug Words (to be said when grumpy)—humbug, bugbear, bugaboo, boggybug, bugseed. Squishy words are to be said when wet—squiff, squeegee, squirt. Rude names for nitwits are rapscallion, fibbertigibett, fussbudget, clodhopper, bumpkin and slammerkin.

Then, there are questions and answers.

What is a Tirrivee? A *tirrivee* is a temper. Mothers go into a tirrivee over the jiggery-pokery of children.

What is *jiggery-pokery*?

Jiggery-pokery is trickery or mischief or hanky-panky on the part of children, such as pretending to be deaf, or teasing a tantony.

What is a *Tantony*? And so forth.

Sandra Dee told me she's wild for "Teen-Age Treasury for Girls."

"It's full of short stories, love poems and fun poems," she added.

One of her favorite poems from it is called "Experience" and it's by Dorothy Parker. It goes:

*Some men break your heart in two,
Some men fawn and flatter,
Some men never look at you;
And that cleans up the matter.*

And if you don't think it's a small world, Fabian tells us a fan sent him a quatrain from the same book:

*I'm glad the sky is painted blue;
And the earth is painted green;
And such a lot of nice fresh air
All sandwiched in between.*

wig shindig

Peter Brown of TV's "Lawman" and his cheery young wife, Diane Jergens, were planning a party, and Diane said, "What can we do that'll be different?"

"But we're on a budget," he reminded her.

"I know," she told him. "I just mean something like a Baby Party where everyone has to come in baby clothes. Or . . ." she said as the idea flashed through her head, ". . . a wig party."

Result: An I-Flipped-My-Wig shindig. Diane says the gals all wore wool wigs made to look like Hollywood stars' hairdos. And the guys were all handed black handlebar moustaches (made out of cardboard) soon as they entered the door.

Diane made Debbie's pigtails out of green knitting worsted in just a single evening, and had such a ball doing it that she made two other wigs. She greeted her

guests as "Debbie," turned up halfway through the doings as Kim Novak, and then waved sayonara to everybody looking like Miyoshi Umeki.

Their party was so successful that Photoplay asked Coats & Clark to make up a leaflet with complete instructions on how to make five different star wigs.

Clip this coupon and send it with a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope to:
GEORGE, Dept. PG, Photoplay,
205 East 42 St., N.Y., N.Y.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



Bright green "Debbie" pigtails, a black high-on-the-head "Miyoshi" coiffure, and a violet "Kim" hairdo—they all went to Diane's head. Why don't you try 'em too? Just clip the coupon and mail to George.

Creating a home together, you choose the possessions you'll cherish for a lifetime. You choose your silver . . . you want the finest right from the start, and even the finest is now so inexpensive to own. As modern as your life today, as timeless as beauty itself . . . your pattern is SILVER FLOWER.*

**HERE IS
YOUR WORLD...
EXPRESSED IN
FINE SILVER**

Remember the first time you had "special" guests for dinner? They noticed the pride you took in your home. No "make-do" tableware for you... you'd begun with the best, knowing it would give you a lifetime of carefree beauty. Enchanting, feminine (like you), your pattern is WHITE ORCHID.*



*crafted by
ONEIDA SILVERSMITHS
makers of distinctive tableware
for your way of life.*



**"SAME TABLE...
DIFFERENT SETTINGS"**

Send 10¢ in coin to Box P-6, Oneida Ltd., Oneida, N.Y., for your copy of this full-color booklet. Here are many wonderful ideas to help you set beautiful, interesting tables.

Friends love to come to your house . . . they like the individuality they see in your home . . . the striking design of your silver . . . the care-free way you entertain. You know your silver can be carefree, too. That's why you use it, love it . . . every day, at every meal. Your pattern is SOUTH SEAS.*

COMMUNITY
THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

HEIRLOOM* STERLING
COMMUNITY* SILVERPLATE
ONEIDACRAFT* STAINLESS

*TRADEMARKS OF ONEIDA LTD., ONEIDA, N. Y.
© 1959, ONEIDA LTD.

*Want to be like Grace?
It takes more than white
gloves, says Debbie. Once
her co-star, Frank agrees.*



THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Guess Pat Boone wishes he could act like he can sing. . . . Mamie Van Doren is getting to look more like Mamie Van Doren than Marilyn Monroe. Is this good? . . . Liz Taylor is putting on too much weight, even where, as Oscar Hammerstein sings it, "she's broad where a broad should be broad." . . . I'm suspicious of young movie actors who call a studio exec "Uncle." Mickey Rooney used to do it; Evelyn Rudie does it now. . . . To me, most TV westerns are like a western omelet. . . . I've never known Frank Sinatra to squawk about a bad review—"Everybody's entitled to their opinion"—or a bad yarn, if he's partly at fault. But if Frank isn't guilty of the bad yarn, he'll strike back. . . . Zsa Zsa likes to be greeted by kisses along her outstretched arm. . . . Know what happened to the old-fashioned bar stool? It's been reconstructed, repainted and booked weekly on Perry Como's TV show. Mr. C. sits on one of the stools, invites his guest to occupy the other and then proceed to sing a group of familiar songs in Per's key. . . . Why do agents think they're responsible for a client's success but never even partly responsible for the same client's failure? . . . You should know by now that I ask questions, never answer them. Look what happened to all those wise guys in the isolation booths who knew all the answers. . . . Debbie Reynolds claims that wearing a pair of white gloves doesn't make an actress a Grace Kelly. . . . "Ever since I turned actress," says starlet Googie Schwab, "my personal life has all the intimacy of the CinemaScope screen." . . . Carolyn Jones lets her clothes flop onto the floor when she (*Continued on page 78*)



Per's perch is an antique.

NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

**Now you can shampoo...
Set with plain water...and have
lively, natural looking curls!**

Rhonda Fleming

starring in

"ALIAS JESSE JAMES"

A Bob Hope Enterprise

A United Artists Picture

Color by De Luxe



New Rich,
Rich Liquid!
Lanolin-
Blessed!



RHONDA FLEMING, one of Hollywood's most beautiful stars, uses Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her hair shining and easy-to-manage. Why don't *You* try it, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme. Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water!

An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

Lustre-Creme—
never dries —
it beautifies —
now in liquid,
lotion or cream!



4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!

It's absolutely fabulouscious!

PALE COLORS . . . SHOCK COLORS . . . OFF-BEAT COLORS . . .

'COLORS UNLIMITED'

FIRST EDITION

BY *Revlon*

Revlon shatters convention with twelve (12!) unheard-of colors that dare you to be different. Snow-kissed pastels . . . cream-filled pinks . . . shocking violets. Colors that create an exciting new dimension in lipstick—the look that will change the face of fashion. And who but the house of cosmetic fashion could bring you the fabulouscious flattery of . . . Colors Unlimited!

Extra Added Attraction! *'WHITE À LA CARTE'*

to create your own custom color tones

Just add 'White À La Carte' to any lipstick color for a thousand-and-one new ways for your lips to look! Wear it *under* a color for a lighter, more luscious effect. Or *over* a color for frosty highlights and a luminous look!



STRAWBERRY VANILLA



NOUGAT



ORANGE FLOAT



FROSTED PINK

It's your new look in lipstick!



TOFFEE SHERBET

MANGO SHERBET

VIOLET ICING

CORAL VANILLA

RASPBERRY ICING

TANGERINE SHERBET

GRAPE ICING

HONEY VANILLA

These colors are so unusual, even modern printing methods can't reproduce them exactly.



...about
personal care
during
problem days

Q. Shouldn't I stay home on problem days? Many girls do.

A. Your monthly period is not a sickness. *It's a natural, normal part of your life.* So, there's no reason to stay home—unless your doctor says otherwise. Take your mind off yourself. Do things you normally do, things you enjoy doing. Get plenty of fresh air and exercise. This will help you feel better, look better, too!

Q. I always have skin troubles on those days. What can I do?

A. As young people grow toward maturity, oil glands become more active. Pores may become clogged and pimples develop. At maturity, your glands learn to function smoothly, and your skin will clear. Meanwhile, be sure you wash your skin with soap and warm water—3 times a day. *Don't be afraid of water! Science proves it can't harm you on those days!* Since we perspire more freely then, it's important to bathe. That's why millions of girls have turned to Tampax... They can bathe, shower—as at any other time of the month.

Q. What deodorant is best to use on problem days?

A. Whatever deodorant you usually rely on should be effective during your period. So far as your sanitary protection is concerned, deodorant powders on pads can only mask the odor. They can't prevent it from forming. This is another reason why so many girls prefer Tampax. Worn internally, it prevents odor from forming. Banishes all the other telltale signs—lines, bulges, ridges. Keeps your secret safe!

Q. What should I do about "dispositional problems" on visits?

A. Disposal of sanitary protection can be embarrassing for girls who use pads. Tampax® internal sanitary protection solves this problem. Makes changing and disposal truly discreet. You simply flush it away, applicator, and all.

Wouldn't you like to try Tampax? It's so simple and dainty to use, change, dispose of. Comes in 3 absorbency sizes, to suit individual needs: Regular, Super, Junior. Ask for it wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

READERS
INC.

It's Magic

I have a complaint about the movie "The Defiant Ones," starring Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier.

Throughout the entire movie, Tony and Sidney would light up a dry cigarette, which was impossible, because they were always getting wet!

JUDY GANTZ
Mullica Hill, New Jersey

You know what they say, Judy, "in the movies, anything can be done!"—Ed.

What's in a Name?

Is Eddie really a Fisher?

Liz is the first woman Taylor I ever heard of.

Is Tab really a wild game Hunter?

Does Red really live in a Skelton?

I've heard of a Courthouse, but someone

Please ask Jerome what a Courtland is?

If Paul is a Newman, can we presume that Pauline is an old man?

If Lucy is a round Ball can we presume that Jack is a round Lemmon?

M. REED
Fort Worth, Tex.

This is fun! How about:

Is Carroll really a Baker?

Arlene is truly a Dahl.

Was Fredric born in March? (nope, August).

Was Ava ever a Gardner?

Oh well, enough of this . . . —Ed.

A Newcomer

Although I read Photoplay regularly, to my knowledge I have not seen any articles

on the newcomer, Will Hutchins. Will is rather a new personality on the movie lots but he certainly has found a permanent berth on a nationwide television network. For years, yours has been the magazine that encouraged young people. Won't you favor us with a feature article on Will?

LORRAINE AZEVEDO
San Francisco, Calif.

Surprise! Turn to page 60 and you will find a feature on Will.

Fiendish!

In our opinion, Dracula is a pain in the neck!

SUSAN McLAIN & JANE HARRINGTON
Houston, Texas

... I have just finished reading a letter in Readers, Inc., by a fellow horror movie fan, Jo Anne Jensen. I certainly cast my vote with her for Christopher Lee as the best "Dracula." Not since Lugosi have I seen



"A monster lover you have to be . . ."

a more artful portrayal of history's most infamous count. So, Jo Anne, if you are reading this, write me at 840 Delaware, Shreveport, Louisiana.

Come on, Readers, Inc., what about some pictures of this "Magnificent Monster"!

NANINE CARNEY
Shreveport, La.

... In protest of Louise Darcy's poem that degraded monsters, I am writing this poem in order to defend them:



Wet? So how did Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier light those cigarettes?

Louise Darcy is thumbs down,
That's the opinion of the cats in my town.
Monsters are the thing, you see;
A monster lover you have to be.
Transylvania is our home,
That is why I write this poem;
To defend the movies,
Of Vampires, Mummies, Mad Doctors &
Ghouls
That hibernate in slimy pools.
In ending my poem, I think I've won the
fight,
So monsters of the world, Unite!

CAROL QUIGLEY
N. Arlington, N. J.

Thanks For Kim

I would like to take this opportunity to comment on the article written about Kim Novak. It was, without doubt, one of the best I have read. For once, I do believe Kim was given an opportunity to tell us all, things that set us straight on our thoughts about her. Orchids for such a fine job.

CHARLOTTE J. WAGNER
Los Angeles, Calif.

Attention Red Buttons Fans:

I have recently started a branch of the Official International Red Buttons Service Fan Club, and I'm trying to recruit new members. I would appreciate it greatly if you would mention this in your magazine. Those who want to join could write to me:

FRANCES PASTON
1661 51st Street
Brooklyn 4, N.Y.

Arguments Settled While U Wait

. . . Recently my friend and I had a disagreement about Jayne's baby. My friend says Jayne lost the baby, I said she had a healthy, 9-pound baby boy. If so, what did Jayne and Mickey name the baby? Jayne Mansfield is my idol!!

MRS. ETHAN MILLER
Hudson, Ohio

A few days ago we received a note from Jayne and Mickey. "We are so happy to tell you that our little Miklos came into the world December 21 weighing almost ten pounds and, our thanks to the Lord, perfectly sound and healthy. In gratitude we are helping other children less fortunate, at the Children's Asthma Research Institute and Hospital, and we hope that after reading this, you will all join us." Signed, Jayne & Mickey.—Ed.

I was reading the latest edition of Photoplay and noticed that you had made an error when you were naming the birthday of one of the most popular stars, Elvis Presley. He wasn't born in the month of October, but January.

MRS. E.H. HOOVER, JR.
Antioch, Tenn.

Sorry, you goofed! On page 72 in the February issue of Photoplay, it clearly states Elvis' birth as January (Capricorn).—Ed.

. . . Could you settle an office battle! One group at work says that Trevor Howard is the son of Leslie Howard. We say that Ronald Howard is Leslie's son and that Trevor and Leslie are in no way related. The first group has never even heard of Ronald.

We would also like to know the age of Trevor Howard and also Leslie Howard (had he been alive today) because I personally think that their ages are too close for them to be father and son.

A. I. LIPTON
Montreal, Quebec

(continued)

NEW PALMOLIVE GIVES

New Life to Your Complexion Safely...Gently!

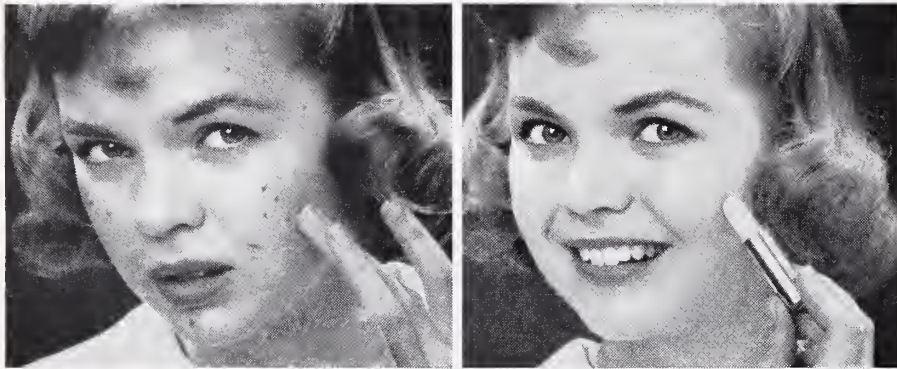
PALMOLIVE'S RICH LATHER CONTAINS—
**No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams!
No irritating deodorants!**



You can give your complexion New Life—leave it softer, fresher—
with New Palmolive care. New Palmolive's mildness lets you cleanse
far more thoroughly than you'd dare to do with harsher soaps. No
drying detergents! No greasy cold creams! No irritating deodorants!

New! lather fragrance color wrapper

New medicated acne stick nips pimples in the "bud"



**Acts fast to stop pimples from
"blooming" and spreading...conceals and
helps heal pimples in all stages**

Never again need you watch helplessly while a small blemish grows into a big, ugly pimple. For now there's a new kind of medication that acts *fast* to heal and dry blemishes in their *bud* stage—or *any* stage. It's Sentor—the new, skin-toned acne stick that soothes and helps *heal* as it conceals.

Today's most effective treatment for pimples. From the very first time you dab it on, Sentor does *more* to help heal pimples than any other product you could buy before. For only Sentor contains

this new combination of four ingredients that skin specialists prescribe for their patients. Sentor Stick works so well—so *fast*—pimples just seem to melt away.

Easy, convenient to use. Just a quick dab with Sentor Stick is all you need—nothing to get under your nails. No tell-tale medicinal odor.

Ask your own doctor. He knows this new *greaseless* formula is so effective and so *safe*. Try Sentor Medicated Acne Stick—you'll be so glad you did.

HOW SENTOR ACTS FOUR WAYS TO HELP HEAL PIMPLES... TO PREVENT BLOOMING, SPREADING...EVEN SCARRING

1. **Melts blemishes away**—penetrates to dissolve "sick" pimple tissue.
2. **Dries up pustules**—absorbs the oil that pimples thrive on.
3. **Helps prevent scarring**—helps heal tissue *a safe new way*—before

- permanent scarring or pitting begins.
4. **Combats re-infection**—combats the bacteria that make pimples grow and spread.



Also available in Canada

Dunbar Laboratories, Wayne, N. J.

READERS INC.

continued

We join forces with Mr. Lipton. Ronald Howard is the son of Leslie Howard. Trevor is not related. As for ages, there are 23 years between Trevor and Leslie, so it's quite possible for them to have been father and son. Trevor's 42 and Leslie would have been 65. Who's Ronald? He is now starring in the Sherlock Holmes TV series.—Ed.

... I've been arguing with my girlfriend about a certain actor. I say that Bud Abbott is dead and she says he isn't. Could you please help us out and tell us if he is dead, and if so, when he died?

SAMMY SANDSTONE
Buffalo, N. Y.

It's one up to your girlfriend, Sammy. Bud's very much alive and living in retirement in California.—Ed.

The Good Old Days

My family and I always enjoy reading Photoplay. We have been getting it for the past 37 years, I guess since 1920. I'm 52 years old and a long-standing movie theater fan.

I would like to see a few pictures and items from your early issues—1911 to 1920. I think other readers might like this too.

G. R. SCHERMAN
Baltimore, Md.

Would you?—Ed.

Cool, Man!

Like it would be real cool to read about that real gone kat, Jim Garner, in your publication, Photoplay.

Big Jim is way out there in nowhere land and is real deserving of a spread in your cool sheet. Let's not have any of that stalling jazz because Big Jim is real hep and exciting!!

All of them other gunslinging fellas are strictly for the birds, but Big Jim is way up on that peak of success, Daddy O!!!

THE SWINGING KATS
Merrick, L. I.

We dig you kats!—Ed.

I Had to Tell Somebody!

I am writing to ask you to please say something in your magazine about Glenn Ford's winning the Motion Picture Herald's "Top Ten Money Making Stars" poll. Surely his winning this poll is important to his career, for it is the exhibitors themselves, saying: "This man has made more money for me than any other star during 1958."

When Glenn made his first movie, I was

only four years old, and he's been my favorite since I was a little girl. I'm so happy that he won that poll, that I just had to tell somebody! At last, after twenty years of acting, Glenn is on top.

BETTY O'MALLEY
Charleston, W. Va.

Feel better? See next month's Photoplay
—Ed.

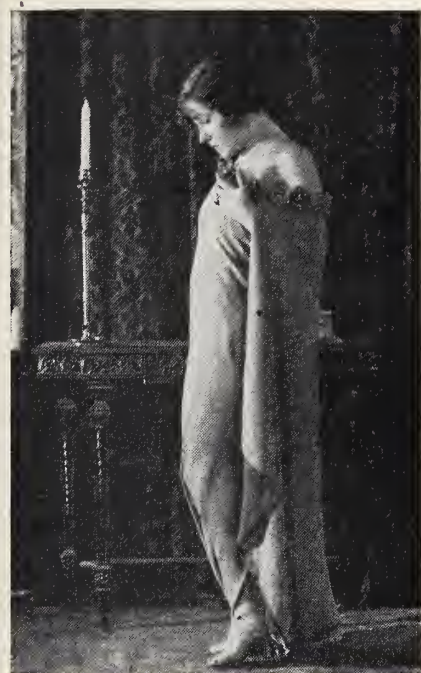
A Winner

When Photoplay ran a contest, "Win a Present From the Stars," I entered this contest—and lo and behold I won! I won the beautiful Teddy Bear given by Elvis Presley.

This is to send my most sincere thanks for the gift. I'm still all shook up. I buy Photoplay and so do my friends to get news and pics of the mighty King Elvis, as he is the Greatest.

Again, thanks a million for making it possible for me to win a present from Elvis. I shall always be grateful.

BETTY JO GILLS
Miami, Fla.



Out of the past—Gloria Swanson.

Pat's No Drip!

I would like everyone to know that Pat Boone is not a drip as some people seem to think. I know. I've met him. I went to his show about a month ago, it was a terrific show and a great thrill. After the show we waited for Pat. I went with a blind girl, Linda Helm, and another friend, president of a Pat Boone fan club. Linda is a friend of Jack Spina, Pat's agent. After a while, we went down to his dressing room. Shirley really is lovely, soooo sweet and pretty. We got Pat's autograph and asked him where to send the presents the fan club had made to send to an orphanage.

Going to his show was the greatest thrill of my life and I just wanted to tell people about it.

ANN DEMAREST
Eastchester, N.Y.

Arthur Kennedy: An Actor's Actor

I've been a Rock Hudson fan from way back and, as usual, I thought his performance in "Twilight for the Gods" was great. There was someone else in (Continued)

FANNIE HURST'S
BEST-SELLING NOVEL OF
TODAY'S TORMENTED
GENERATION!



UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL presents

LANA TURNER
JOHN GAVIN

Imitation of Life

in Eastman COLOR

CO-STARRING

SANDRA DEE

DAN O'HERLIHY

SUSAN KOHNER

ROBERT ALDA

WITH
JUANITA MOORE

MAHALIA JACKSON

singing "Trouble of the World"

—HEAR—
EARL GRANT
sing "Imitation of Life"

"I'll get the things
I want out of life...
one way—or another.
From one man—
or another!"



"You've given me
everything a
mother could,
but the thing
I wanted
most ...
your
love!"



"The color line won't
stop me, Ma!
I look, feel,
think white
...and I'm
going to
marry
white!"



Screenplay by ELEANORE GRIFFIN and ALLAN SCOTT

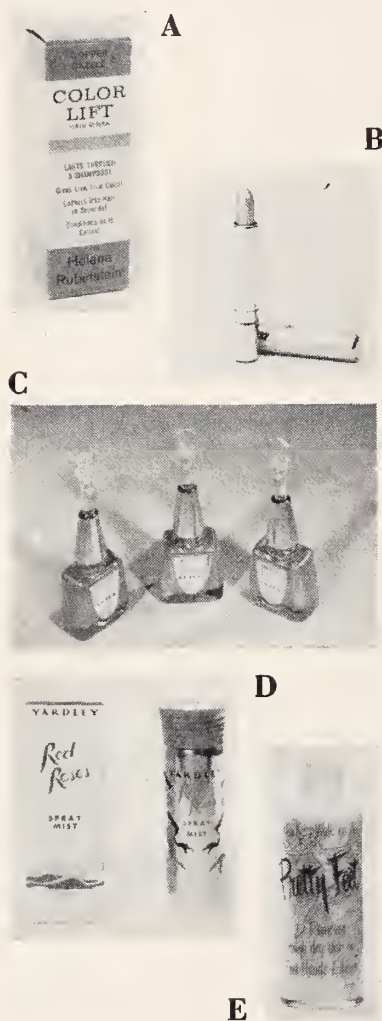
Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK

Produced by ROSS HUNTER



WATCH THE ACADEMY AWARDS TELECAST APRIL 6th NBC-TV

becoming attractions



A. New Color Lift temporary hair rinse by Helena Rubinstein goes on right from bottle, is designed to last through five shampoos. Enough for two times, \$1.50.*

B. Glitter makes nighttime news: Evening Eyes eye-shadow by Kurlash combines shimmering iridescence with color in five luminous shades. \$1.50.*

C. More color at hand: Pearl nail polish by Cutex in Jamaica Green, Capri Blue, Tahiti Orchid, slated to be spring and summer's fun and fashion news. 49¢.*

D. On the scent: Color excitement and perfume blend in "Red Roses," lush, full-bodied new fragrance by Yardley. Spray mist (shown), \$2.00*; cologne, \$1.50.*

E. Foot note: With Pretty Feet lotion to smooth skin, remove callouses, you can step into the sandal season without risky bathroom surgery. \$1.50*; 98¢.*

*plus tax

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continued

that picture who fascinated me so much I could hardly take my eyes off him. His name, Arthur Kennedy. He was in "Peyton Place," too, wasn't he? How about telling us something about him?

PAT FAIRCLOUGH
Louisville, Ky.

Arthur Kennedy has probably had less publicity than any star of his stature—and there are reasons. Trying to get him to talk about himself has driven people like us to the brink of madness. When we met him he was more interested in us than in himself. What's more, trying to get all the facts on him is a job—he's done just about everything: acting, writing, producing, directing, etc. And when you've said all that, you're just barely begun.

But the real-life drama began forty-four years ago in Worcester, Massachusetts—from which place young John Arthur Kennedy speedily departed for engineering courses at Carnegie Tech. Extracurricular dramatics proved to be the main attraction and, shortly after graduation, Kennedy headed for New York.

"Actually, I lived with David Wayne and three or four other theater hopefuls in a West Side rooming house. Half of us slept on cots. We'd pound at Shubert Alley doors during the day and then try to whip together enough to eat for supper. With a dollar you could sometimes bring back half a delicatessen. When things were really rough Davey used to cook griddle cakes like crazy—God, when I think of the stuff I've put in my stomach."

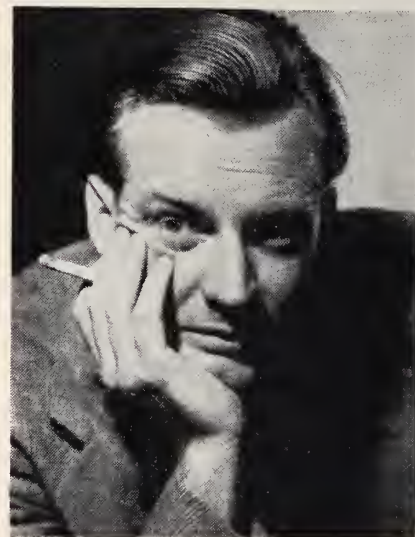
Persistence paid off in two appearances which earned him an accolade from George M. Cohan as "the most brilliant young actor on Broadway." That was enough for James Cagney. They were having trouble casting a role in "City for Conquest," and after reading the Cohan quote, Jimmy ordered, "Get him!" He was signed without a test, had his first name lopped off, and did eleven pictures for Warners before the Air Force claimed him for a two-year stretch during the war. Since then he has freelanced successfully as a three-time Oscar nominee, alternating films with foot-light appearances—most notably in three Arthur Miller plays: "All My Sons" (which won him a New York Critics Prize), "Death of a Salesman," and "The Crucible."

From the Cross shack in "Peyton Place" to the Kennedy home in Westport, Connecticut, is roughly comparable to going from cold beans to caviar. First built in 1690, it's the oldest residence in the area—a homey, two-storied Early American structure which is furnished and decorated in the best of taste. This is the province of Mrs. Kennedy—a charming, attractive blonde who'd look good on any stage and did, twenty years ago when she was known

as Mary Cheffey and Kennedy met and married her. Much of their conversation these days is devoted to a choice of the right prep school for Terrence, fifteen, and the right girls' school for Laurie, thirteen. Also on the premises are a fourteen-year-old mixed breed named "Chippie," two cats—"Scupper" and "Papool"—and, in the adjacent barn, a three-and-one-half-year-old ocelot named "Smidley." Ocelots, for the benefit of the uninitiated, are something like miniature leopards, only grayer. Kennedy often visits the barn for a free-for-all and has the scars to prove it.

Kennedy's main relaxation, sports-wise, is swimming—at Martha's Vineyard, where the family spent their last two summers, and in the Bahamas, which they visited last winter. "And I'm crazy about the Caribbean." Any particular spot?

"Well, there's an island that's part of the French group called St. Martin, and it's one of the few undeveloped spots down there. A group of us are thinking about buying property down there—but it's still in the planning stages. I took a vocational guidance test—that's a theory of mine, that everyone should take a vocational guidance test to find out what they're best suited for in life—and anyway, they told me I had excellent possibilities as a real estate salesman. So I figured I'd try it out on Tom Ewell. And I painted a rosy picture



Art's hard to track down for a fan.

of an island paradise, y'know, and all that, and Tommy was all ready to go. But it's still in the thinking stage." What would he do with property down there? "Oh, I'd probably get a shack on the beach and just take life easy."—Ed.

Poem for Pat

I have thought and thought
For something to say,
And here's a few things
That are on the way.
Now he's written a book
I'm sure he will find,
That he's made even more fans
Who think he's divine.
I could go on and on
There's so much to tell.
But one thing that's very true,
Mr. Boone, you're swell.

GRACE FERRIN
LeRoy, N. Y.

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.



"I lost 25 pounds in 30 days without dieting"

says ELOISE McELHONE, TV Personality

"I took REGIMEN TABLETS, and never felt better."



*A doctor's
notarized report
confirms the
weight loss of
Miss McElhone.*

"My doctor recommended that I lose weight—but I couldn't stick to a diet. Nothing helped—not expanding pills, reducing candies, not even expensive salon treatments.

"Then I discovered REGIMEN TABLETS. Without a diet or super will power I lost 25 lbs. in 30 days—*inches disappeared*. I went from a size 18 to a perfect 14 in just 4 weeks. I felt satisfied with a fraction of the calories I used to eat, and my weight came tumbling down!"

ELOISE McELHONE, New York City

Now, a completely new drug combination! Available without doctor's prescription for

NO-DIET REDUCING with REGIMEN TABLETS

CAUSES YOUR BODY TO LOSE WEIGHT THE FASTEST ACTING WAY! IT'S SAFE . . . AUTOMATIC!

You pay nothing if you're not satisfied with your weight loss . . . as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs. the first week!

satisfied with your weight-loss—as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs. the first week—or pay nothing!

3-WAY ACTION MAKES IT EASIER AND FASTER TO LOSE WEIGHT!

REGIMEN TABLETS are aspirin-size, easy to take, and work 3 *amazing ways* for fast, effective weight-loss.

1. They *suppress* your appetite; you eat the foods you like, *without* overeating.
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GUARANTEED

So start reducing the REGIMEN TABLET way today. You may not lose as much weight as Miss McElhone—but you *must* be delighted with your weight-loss—as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs. the first week—or money back. REGIMEN TABLETS are guaranteed safe for normally healthy people when taken as directed on label.

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20-day supply, only \$5
(You save \$1.00)

Available At All Drug Stores.

No diet, no special eating, no giving up the kinds of food you like. New drug acts directly on the cause of your overweight!

It's true! If you're normally healthy, you can now lose as much as 70 lbs. *without* cruel diets, *without* giving up all your favorite foods! Doctors know that the one sure way to lose weight is *reduce caloric intake . . . to eat less*. They often prescribe drugs for this purpose . . . and now, at last, there is a safe NO-DIET REDUCING DRUG COMBINATION FOR FAT PEOPLE, called REGIMEN TABLETS! Thanks to REGIMEN TABLETS, you *must* be

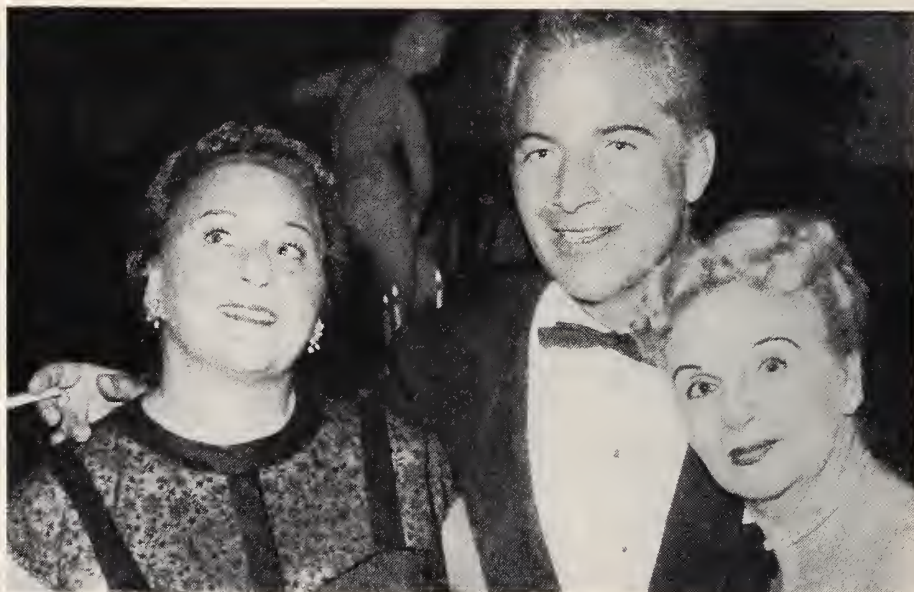
Sara Hamilton's

INSIDE STUFF

Bits and Pieces: **Kim Novak's** cat Pywacket grew lonely for her shepherd dog Tracy, so Kim had the dog shipped on to her "Middle of the Night" location in New York. Also planing east to visit Kim was director **Richard Quine**, with gossips wagging that she'd be "Kim Quine" by lilac time. I wonder. . . . "Too many stars leave their babies to the care of a nurse," says **Jayne Mansfield**. "Not me." Little Miklos gets special care, and, between feedings, Jayne's writing her life story. . . . The Los Angeles **Elvis Presley** fan club girls are pooling their funds, shopping for the best rates and, this summer, will take off in a body to visit Elvis in Germany. Don't they know they can start a stampede this way? . . . **Vicki Thal's** visit to **John Saxon** on his Mexico location of "The Unforgiven" came off without the delays that a frantic **Mel Ferrer** ran into when he was rushing to the same location after **Audrey Hepburn** had fallen from a horse and injured her back and ankle. Happiest news is Audrey's recovery. . . . Warners may plan on yanking handsome **James Garner** out of his "Maverick" TV series before long and shoving him into movies. Know why? Fans keep asking for him since "Up Periscope."

Ramblings: Pretty newcomer of the month is **Alena Murray** whom **Bing Crosby** chose from among twenty applicants for a role in "Say One for Me." A year ago the young lady from Montreal, Canada, was alone in Hollywood, very ill, very lonely and discouraged. Months later—success, health and happiness. It's the old Hollywood success story and a better one has never been told. . . . Hollywood has gone mad over 13-year-old **Dodie Stevens**, whose platters are the absolute most. . . . Ran into **Fred Astaire** the day before he took off for Australia and "On the Beach." A friendly, natural, real person, Fred radiates an aura of "aloneness" since the death of his beloved wife a few years ago. That T-Bird he is rumored to have given his TV dance partner, **Barry Chase**, was an act of friendship. Or so I'm told. And I love Barry's remark to a writer, "Nobody understands me but me." And sometimes I feel even Barry has her doubts.

Arriverderci, Hollywood: "Sara, come to Lydia and me on Wednesday evening,"



Ever been to a Roman feast? Come with me to Lydia and Rossani Brazzi's party.

Rossani Brazzi telephoned. "We are having a few friends in we love best before leaving." Delighted to be considered a friend of these two popular people whom I love, I trotted off to join **Van** and **Evie Johnson**, just back from picture making in Europe, and **Mitzi Gaynor** and husband **Jack Bean** who were off the next day to New York where Mitzi is making "Anniversary Waltz" with that Critics Award winner, **David Niven**. . . . My favorite Hollywood executive, that marvelous **Lew Schriber** of Twentieth Century-Fox, and his pretty wife and director **John Negulesco** (who directed Rossani and **Deborah Kerr** in "The Blessing") and his talented wife **Dusty Anderson**, joined me for dinner. And what a feast that Lydia set up! None of us are over it yet. The handsome **Ceasare Donovas** and **Nancy Sinatra** livened up the party but **Katy Jurado** sat most of the evening by herself on the couch. I'm told Katy misses **Ernie Borgnine**, who's on location in Australia, more and more. I guess it is real love between these two.

Once Over Lightly: Clap hands, everybody. The **Guy Madisons** are back together, happy with each other and their three small daughters. . . . It's a funny thing but **James**

Mason is so much taller than he appears on the screen. . . . To me **Frankie Avalon** constantly looks shy. Which is why every girl over 19 would like to "mother" the popular young singer, I suppose. Every girl under 19 just wants to date him. . . . **Cary Grant's** two Rolls Royce cars, one for his use in London and one in Hollywood, have created considerable comment, what with Cary being on the thrifty side. But, and wouldn't you know it, the cars, I hear, may be rented when not in use. Love that Grant! . . . And how about that dog-biscuit machine belonging to **Audrey Hepburn's** poodle, Famous? All Famous has to do is press a lever with his paw and out pops a biscuit!

Party of The Month: Sparks flew! Ashes fell! Brush fires raged! Neros fiddled! And still we danced at the **Arthur Cameron** party hosted by socialite **Cobina Wright**. Despite the fact immediate danger had passed, **Cornel Wilde** haunted the telephone to ask after the children while his lovely wife **Jean Wallace** hovered near. Had supper with **Eleanor Parker** and her husband, the prominent painter **Paul Clemens**. Eleanor, who has a divine figure, had just finished the movie "Hole in the Head" for U.A. with **Frank** (continued)

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relief of body aches and pains due to colds...plus an *exclusive antihistamine* to block allergic reactions often associated with colds. And, to help build body resistance to colds infection, DRISTAN contains *Vitamin C*—actually five times your daily minimum requirement (in one day's dose).

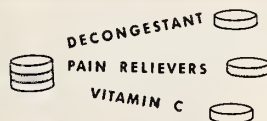
No ordinary colds medicine...whether in liquid, tablet or any other form...can benefit you in the same way as DRISTAN Decongestant Tablets.

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BEFORE. Sinuses and nasal passages clogged with germ-laden mucus...responsible for so much colds suffering.

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Nestle Colorinse glorifies your natural hair shade with glamorous color-highlights and silken sheen. Colorinse also removes dulling soap film, makes hair easier to manage, unbelievably lovely! 12 colors that rinse in...shampoo out! 29¢

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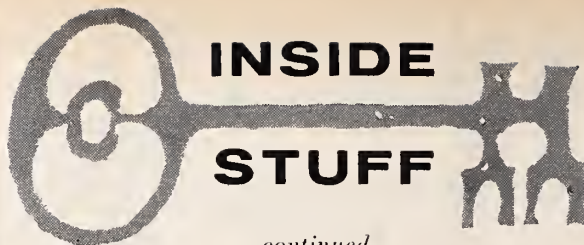
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continued

Sinatra and was ready to celebrate. Paul told me about **Bill Holden** dropping in on him and Eleanor to say goodbye before taking off on an African safari—and then walking out with three of Paul's canvases as gifts to his wife Ardis.

Set of the Month: Whamie! **Dorothy Malone** delivered a resounding smack to **Richard Widmark's** cheek two minutes after I'd strolled onto the "Warlock" set. As we all stood there, rooted to the spot while Dick's cheek reddened, he murmured, "I guess I deserved that." . . . In her left hand Dorothy still clutched the newly-written dialogue that had prompted the action. "Don't you know your lines?" Dick demanded as they went through the rehearsal scene. "You know you're learning your lines on other people's time, don't you?" . . . Dorothy said nothing, but when it came time for the slap required in the story, she clobbered him. But that was nothing. During a second rehearsal the slap was repeated with even greater force. . . . Mr. Widmark's reflexes were perfect. With the back of his hand he belted Dorothy across the face, whereupon the lady retired to her dressing room in tears and we crept off into the sunshine of the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. . . . By morning it was all over, of course. The cameraman hung a pair of boxing gloves on the set, Richard duly apologized and all was forgiven. But shy, retiring Dorothy Malone! The town can't get over it.

Around Town: It's a tender and budding romance between **Tab Hunter** and **Maria Cooper**. The other evening in Chasen's parking lot I overheard **Gary** and **Rocky Cooper** saying goodbye to Tab and Maria off to a party somewhere. And like parents everywhere, they were solicitous about Tab's driving and getting home on time. . .

Tommy Sands is a little dubious about traveling with that young Raiders group composed of the four **Crosby** boys, **Johnny Anderson**, **Lon Klass**, **Randy Sparks**, **Ken Scott**, **Rick Strauss** and **Ed Goldstone**. And Tommy, of course. But there's a streak of earnestness about Tommy that doesn't jibe with too much horseplay. Which is probably why he and Lindsay, the youngest and most serious of the Crosby lads, are such pals.

One Thing Leads To Another: **Eddie** and **Liz**, who treated her sons to a day at Disneyland, are double-dating with Liz's ex-husband, **Mike Wilding**, and his bride. With Eddie's TV show done and gone at end of contract, the latest hot-cha has Eddie taking up residence in Las Vegas. Object: a divorce from Debbie and a wedding to Liz. A small byplay was missed by reporters when a weary Eddie and a plump Liz showed up for dinner at Chasens to prove Liz was not a patient at Menninger's Clinic as reported. With the press and photographers, who had been tipped off, milling about, a young man dining in the bar came out to investigate the commotion. He took one look at Liz and fled. The lad? **Arthur Loew Jr.**, who had squired Liz before Eddie. . . . In the meantime, **Debbie Reynolds** keeps bouncing along from one movie to another and hopes, later this year, to enroll in the Actors Studio in New York. So, move over, Marilyn. . . . And, due to Eddie, the whole bloomin' **Jerry Lewis-Dean Martin** feud began all over again after Dean demanded—and was refused—a fully-equipped kitchen plus \$\$\$\$\$ for an Eddie Fisher guest spot (before Eddie went off). Eager-beaver Jerry rushed to take over—for free. The boys are madder than ever now.



Has Tab found a real romance with Maria Cooper? That's Mrs. Cooper with them.



As I told you last month, Liz keeps her ex-husbands as friends. After she and Eddie toured Disneyland with her sons—Chris, 4, and Michael, 6—they dated with Mike Wilding, the boys' dad.

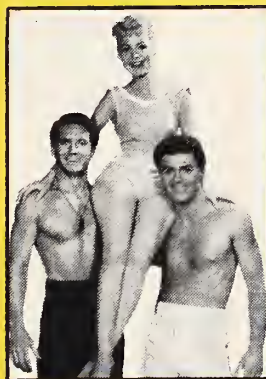
TV Jottings! **Clint Walker's** back! The lanky guy with the rumble-seat voice has ended his long feud with Warners. But here's the catch. Warners are launching him in movies and a new "Cheyenne" series. **Ty Hardin** continues as "Bronco" on a new show, too. No sooner does Clint get settled than **Jim Arness** of "Gunsmoke" splits his seams. Jim wants to make movies on the side, too. And he's darned unhappy about it. There's a real try to work things out between Jim and his wife—which is *really* good news. . . . Attending a **Lawrence Welk** rehearsal is even more fun than the show itself. Everyone, including Mr. Welk, is so comfortably relaxed: the four **Lennon Sisters** drift about, their hair in pin curls; **Alice Lon** beams on everyone. Then Mr. Welk invites me up to dance and with a hippity hop we do the Polka trot while the boys drum and strum.

Purely Personal: Spent a quiet afternoon with **Bob** and **Natalie** at their invitation. Their Laurel Canyon house, ideal for a newly married couple, is a mixture of both Bob's and Nat's furniture. Bob's tables, lamps and favorite chair blend nicely with Natalie's things, especially the huge stuffed tiger before the open fire. Their butler-cook-valet **Cavendish**, about whom the two kids have told me so much, had prepared a wonderful buffet. I ate too much, of course. And know what the young matron wears for a late afternoon at home? A long full-skirted black-and-white polka-dotted cotton house-gown. She looked so pretty. (continued)



DICK CLARK GOES FOR "Gidget"

"Hey gang, I just saw something that's the greatest! It's a new movie called 'Gidget'. It's all about a cute teen and her fabulous Summer with the surfboarders at Malibu Beach. It's the first movie I've ever endorsed this way—and I'm sure you'll go for 'Gidget', too!"



She's the Sweetheart of the Beach Generation!



The FOUR PREPS sing "GIDGET" and "CINDERELLA".

Gidget

Co-starring

SANDRA DEE • CLIFF ROBERTSON • JAMES DARREN
ARTHUR O'CONNELL with MARY LA ROCHE and THE FOUR PREPS
JO MORROW

Screenplay by GABRIELLE UPTON • Based on the novel by FREDERICK KOHNER
Produced by LEWIS J. RACHMIL • Directed by PAUL WENDKOS
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Hear JIMMY DARREN sing THERE'S NO SUCH THING (as the next best thing to love)

CINEMASCOPE EASTMAN COLOR

AMERICA'S
MOST
GLAMOROUS
WOMEN
APPLAUD...



WESTMORE®
Tru-Glo®
Liquid Makeup



only
39¢
PLUS TAX

also available in giant
deluxe size 59¢ plus tax

Available at leading variety
and drug stores everywhere.

HOUSE OF WESTMORE, INC., NEW YORK • MONTREAL

INSIDE STUFF

continued

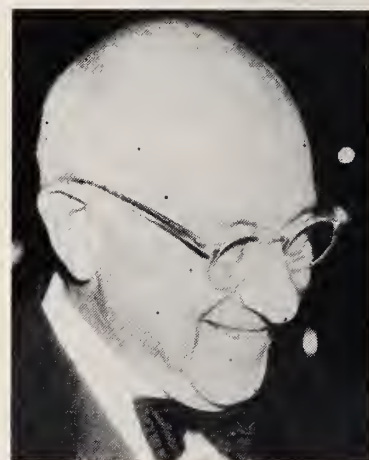


No wonder Nat loves Bob. He even found a place of honor for her stuffed tiger!

... Came home to find a beautiful bouquet of flowers from **Margaret O'Brien**, just because she's a sweet, thoughtful young lady. Or maybe Margaret just wanted to share her happiness over her engagement to **Roger Allen**, the young advertising man she'll marry late this year. ... And on Sunday to church with Paramount's President, **Mr. Y. Frank Freeman** and his lovely wife, Margaret. Such truly wonderful people. ... Chatted with **Mrs. Tyrone Power** at **Don Loper's** elegant soiree and found her a natural, outspoken young woman, much prettier than her newspaper pictures. At present **Debbie Power** has no plans beyond taking care of the son **Ty** wanted so much. However, she likes California and may just stay on.

Cal York's Jottings:

Eva Marie Saint and **Jeff Hayden** adore their new home in Mandevelle Canyon. These confirmed New Yorkers seem happy to have Westward Ho-ed permanently. ... **Joanne Dru** accepted **Lew Ayres'** engagement ring so expect wedding bells in the near future. ... **Stan Freberg** tied the knot with his secretary, **Jean Andresen**. ... **Carolyn Jones'** husband, **Aaron Spelling**, has written a new comedy, "I Love My Wife, But—" just for her. ... **Curt Jergens'** fans will be able to glimpse his bride, **Simone**, in his movie "Ferry to Hong Kong." **Simone** shows real talent, even in her small part. ... **Hugh O'Brian**, who doesn't lightly toss his money around, telephoned starlet **Stella Stevens** almost every day from London. **Stella** is 20th Century-Fox's new find and **Hugh** dearly loves that "new girl in town" routine. ... **Gia Seala's** father, **Pietro Scoglio**, arrived in Hollywood to meet **Gia's** beau, **Don Burnett**. They liked each other immediately. ...



On Paramount's back lot, the children of Israel were preparing their great exodus from the land of Egypt, the last time I chatted with the late **Cecil B. DeMille**, the pioneer director who was filming "The Ten Commandments," and though the sun was hot, the lot dusty, the extras restless, **Mr. DeMille** chatted amiably. But he held firmly to the reins with which he had guided his career of 45 years of movie-making to two Oscars and the **Irving Thalberg Memorial Award**. ... Colorful in dress, with riding breeches, puttees, cap on backwards, he created stars as easily as some men wish upon them. His "Ten Commandments," which stands as a memorial to this genius of Hollywood, is showing in almost every country, applauded by people of all religions. He was one of the few giants who made Hollywood—and who loved it. He was only "colossal."

LOUIS JOURDAN, STAR OF THE GREAT MOTION PICTURE "GIGI"



"You can always tell a HALO girl"

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern
cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible . . . the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich
brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today — with pure, sparkling Halo.

HALO glorifies as it cleans



✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓ GOOD
✓✓✓ VERY GOOD ✓ FAIR

get more out of life—
**go out to a
movie**

What's on tonight?

**You've got to go out
to see the best! Look for
these new pictures
at your favorite theater**



The Hanging Tree

WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ In a story that keeps out of the old wagon ruts, Gary Cooper, at his western best, meets a leading lady who's a real match for him. A doctor in an 1870's Montana gold-mining camp, Coop's a brooding, stand-offish type, kind to his patients, but tough when he has to be. And he tries to run other people's lives. First, he takes on Ben Piazza, as a kid he rescues from a lynching. A newcomer from the Broadway stage, Ben has the Greek-statue sort of good looks—cropped blond curls, blue eyes, full lips—but his bearing gives you the idea there's going to be an explosion any minute. The second person the doctor tries to dominate is a Swiss immigrant girl, only survivor of a stagecoach hold-up. Maria Schell (pictured bottom left with Gary) started her American career with a classic, "The Brothers Karamazov," but she's much more at ease in this western! She makes a convincing pioneer woman when she and Ben cut loose on their own and team up in a gold-mining venture. They bring in a third partner, a baddie, but their mistake is a break for us, 'cause it gives Karl Malden a chance at some fancy acting. The details are fine; you feel as if you're right there in that rugged mountain camp, with trouble coming at you as trigger-fast as Gary's draw.

FAMILY

The Sound and the Fury

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ If you liked "The Long, Hot Summer," you'll love this screen adaptation of still another William Faulkner novel. It plunges Joanne Woodward into a mixed-up Southern family again, but its emotions run deeper, and its people's problems are worked out more believably. Most important, it has Yul Brynner (pictured top left with Joanne and Ethel Waters). For the first time, he plays a present-day American, wearing ordinary business suits and well-clipped (if slightly receding) hair. And he's still a most remarkable man—it's hard to keep your eyes off him. As head of the household, he considers himself Joanne's guardian. The situation makes her furious, because he isn't even a blood relative, only her late grandfather's stepson. (That shows you just how mixed-up the family is.) You'll find a whole gallery of splendid performances: Margaret Leighton as Joanne's mother, a faded beauty, pathetic, selfish and weak (especially on morals); Jack Warden as Joanne's uncle, a hulking man with the mind of a child; Ethel Waters as the old servant who is, next to Yul, the strongest personality in the house; Stuart Whitman as a hot-blooded young drifter who's going to take Joanne away from all this—she thinks. Though Joanne is no teenager, what she's really involved in here is the wistful, wonderful, worrisome business of growing up.

ADULT

It Happened to Jane

COLUMBIA, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Happily, this picture is a lot like Doris Day as we love her: bubbling over with fun, but full of practical common sense, too. As a young widow in a small town in

(continued)



I dreamed I was a heavenly body in my maidenform bra!*

Look what just landed from out of this world! Blue Horizon—probably the *prettiest* bra on earth! Heaven-blue embroidery with a *hand-made* look—and only Maidenform makes it!



Silky white cotton deliciously iced with lace, gently rounded to the new ladylike lines.

*maidenform**

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1959 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

In this dream of a package—just 3.00.
Price slightly higher in Canada.

MOVIES *continued*

Maine, she's trying to make a living by selling lobsters. For this, she needs good train service—and she can't get it, because the railroad's owned by Ernie Kovacs. He does a hilarious caricature of the big boss who tramples all over everybody: his employees, commuters, the general public. Jack Lemmon, one of our smartest light comedians, is shy instead of brash this time, as a hick-town lawyer who is Doris' steady but can't get up the nerve to propose. Then along comes a rival—handsome, blond Steve Forrest, as a newspaperman who helps Doris (below, right, with Jack Lemmon) get her case into print and on TV. For a while, it looks as if her fellow townsmen will give her about as much support as Gary Cooper got in "High Noon." It's a nice, friendly movie, rippling along with quiet chuckles.

FAMILY

The Black Orchid

PARAMOUNT

✓✓✓ What do you expect of a picture with a sexy-sinister title like that and two stars like fiery Anthony Quinn and voluptuous Sophia Loren (below, center)? Well, that isn't what you get. It's a pleasant surprise, a warm and sympathetic family story, like a look inside your neighbor's house. The gentle courtship of Anthony and Sophia, widower and widow, Italian-Americans, runs into complications. She has a young son (Jimmie Baird) who is a delinquent; Tony has a daughter who is bitterly jealous of Sophia. Ina Balin, a refreshing new face, makes you understand this girl, even though you get as exasperated with her as her young fiancé (Mark Richman) does.

FAMILY

Up Periscope

WARNERS; WARNER-SCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ What a crew this sub has! In this brisk World War II thriller, we come aboard with debonair James Garner (below left with Alan Hale), a frogman

who is to be ferried to a near-suicidal mission on a Jap-held island. It isn't a happy undersea ship, he finds: skipper Edmond O'Brien puts the safety of his craft and its full personnel ahead of individual lives. Lanky Carleton Carpenter and good-looking William Leslie are second and third in command, and if you look hard you'll see Edd Byrnes in a ridiculously small role. (Somebody goofed!) There isn't much time for romance; Jim lovingly recalls a brief interlude with Andra Martin.

FAMILY

Tempest

PARAMOUNT; TECHNICOLOR, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Scenes of sweeping, powerful spectacle give this historical drama its chief excitement. It concerns 18th Century Russians, but that's about the only nationality that *doesn't* get into the act. A French-Italian company shot it in Yugoslavia with a cast from all over the place, including Hollywood. In the reign of Catherine the Great (Viveca Lindfors), a revolt is being organized by a rough, tough, red-bearded peasant (Van Heflin). When violence breaks out at a lonely post on the steppe, it involves two loyal young lovers, Army officer Geoffrey Horne and Silvana Mangano, his commander's daughter. Van and Geoff, who cuts a dashing figure in uniform, give the story moments of humanity, in spite of some terribly stiff dialogue.

FAMILY

No Name on the Bullet

U-1; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ As "Maverick" proves on TV, a sense of humor is a big help in a western, and Audie Murphy's latest has a script with a neat ironic slant. It isn't a whodunit; the question here is: Who's gonna get it? Audie's a professional killer; when he rides into town, everybody knows somebody's number is up. But whose? About the only party with a clear conscience is doc Charles Drake, who can't keep the nervous citizens from shooting each other—or themselves. With

his baby face and modest size, Audie is still a frightening desperado.

FAMILY

The Unvanquished (Aparajito)

HARRISON

✓✓✓ Sequel to India's well-regarded film "Panther Panchali," this has the same mixture of poetic beauty and grubby realism, exotic backgrounds and familiar emotions. With his young parents, the delightful small boy *Apu* has moved from their hungry home village to Benares, on the sacred Ganges River. He darts through the tenement and the city streets with lively curiosity. And he finds another world to explore after his father's death, when his mother's work as a servant takes them far into the Bengal countryside. Even as a ten-year-old, he's eager for learning. As a teenager, he goes alone to Calcutta to continue his education, taking a job on the side. His mother won't hold him back—but she resents his ambition. Their changing relationship is treated profoundly and tenderly.

ADULT

These Thousand Hills

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓ When a western slows down to concentrate on character instead of action, the characters had better be interesting. Several talented young players put up a good fight here, but the script is too obvious. While cowhand Don Murray goes after money and respectability, he edges away from old friends. Dance-hall "hostess" Lee Remick lends him money to start ranching, then gets brushed off after he meets Patricia Owens, who's very much the lady. Stuart Whitman can't stand Don's snobbery, and when these ex-partners meet again the outcome is tragic.

ADULT

Never Steal Anything Small

U-1; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓ If this peculiar movie measured up to James Cagney's star performance, we'd really have something. He's a joy to watch, with his perfect comedy timing



JEAN SIMMONS starring in "THIS EARTH IS MINE"

A Universal-International Picture in CinemaScope and Technicolor—A Vintage Production



"No other beauty soap quite so gentle"

says Jean Simmons

The specialness of Lux is the gentleness of Lux. It radiates in the softness of the world's loveliest complexions. Like Jean Simmons. Like those of 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars who use Lux regularly. Discover for yourself . . . the caressing lather that makes your skin feel so smooth . . . the quiet fragrance that blends so softly with your own perfume . . . and the natural gentleness of Lux. Lever Brothers guarantees you'll love Lux or your money will be refunded in full.

That's the beauty of LUX

and strong personal charm—a great old pro. But the story brazenly chooses to make fun of graft and thuggery in waterfront unions, and it hasn't the style to carry off such an outrageous joke. Jimmy (below with Cara Williams) is a smooth hoodlum who plans to be king of the longshoremen. While he's at it, he buys and corrupts a young lawyer, with the idea of stealing the lawyer's pretty wife. Roger Smith and Shirley Jones look appealing in these roles. The movie goes only halfway in its aim to be a musical; songs done by Jimmy, Shirley and Cara Williams (a smart, seductive gal) are so entertaining that you want more. **FAMILY**

The Mistress

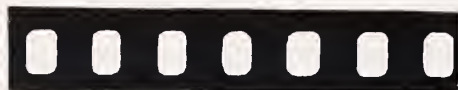
HARRISON

✓✓ From Japan comes an affecting story of half a century ago, starring lovely Hideko Takamine, top favorite in her own land. It seems that Japan in 1900 was no place for a female. Poor Hideko, at heart a virtuous girl, is driven by poverty into the life of a kept woman. As her protector, a mean moneylender, Eijiro Tono manages to make you feel a little sorry for this shabby-spirited man. The settings and the details of everyday living have a steady fascination, but the general tone of the movie is as sentimental as the period of its story. **ADULT**

Intent to Kill

20TH.
CINEMASCOPE

✓✓ Filmed in Canada, a suspense melodrama set in a big hospital produces a reasonable amount of tension. As an earnest young surgeon, Richard Todd discovers that the life of a mysterious patient is in double danger. Herbert Lom comes through a very serious brain operation successfully, but after that assassins are out to get him. As it turns out, doc and patient each have a cheating wife. Todd's is threatening to start a scandal over his association with Betsy Drake, a charming interne. **FAMILY**



✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR
✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
A—ADULT F—FAMILY

NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see contents page.

✓✓✓ ANNA LUCASTA—U.A.: As a girl trying to live down her past, despite family interference, Eartha Kitt heads a talented Negro cast including Sammy Davis, Jr. Powerful but slow. (A) **February**

✓✓✓ BUCCANEER, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Dashing pirate Yul Brynner helps Charlton (*Andy Jackson*) Heston win the War of 1812. Inger Stevens plays Yul's rather chilly beloved. (F) **March**

✓✓✓ DOCTOR'S DILEMMA, THE—M-G-M, Eastman Color: Bright version of Shaw's play. That charmer Leslie Caron appeals to top medics of 1900 to save her husband, Dirk Bogarde. But is he worth saving? (A) **March**

✓✓✓ HORSE'S MOUTH, THE—U.A., Technicolor: Superb work by Alec Guinness as an eccentric painter raising general havoc. Delightfully nutty film with fine photography and score. (F) **February**

✓✓✓✓ I WANT TO LIVE!—U.A.: The true story of a California woman executed for murder is hard to take but well worth seeing for Susan Hayward's brilliant portrait of moral abandon and heartbreak. (A) **January**

✓✓✓ JOURNEY, THE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Expert romantic drama reunites "The King and I" team. In the Hungarian revolt, Soviet officer Yul Brynner decides the fate of refugees including Deborah Kerr and her lover, Jason Robards, Jr. Yul's his old bald self in this one. (A) **March**

✓✓ LONELYHEARTS—U.A.: Bitter newspaper story casts Monty Clift as idealistic writer of an advice column, Dolores Hart as his sweetheart. Editor Robert Ryan tells Monty people are all fakers. Maureen Stapleton is a love-hungry letter-writer. (A) **March**

✓✓✓ PERFECT FURLOUGH, THE—U.I.: CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Wittingly wacky, Tony Curtis has a ball as a GI wolf on a Paris fling, with Janet Leigh as a pretty but prissy WAC. (A) **February**

✓✓✓ RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: All out for laughs! A new missile base and a jet-propelled siren create funny woes for suburban couple Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman. (A) **December**

✓✓ REMARKABLE MR. PENNYPACKER, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: A Victorian marriage romp goes too sentimental in spite of Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire, David Nelson. The recipe sounded yummy, but the cake sank. (F) **February**

✓ SENIOR PROM—Columbia: Watch newcomer Paul Hampton, rock 'n' roller who looks like an Ivy Leaguer, romances Jill Corey in a campus musical. (F) **February**

✓✓✓ SEPARATE TABLES—U.A.: Deborah Kerr's a revelation as a timid spinster at a seaside hotel. Immensely able cast: David Niven, Burt Lancaster, Rita Hayworth, Wendy Hiller. (A) **January**

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BLACK ORCHID, THE—Paramount. Directed by Martin Ritt: *Rose Bianco*, Sophia Loren; *Frank Valente*, Anthony Quinn; *Mary Valente*, Ina Balin; *Ralphie Bianco*, Jimmy Baird; *Noble*, Mark Richman; *Giulia Gallo*, Naomi Stevens; *Alma Gallo*, Virginia Vincent; *Joe*, Joe Di Reda; *Henry Gallo*, Frank Puglia; *Luisa*, Majel Barrett; *Paul*, Scotti Vito; *Consuelo*, Zolya Talma; *Tony Bianco*, Jack Washburn; *Mr. Harmon*, Whit Bissell; *Priest*, Robert Carriart.

HANGING TREE, THE—Warners. Directed by Delmer Daves: *Doc Frail*, Gary Cooper; *Elizabeth*, Maria Schell; *Frenchy*, Karl Malden; *Rine*, Ben Piazza; *Grubb*, George C. Scott; *Mr. Flance*, Karl Swenson; *Mrs. Flance*, Virginia Gregg; *Society Red*, John Dierkes; *Wonder*, King Donovan.

INTENT TO KILL—20th. Directed by Jack Cardiff: *Bob McLaurin*, Richard Todd; *Nancy Ferguson*, Betsy Drake; *Juan Menda*, Herbert Lom; *Finch*, Warren Stevens; *Francisco Flores*, Carlo Justini; *O'Brien*, Paul Carpenter; *Dr. McNeill*, Alexander Knox; *Carla Menda*, Lisa Gastoni; *Kral*, Peter Arne; *Margaret McLaurin*, Catherine Boyle; *Boyd*, John Crawford.

IT HAPPENED TO JANE—Columbia. Directed by Richard Quine: *Jane Osgood*, Doris Day; *George Denham*, Jack Lemmon; *Harry Foster Malone*, Ernie Kovacs; *Larry Hall*, Steve Forrest; *Billy Osgood*, Teddy Rooney; *Selwyn Harris*, Casey Adams; *Uncle Otis*, Russ Brown; *Craceford Sloan*, Walter Graza; *Homer Bean*, Parker Fennelly; *Matilda Runyon*, Mary Wickes; *Wilbur Peterson*, Philip Coolidge; *Aaron Caldwell*, John Cecil Holm.

NEVER STEAL ANYTHING SMALL—U.I. Directed by Charles Lederer: *Jack MacIlhenny*, James Cagney; *Linda Cabot*, Shirley Jones; *Dan Cabot*, Roger Smith; *Winnipeg*, Cara Williams; *Penelli*, Nehemiah Persoff; *Words Cannon*, Royal Dano; *Okay Merritt*, Horace McMahon; *Fats*, Sanford Seegar; *Lennie*, Herbie Faye; *Hymie*, Billy Green; *Ed*, Robert Wilkie; *Sleep*

Out Charlie, Jack Albertson; *Ginger*, Virginia Vincent.

NO NAME ON THE BULLET—U.I. Directed by Jack Arnold: *John Gant*, Audie Murphy; *Anne*, Joan Evans; *Dr. Luke Canfield*, Charles Drake; *Asa Canfield*, R. G. Armstrong; *Earl Stricker*, Karl Swenson; *Sheriff*, Willis Bouchee; *Thad Pierce*, Whit Bissell; *Miller*, Jerry Paris; *Sid*, Charles Watts; *Judge Benson*, Edgar Stehli; *Lou Fraden*, Warren Stevens; *Lou's Girl*, Virginia Grey; *Henry Reeger*, Simon Scott; *Ben Chaffec*, John Alderson.

SOUND AND THE FURY, THE—20th. Directed by Martin Ritt: *Jason*, Yul Brynner; *Quentin*, Joanne Woodward; *Caddy*, Margaret Leighton; *Charles Busch*, Stuart Whitman; *Dilsey*, Ethel Waters; *Ben Compson*, Jack Warden; *Mrs. Compson*, Françoise Rosay; *Howard*, John Beal; *Earl*, Albert Dekker; *Luster*, Stephen Perry; *T.P.*, William Gunn; *Job*, Roy Glenn.

TEMPEST—Paramount. Directed by Alberto Lattuada: *Masha*, Silvana Mangano; *Pugachov*, Van Heflin; *Catherine the Great*, Viveca Lindfors; *Peter Griniev*, Geoffrey Horne; *Savelic*, Oscar Homolka; *Captain Miranov*, Robert Keith; *Vassilissa*, Agnes Moorehead; *Seabrin*, Helmut Dantine; *Count Griniev*, Finlay Currie; *Prosecutor*, Vittorio Gassman; *Major Zurin*, Lawrence Naismith; *Minister*, Claudio Gora.

THESE THOUSAND HILLS—20th. Directed by Richard Fleischer: *Lat Evans*, Don Murray; *Jehu*, Richard Egan; *Callie*, Lee Remick; *Joyce*, Patricia Owens; *Tom Ping*, Stuart Whitman; *Conrad*, Albert Dekker; *Ram Butler*, Harold J. Stone; *Carmichael*, Royal Dano; *Jen*, Jean Willes; *Whitney*, Douglas Fowley; *Sally*, the Cook, Fuzzy Knight; *Godwin*, Robert Adler; *Miss Fran*, Barbara Morrison; *Gorham*, Ned Wever; *Happy*, Ken Renard; *McLean*, Steve Darrell; *Chenault*, Tom Greenway; *Little Runner*, Frank Lavier; *Brother Van*, Nelson Leigh; *Frenchy*, Ben Wright; *Strain*, Jesse Kirkpatrick; *Suede*, John Epper.

UP PERISCOPE—Warners. Directed by Gordon Douglas: *Ken*, James Garner; *Stevenson*, Edmond O'Brien; *Sally*, Andrea Martin; *Malone*, Alan Hale; *Carney*, Carleton Carpenter; *Mount*, Frank Gifford; *Doherty*, William Leslie; *Peck*, Richard Bakalyan; *Ash*, Edward Byrne; *Floyd*, Sean Garrison; *York*, Henry Kulky.



Is it true...
blondes
 have more
 fun?

One sure way to find out is to be a blonde . . . a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it. The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With amazingly gentle new Lady Clairol Instant Whip, it's so easy! Takes only minutes! Feels deliciously cool going on, leaves your hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever. So if your hair is dull, darkened blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Toss your hat in the ring. Be a beautiful blonde, it's spring!



Your hairdresser will tell you
 a blonde's best friend is

NEW Lady Clairol® INSTANT WHIP* Creme Hair Lightener

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From this very moment...

Fresh New Beauty begins with

Zest

...that
radiant,
glowing clean,
naturally
lovely look!

And now to complement your fresh new beauty,
Zest offers this added beauty bonus—

HAZEL BISHOP LIPSTICK

The first touch of Zest's gentle, smooth lather leaves your complexion radiantly aglow—free from dulling soap film. And Zest washes away skin bacteria to protect your complexion—gives it a fresher, clearer, more naturally lovely look. Discover the fresh new beauty of Zest now and get the added beauty bonus of Hazel Bishop lipstick.



Send 2 Zest wrappers (any size) and 25¢ for your Hazel Bishop lipstick. Offer limited!

SPECIAL OFFER

Lipstick, Department E-3
P O. Box 52, Cincinnati 99, Ohio

I have enclosed two Zest bar wrappers (any size) and 25¢ to help defray expenses. Please send me a Hazel Bishop lipstick.
My hair color is: Blond _____ Brunette _____
Brownette _____ Redhead _____ Grey _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Offer good only in continental United States and Hawaii. Offer expires August 31, 1959.
Be sure to place sufficient postage on your envelope and allow three weeks for delivery.

#1

of a
new pinup
series



YOUNG MAN WITH GUITAR

Rick Nelson





YOUNG MAN WITH GUITAR

Rick is kind of shy, but awfully sweet
Just as nice a boy as you'll ever meet.
He likes a picnic or a moonlight ride—
Of course with a pretty girl at his side.
One minute he's serious, next he grins,
Then laughs out loud when fun begins.
So if you're natural and not too slick
You're really the perfect girl for Rick.



what I



I wrote a note to Debbie asking her if I could see her but I never dreamed she would invite me to visit her and that we two would sit and talk

As far back as I can remember, my favorite actress has been Debbie Reynolds. The first time I saw her was in "Singing in the Rain." It was in 1952 and I was seven years old and we were living in Weisbaden, Germany. My father's a major in the Air Force so we move around quite a lot.

From that day on she became my idol and since then I've cut out every picture of her I can find in magazines and newspapers—I've boxes full—and when we've moved house, those boxes have always been the first thing I've packed.

When I was younger (I'm fourteen now) I used to dream about her. I'd imagine all sorts of ways I could possibly get to see her. But never once did I dream that someday I'd really meet Debbie Reynolds.

The day I saw all those newspaper headlines and big stories about Debbie, Eddie and Elizabeth Taylor, I felt like running and telling her how sorry I was. But I reasoned that it would be foolish to try and get to Debbie when

every important writer in the country would probably be standing in line waiting to talk to her. But I did live nearby, in Inglewood which is only a few miles from Hollywood. Maybe I could see her . . .

I found out who Debbie's agent was and wrote him a letter. It took me ever so long before I finally got what I wanted down on paper. I explained that I'd admired Debbie for years and then I practically told him my whole life story! I thought that maybe that way he would understand that I was sincere. I promised him that if he could arrange an interview, I'd be very appreciative and vowed I'd not say a thing which would make her feel bad. And I added as a P.S. that I'd love to meet her on the set of a picture most of all.

Two weeks passed. I ran home from school every day to check the mail. After fourteen days I began to give up hope. On the morning of November 7th, I was in the school library studying for an exam. I just happened to look out of the window when I *(continued)*



by PAM LARNER, 14, Inglewood, Calif.

found out from Debbie!





When I saw the expression in Debbie's eyes, I knew she was very brave . . .

saw my mother coming down the school walk! What had happened? I darted out of the library and caught her by the arm. She turned around, didn't say a word but just held out a powder blue envelope addressed to me. I ripped open the envelope—it was *the* letter. Debbie Reynolds had written to me!

I stood there in the hallway and began to read. At first it just seemed to be a bunch of words, handwritten ones. "Mommy, it's personally handwritten," I screamed. Then I let out a groan.

"What's wrong?" Mother asked.

I was almost in tears. "Mommy, Debbie invited me to come to the studio Thursday, November 6th, at four o'clock—that was yesterday!"

We looked at the postmark on the envelope—it was dated November 3rd. There was only one answer, somehow the letter must have been lost. It had taken four days to travel twelve miles. We stared at each other, speechless. Then Mother put her arm around me and said not to worry. She promised to go straight home and call the studio and try to find someone to deliver a message to Debbie explaining what had happened. "I'm sure when Debbie realizes it wasn't your fault," she said softly, "she'll give you another appointment."

I went back to the library but just couldn't concentrate. When lunch time came I couldn't even look at food. Then in algebra class, a monitor brought a note asking me to come to the principal's office. My heart began to beat very fast. I was told that my mother had just called to say that she'd been able to get a message through to Debbie. The person taking the message said she'd see to it that Debbie got it right away. The studio promised Mommy they'd call her back as soon as they could. It only took ten minutes. Evidently, as soon as Debbie learned what had happened, she had them call Mother back and say I could come over that afternoon at four. I couldn't believe it! Since this was more or less a school project—I planned to use the interview in a term paper—I was allowed to go home right away. Everyone at school was darn nice—they even let me miss a test.

By the time I reached home I was in a panic. I had gone swimming in gym class that morning and my hair was still damp and straight as a board. Mother handed me some bobbies and a can of hair spray. I put my

Dear Pam,
Received your note and
will be happy to give you
an interview on Thursday
November 6th at 4 o'clock
in the afternoon. Come to
M.G.M. studios, to the
casting office on Washington
 Blvd. There will be a pass
there for you, and they
will tell you where to go.

Sincerely
Debbie Reynolds

hair up in pin curls and rushed into my bedroom to find something to wear. I wanted so much to look nice. I chose my favorite plain cotton dress.

We were out the front door when Mother realized she didn't know how to get to M-G-M. We went back in and called a neighbor for directions. When we told her why we wanted them, she offered to come along for the ride and show us. She was excited too.

I was so nervous by this time I couldn't sit still in the car. And I kept leaning forward and looking in the driver's mirror to see if I looked all right and not too flustered. All sorts of thoughts kept spinning around in my head. Would Debbie be as pretty in person? What would she say? Would she look very sad? Would I be disappointed? Would she be easy to talk to? But more than anything else I worried . . . would I know what to say? I had questions ready, but would I be calm enough to ask them?

The next thing I knew the car had stopped.

"We're here," Mother said. Then she (*continued*)

SCOOP

Debbie: "With two beautiful



Debbie's a wonderful mother as well as a star and I knew this by the look in her eyes when she spoke of her babies.



children and work you love—what more can you ask?

took me aside and whispered, "Don't be scared and good luck." She kissed me.

I walked along Washington Boulevard looking at the high stone wall that prevents people from being able to see into the studio. Then I noticed a sign that said, "Casting Dept." I had been told to pick up my pass there.

I walked in, trying very hard not to be too nervous.

There was a uniformed policeman sitting at a desk. I walked up to him.

"I'm Pam Lerner. I have an appointment with Debbie Reynolds. There should be a pass for me."

He smiled, then pulled open (*Continued on page 86*)





please don't come too close-

Sandra, is that you?" His voice came over the telephone, just as deep as it ought to be when you measure six-feet-two from your crewcut to your white bucks. "What time should I pick you up tonight?"

I was glad he couldn't see my face as I answered, "You'll never believe what's happened."

There was a pause at his end of the line and then he said, "What?"

"Well, you see, it's like this. I . . . uh . . . I've been shot!"

"You've been *what*?"

"We were shooting this scene. I didn't tell you I was making a western, did I? Well, you know we use blank bullets, but if they hit you, you can sometimes get hurt anyway. Well . . . um . . . one of them hit me."

"Gosh Sandy," he said, "that's awful. Are you hurt bad?"

"Oh, it's only a shoulder wound," I said bravely.

"Well, who shot you?"

"I was ambushed by an Indian."

"Did you pass out?" he asked.

"Oh, no. I . . . uh . . . I just staggered a bit and then someone caught me."

"Did you bleed a lot?"

"No, only a little. It's just a flesh wound."

"Gosh!"

"I told you you wouldn't believe it."

"How'd you get to the doctor? On a stretcher?"

"Well, there's always a doctor on the lot. He just came over to our set and tended me there."

"Oh, I see. Well did you have to come home in an ambulance?"

"Yes, but it was a small ambulance. And they didn't turn on the sirens."

"Is the bullet still in your shoulder?"

"Oh, no, they took it out right there on the set."

"What'd they do with the bullet?"

(Continued on page 94)

I've got the **MUMPS**

by SANDRA DEE

Take a tip from me. If you've got to be sick, cheer yourself up with a pretty blue blanket and a frilly bed-jacket. Honest, it's better than penicillin.



Nick Adams—

mom, I'm sorry I lied to you

Nick Adams stood under the sign marked "arrivals" and, fiddling nervously with the cigarette lighter he held in his hand, looked over at the large clock which stood by the gateway. Only one minute before the bus was due.

He took a handkerchief from his pocket and

wiped his brow. It was a hot, sultry afternoon and the wide concrete expanse of the station gaped vacantly at him, missing its usual bustling activity.

A rumbling caught his attention and he turned to watch the huge bus come slowly into the station and pull up before him. (Continued on page 99)



After a rough day,
any bed felt good.



When I wrote about Romanoff's
here's how I was really dining.



Here's the snappy
convertible I drove.
See how roomy it is?

"Got the
world on
a string,"
I wrote.
Or was it
vice-versa?



The bride was radiant when she said "I do."

Ingrid Bergman felt that at last, with Lars Schmidt,
she had reached her "Sixth Happiness."

Yet only a short time later . . .

THE BRIDE CRIED





by JIM HOFFMAN

ON HER HONEYMOON



Rain clouds that had blanketed the sky all morning suddenly lightened as the sun broke through. A limousine came down a deserted street in London's historic Westminster section and pulled up in front of Caxton Hall. The chauffeur looked up and down the street, and seeing no one there got out and opened the back door of the car. Two of the men went quickly up the stairs of the city hall and rapped on the door. The third, a good-looking man of about forty, in a dark gray suit, followed them. But for a moment he paused, looked up at the sun, and smiled. Then he peered anxiously down the street in the direction from which his limousine had just come. In the distance he saw another car, the twin of his own, coming towards Caxton Hall. He smiled at the two men on the steps above him, pointed towards the fast approaching limousine, and then joined them. The door opened, they entered, and the door closed once again. The other car drew up in front of the hall and two people got out. One (Continued on page 91)

This month let's
talk about something
that's even more troublesome
than love—\$ \$ \$ \$

WHO'D GIVE ME A JOB?

I've been promoted! Everyone at Photoplay played it very cool as I made my way to my office. (It's not really an office, you can call it a corner where a desk just *happens* to be.) Anyway, I opened the door and lo and behold—I knew I had finally arrived! (It brings a lump to my throat just thinking about it.) Photoplay had given me a filing cabinet all my own!

All right! So I am dramatizing the thing a bit, but I guess no one will blame me for being a little "corny." When you feel that the office gang is out to help you, you just have to feel good. All they want you to do in return is your share of the work. Of course, some people don't know the secret of "how to work and enjoy it," but after you've been at a few jobs, you begin to understand. Why. I've served up coffee and hamburgers and I've put in time trying to get my foot in the door and interest a busy (*Continued on page 96*)

by DICK CLARK





here's what we,
 your
 hometown folks,
 feel about you,
PAUL NEWMAN



Danny Buden



Celeste Beckwith

Tom Watson



Jim Newman



There was a quiet, lazy quality about Shaker Heights as we drove towards the high school . . . and a solid, comfortable feeling, too, with its pretty, private houses—all with spacious grounds and lovely lawns—and its tree-lined streets. A nice town to live in, to grow up in. Paul Newman's hometown. A suburb of Cleveland, but so different from the hustle and bustle of the city itself.

We parked our car across the street from Shaker Heights High and Tom Watson. Paul Newman's old pal who was showing us around and introducing us to Paul's



friends and relatives, looked wistfully at the school. "It hasn't changed a bit," he said. "No different than it was many years ago when I first met Paul. Seeing it again brings everything back . . . as if it were only yesterday.

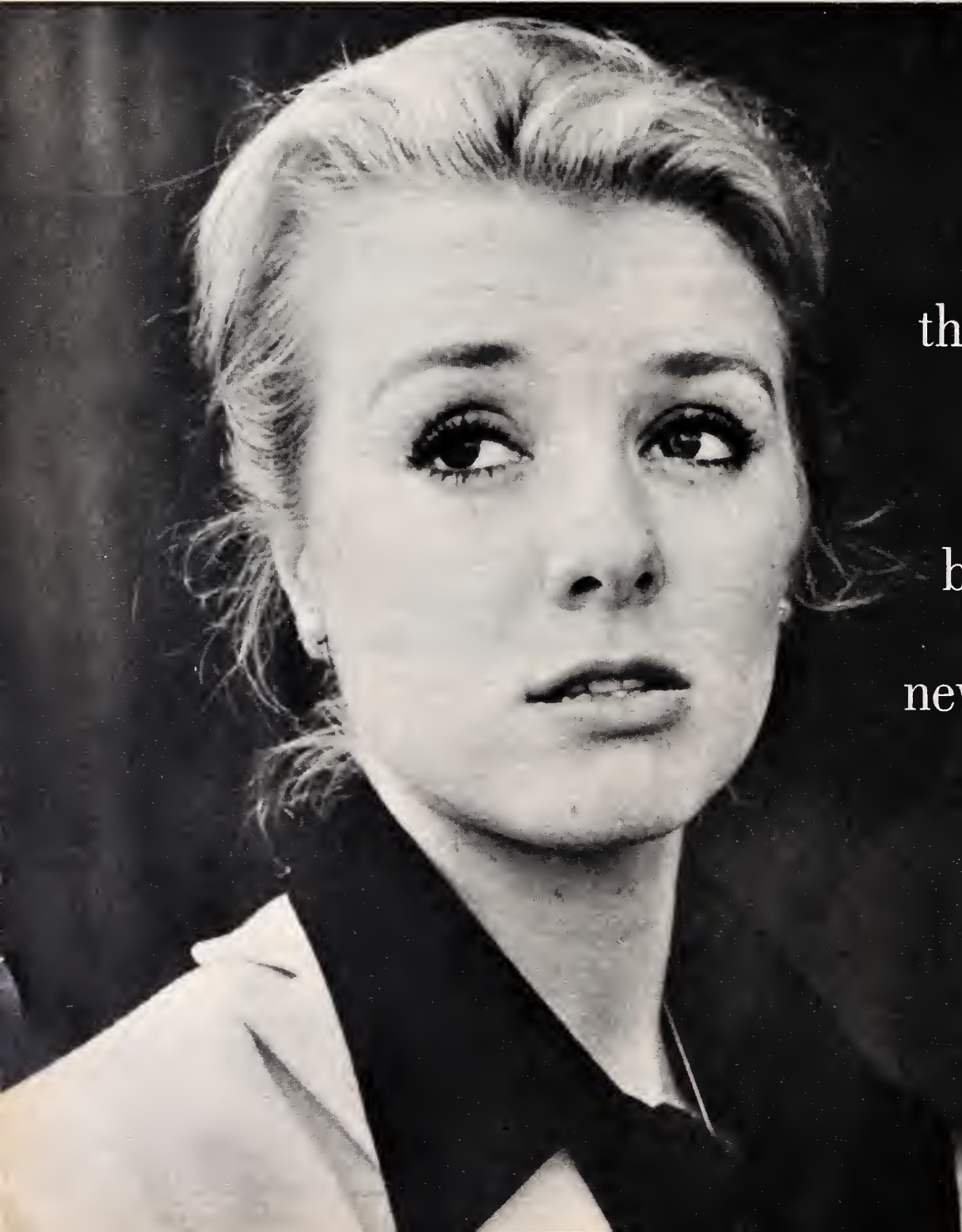
"I was a Senior, and one day I was fooling around on the piano in our French class. The teacher hadn't arrived yet, and I guess I was kind of showing off. Well, I was playing something slow and corny, when suddenly this guy was sitting next to me on the bench—I'd seen him in the halls, but I didn't know who he was—he started playing boogie-woogie bass to my sweet melody. Soon I slid off the bench and he was on his own.

"All the other kids stopped talking and cutting up and started to listen. Some of them began clapping their hands in time to the music, and one couple even danced in the back of the room. Suddenly the teacher came in. We all froze as if we'd been shot, then we melted into our seats.

"But the guy at the piano was out of this world. His eyes were closed, his head was swaying, and he didn't know anybody else existed. And the teacher just stood there, watching him, listening. Finally, she coughed. He kept playing. She coughed again, real loud. He opened his eyes and practically fell off the bench. He started to say something, but she cut in. 'Don't apologize,' she said, *(Continued on page 101)*

NO ONE TO TURN TO ...

the tragic
truth
behind a
newspaper
story



NEW Y Inger Stevens Still In Coma From Poison

Inger Stevens' ex-husband said today that the actress, who was found unconscious after she swallowed a "caustic agent," has always been unhappy. Anthony Soglio, of 423 Madison Av., said his former wife called for a luncheon date recently "and she must have been pretty lonely to call me."



The blue-eyed, blond star of "The Buccaneer" was taken to Columbus Hospital last night after she was discovered in a pink negligee lying across her eight-foot-square bed.

Police found a partly filled ammonia bottle near the actress, who doctors said had swallowed "a caustic — possibly cleaning fluid."

Police, who have been unable to question her because she is still unconscious, were called by John DiSantis, the superintendent of the building at 31 Gramercy Park, where Inger lives. He discovered the actress after a friend, David Tebet, an NBC executive, failed to reach her by phone over the weekend. Alarmed, Tebet called DiSantis and asked him to check the apartment.

Soglio, who was often a

All through the weekend after the New Year's holiday, Inger Stevens didn't answer her telephone.

Bitter-cold winter winds ripped through New York City like an icy scythe in seventy-miles-an-hour gales. Inger's close friend, David Tebet, a tall, dark-haired executive with NBC Television, called Inger over and over again throughout Saturday and Sunday.

But there was no reply. Tebet couldn't understand why. When he left Inger on Friday night after a relaxing evening of dinner and theater, she seemed a little down in the dumps, possibly from the

biting ten-degree cold that plagued the city for over a week and, peculiarly, had its depressing effects. "But not down enough for anyone to worry about," Tebet recalls. Matter of fact, Inger had told him to be sure to call her "sometime tomorrow."

Around seven o'clock on Sunday evening when the black blanket of January sky covered the freezing metropolis, Tebet, tense with worry over Inger, finally called the handyman of the new apartment building Inger recently moved into. It was in the fashionable Gramercy Park area with its elegant stucco town houses (Continued on page 79)

by EVAN MICHAELS

In the December, 1958, Photoplay,

Dick Gardner said

**I'M
HELPLESSLY
WATCHING
MY MARRIAGE
DIE**

Now, Dick reveals

HOW WE PUT LOVE BACK INTO OUR MARRIAGE

The door slammed firmly shut behind them. The tall, blond young man and his wife walked in silence down the front path of their home and then turned abruptly right as they reached the sidewalk. Both had dug their hands deeply into their coat pockets.

A cold north blast hit them as they reached the corner and Dick Gardner pulled the collar of his coat up tight around his ears while his wife Joan buried her face in her high fur collar. The orange sun of the late winter afternoon cast long grey shadows ahead of them.

Occasionally, as though concerned about his wife's strained manner, Dick turned his head to look at Joan but she continued to stare steadily ahead. It was their first moment alone in a long time . . . and their first time alone in their hometown of Waterloo, Iowa, since they had left it to go to Hollywood many months before . . . and (Continued on page 90)



"It was our first time together since Joan had left me in Hollywood to come home to Iowa with the children . . . we felt awkward . . . we didn't know what to say . . . and we were afraid for our marriage."



Take off your shoes, step into Joan's apartment, and help us find out

WHO PUT THE FINGERPRINTS ON

Joan Crawford's **WALL?**

by STEPHEN KAY





"Masterpiece," who tried to eat the flowers Joan was arranging, has the run of the house, but that's 'cause he has the cleanest paws in New York.

My index finger was pointed at the bell marked "Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Steele," but before I could make contact, the door flew open. A suntanned man stood before me and he looked like the sort of man who, if I'd seen him on the subway, I'd have been sure he was taking the ride because he was thinking of buying the company. He had that look.

"Darling!" came a cry from behind him. "It's so good to see you."

It was Joan Crawford. She waved me into the striking white foyer and I tried not to stare. I'd only met Joan once before and I still hadn't gotten over being dazzled. Seeing her here, in the \$100,000 duplex apartment that had made even her Fifth Avenue neighbors gasp, I began talking real fast, hoping she wouldn't see that I was a little nervous.

"Gosh, would you believe it? It's March, the end of March," I said as I unbuttoned my coat, "and it's snowing outside! The elevator man blames it on the H-bombs. Imagine, snow at this time of year."

"I know, darling," Joan said. "So why don't you take off your shoes as well as your coat."

"Oh, they're not wet," I said, flattered that Joan would be so interested in whether I might catch cold. "I was wearing a pair (*continued*)

Joan's white rug is usually untouched by human shoes, but she and Al broke their own house rule to pose for this picture on their suspended staircase.



JOAN CRAWFORD (continued)

of galoshes, I left them right outside the door."

"Yes, but why don't you take off your shoes anyway," Joan suggested. "It's really better that way."

I looked at Joan, puzzled, and she beamed a smile at me. Well, if Joan Crawford smiles at you, what can you do? I started to take off my shoes. I started

to lean up against the wall to balance myself while I unlaced the right shoe.

"Oh, no," Joan said, so suddenly that I almost lost my balance and fell at her feet, which is where I really wanted to be anyway. I do admire her so. "Don't lean on the wall," (Continued on page 82)

"Does my dogwood tree really remind you of California?" Joan asked. "Now she knows it's a success," Al laughed.





In the spring
a young
man's fancy
turns to
thoughts of
love

3 *love stories* *from the boy's* *point of view*

- 1** - *Getting to know her . . . WILL HUTCHINS AND NORMA MOORE*
A boy + a girl + a motor scooter = romance in the park
- 2** - *Meeting her folks . . . TOMMY SANDS*
"Tommy, Mom and Dad want you to come over for dinner"
- 3** - *Trying to forget her . . . EDD BYRNES*
Why doesn't a fellow ever get over his first love?



A BOY + A GIRL

Will Hutchins called Norma Moore
and said, “Hey—it’s spring.

Let’s go out and look for a tree.”

Will Hutchins devilishly let out a wild hoot, keeled his motor scooter to the right and zoomed ahead towards the park.

“Hey!” he felt a tug around his waist . . . “I’m back here, remember?” laughed the girl hugging on behind him.

He turned and caught a quick glimpse of her in a striped cotton shirt, vainly hanging on to her large straw hat. Two tufts of near golden hair flapped provocatively against the brim. Norma has pretty hair, he thought, as a ray of sunlight caught it, making it sparkle.

“Eyes on the road, Sugarfoot,” she teased and laughed again, easily and warmly.

Will had known her ever since they both first came to Hollywood—Norma Moore from North Carolina and Will Hutchins from the University of California. They shared such a lot—mostly dreams, then, and a love of the open air.

Just that morning he had kidded her on the phone, “How about going out with me and finding a tree today? After all, it’s almost spring.”

“How do you like that (*continued*)





† A MOTOR SCOOTER =
ROMANCE IN THE PARK



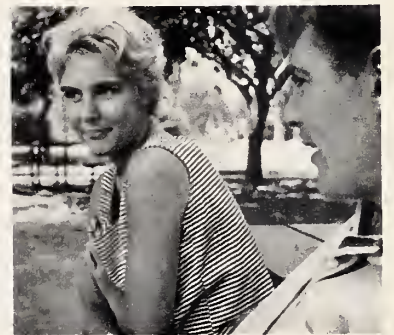




"Norma was real good fun on the slide."



Above: "She playfully jerked the seesaw and I felt like a king toppling from a throne."



Right: "We wondered what the future held . . . where we'd be twenty years from now."

ROMANCE IN THE PARK *continued*

tree, the one over there?" he shouted to her as they rounded a corner.

"What'd you say?" She leaned over to hear him over the burr of the machine.

"That tree—good enough?" he laughed.

"Oh, perfect," she shouted back, finally understanding.

He slowed the scooter to a whining halt and steadied it while Norma hopped off. Together they tugged the machine off the road and set it beside the tree. Will took off his jacket and tossed it over the seat. Then he stretched himself lazily out flat on the ground. "Come on down, the weather's fine," he laughed. She pretended to collapse down beside him, "Whee! That was a ride."

For a moment they were still. Then, noticing she had suddenly become pensive, he said, "Penny for your thoughts."

She smiled, asking softly, "Ever look for a four-leaf clover, Will?"

"Mmm . . . sometimes," he yawned, (*Continued on page 78*)

"She was so delightfully natural, giggling as the water hit her nose."





Everything was going fine until my girlfriend said —

Sure, I'll admit it. I *was* scared. I really was. Now, there's nothing wrong with a fellow going over to his girl's house to have something to eat, but I felt funny about it. I had the feeling they wanted to look me over. You know—the way people look over a refrigerator before buying it—or a car.

Now don't get me wrong. Joan's folks knew me. I used to go over to their house for occasional Friday night get-togethers when she'd have the gang over for some laughs and dancing and grilled cheese sandwiches. Her mom and dad were always there to say hello. Then they'd go upstairs and we'd dim the lamps in the game room and dance to the easy music of Frank Sinatra on the portable phonograph Joan had gotten for Christmas.

I'd tell you her full name, only I don't think it's fair. But her initials were J. C. She was pretty, yes. Not a knockout like some of these movie-star gals. Joan had glossy black hair with a soft curl at the end of it, a complexion like a June rosebud, bright blue eyes and a dimple that made me melt. But Joan's looks weren't what really mattered. She had a quality I liked. She was *agreeable*, always willing to let a fellow take the lead. She never cranked about anything I suggested we do on a date.

Well, we'd been seeing each other for about two months. I don't know if you'd call it going steady. I'd only kissed her once . . . on the way to the Dog House for hot dogs and milk shakes in Bill Snyder's beat-up Tin Lizzie. That night there had been two other couples besides us, and we'd just seen a flick at the drive-in. We were all hungry so we agreed to pass by the "kennel club," and suddenly, as we were riding along that dark country road, the couple next to us started kissing. I didn't know what to do so I leaned over and kissed Joan. But at that moment the Tin Lizzie went over a bump in the road and I knocked my head against hers and felt like a fool.

I was embarrassed to kiss her again. But we liked each other. We'd (*Continued on page 88*)

**"Tommy,
mom and
dad want
you to
come over
for
dinner"**

by TOMMY SANDS

as told to GEORGE CHRISTY

Edd Byrnes asks:

*why doesn't a fellow
ever get over his*

FIRST LOVE?



I sat in my bedroom, staring into space, listening to Vic Damone singing. For the hundredth time I lifted the arm on the phonograph and set the needle back to the beginning of the record.

*You're breaking my heart
'Cause you're leaving;
You've fallen for somebody new.
It isn't easy believing
You'd leave after all we've been thru . . .*

Every time I listened to those words, words that seemed to be written just for me, it was as if I were hearing them for the first time. When you're seventeen you can be hurt very easily—you kind of dramatize things all out of proportion. But at seventeen who's interested in logic?

I sat in my bedroom, hour after hour, not talking to anyone, just listening to that record, feeling lost inside, and thinking that what was happening to me must be a unique experience, something *(continued)*





*"I never meant to hurt you, Edd . . .
but I like him . . . and he likes me."*

FIRST LOVE continued

no one else in the whole world could understand, or share, or know anything about.

When I first started high school, girls weren't important in my life. I was at the age where going out for sports, being one of the guys, being liked by the group were the things that mattered most. I dated occasionally but it wasn't until I was seventeen that I first met her. After that I was less available for stag evenings, movies, less anxious for late basketball practice, less willing to spend all my free hours jumping up and down on a trampoline. I found out there was more to life than I had imagined!

Yet I was always especially interested in gymnastics. At the time I was taking a class twice weekly at New York's famous Turnverein Gym. Our teams entered athletic competitions with universities and schools like West Point. I went to classes on Tuesdays and Fridays. On Sundays both girls and boys used the gym facilities at the same time.

One of those Sundays I stood talking with a friend of mine in the gym. We'd just finished our workout on the bars. As we were about to head for the showers, a very lovely, dark-haired girl with an elfin-like figure came walking towards us. She moved so (Continued on page 84)

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shoe
with a lot
to Love

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CUTEX®

**“ I’ll wear Tab’s
friendship bracelet
forever ”**



by LUCKY KOCH



When we were shopping, Tab stopped and pointed to some candlesticks. “It’s my mother’s birthday,” he said. “Let’s go in.”



I didn't know till much later that Tab had a secret reason—my bracelet—for stopping.



Tab bought me an autograph hound, then he wrote on its ear: "I'm so sad. Please give me a good home. Tabaroo."

Hello, Lucky. That's a cute name. Is it your real one?" Tab said, looking down at me when we were introduced.

Ever since Photoplay called to tell me I had won a date with Tab, I wondered how it would be at the moment we met. Somehow it was easy. I found myself saying:

"Mom and Dad were so glad I turned out to be a girl, they called me Lucky. It's a lot better than Harriet Koch, don't you think?" We laughed and Tab said, "Well, from now on you're 'Tiny' to me." (Tab is six feet tall; I'm five-foot-one.)

"How'd you like to take me shopping for my mother?" he suggested. "It's her birthday today." I nodded "yes" and Tab said, "Fine. Let's go."

After we picked up the engraved silver candlesticks he'd chosen for her and Tab had called his mother in California, he (Continued on page 98)



My folks called for me at the Pierre. First thing I said was: "Look, Mom!"

Turn the page for Lucky's Simplicity wardrobe

Saying goodnight before Mom and Dad drove me home to Chatham, New Jersey, Tab said, "Write me soon, Tiny." Tiny's a nice nickname, but I think "Lucky" suits me even better than ever now.





LUCKY'S HAIRDO BY PIERRE-HENRI OF ANTOINE'S.



For my date with Tab, the fashion editor of Photoplay asked Simplicity Patterns to make a whole date wardrobe for me. My dinner dress was of flowered blue and green silk and had a matching sash. (Simplicity 2929)



I wore a white shirt under my black-and-white check wool jumper. (2657)



The striped cotton Tyrolean print has heart-shaped buttons. (2913)



I met Tab in my red corduroy car coat with big silver buttons. (2638)

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with just a breath of color



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"Look at me!" says Mitzi Gaynor. "See? I'm really a thinker." The 35 mm. camera shown with the title is the Kodak Pony IV.

HOW TO SHOOT YOURSELF AND LIKE IT!



Ever wonder how the stars see themselves? "Just the way everybody else sees me," Mitzi Gaynor told us, "only always from my best profile." We asked Jimmy Stewart, Roz Russell, Bill Holden and Audrey Hepburn the same question. "A picture's worth a thousand words," Bill said, "so why not let us show you? We'll shoot ourselves. Everybody in Hollywood is doing it." And here are the results. If you're ever in the mood to take your own picture, all you need is a camera. Just hold it out at arm's length and shoot. "Check your expression in a mirror first," advises Roz. "And try propping your elbows up on something," Bill adds, "so you won't get wavy outlines." "If your hand's not too steady, try a tripod," says Audrey Hepburn, "and click the shutter with a cable release. A tripod's handy, too, if you want a full-length shot." Why don't you try it?

More pictures on page 76



"Do I see myself as others see me?" asks Bill Holden. "Not really. I'm much harder on myself and more critical."



How to dress as if money were no object



*Mother's Coat, Style No. 2845
Daughters' Ensembles,
Style No. 2863*

No, the man of the family is not a tycoon. Yet, the clothes they are wearing will be as beautiful as any this Easter—thanks to the fun and ease of sewing with Simplicity Printed Patterns. Without being extravagant, your whole family can have more clothes, better clothes, in the latest fashions. You'll find them by the hundreds in this month's Simplicity Catalog on the pattern counter at your favorite store. Even if you haven't sewed in some time, you can expect beautiful results when you...

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SHOOT YOURSELF

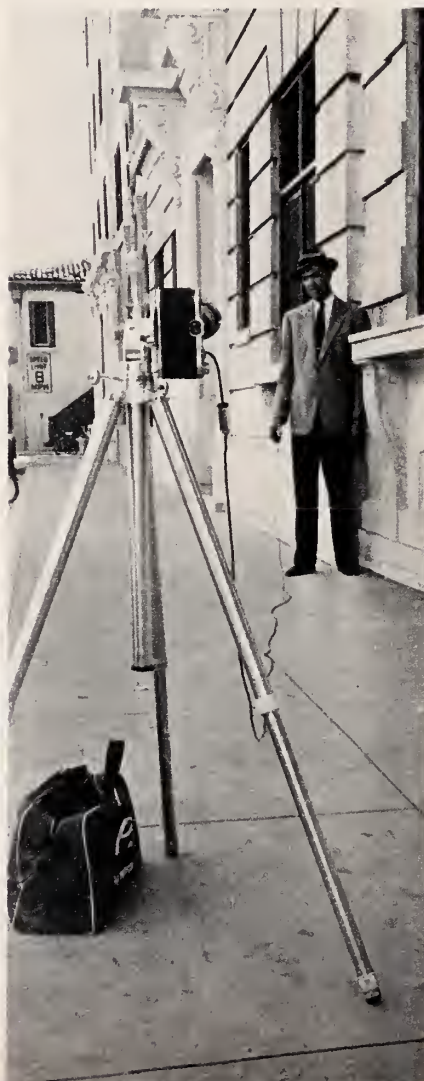
continued



"That's me in my Auntie Mame mood," laughs Roz, "but I have my downs, too."



"Why do I look puzz'ed," Jimmy Stewart asks, "even when I take the picture?"



"Everybody says I look like a gamin," says Audrey Hepburn. "Well, maybe, but are you sure a camera never lies?"

WAVES AND CURLS CAN NOW BE SHAMPOOED INTO YOUR HAIR!

THIS NEW PROTEIN WAVING SHAMPOO



CONDITIONS AND CURLS WHILE IT CLEANS!

LONG LASTING! GUARANTEES 'NATURAL' WAVES

FROM SHAMPOO TO SHAMPOO! NO MORE

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A BOY + A GIRL

Continued from page 63

lazily, thinking Norma looks cute when she puckers her forehead.

"I was thinking, Will, maybe all of acting is like looking for a four-leaf clover. I mean, maybe I should be thinking about a home and a family like other girls. Oh—I dunno. Maybe I'm just feeling like a little girl today."

He felt a sudden urge to to slip his arm protectively around her shoulder. "I never thought you cared about those things . . ."

"There are times when I do . . . others when I dream of being famous. And times like now when I feel lost, not really knowing which is best," she sighed.

He jerked his head in surprise. "Hey, you look cute like that. Real pretty."

"Oh—Will."

"No, I mean it."

"Thank you," she whispered shyly.

He gave her a peck on the cheek. "And you smell good, too—as good as a fresh breath of this spring air. Why have I never noticed it before?" he concluded flamboyantly.

She smiled softly at him.

"You hungry?" she asked at length.

"Ravenous."

"I kinda thought you might be." She started digging into her pockets. "So I brought along a couple of candy bars . . . the ones you like—with nuts."

"Thanks. Hey, what are you doing now?"

"Oooo . . . digging up the grass and replanting it, 'cause some of the blades are crooked."

"You're so funny. What were you like as a kid?"

"Oh, I was a very serious child," she announced, putting on a grave expression. I was determined to become a great actress. No time for such childish pastimes then." She thought for a moment. "Yet can you believe that I never did get to see a movie or a play until I was ten!"

Then Will said, "I guess I was just the opposite. What you might call a juvenile delinquent. Oh—I never got into trouble with the police, but I was pretty wild. Did crazy things like dropping stones on cars and spending afternoons racing up and down the halls of big hotels with other guys, just for the fun of it. But when the kids in junior high elected me class president," he finished, majestically, "I began to have responsibilities . . . so I had to live up to them."

"You like to lead, don't you, Will? And think of all the kids who look up to you now that you're Sugarfoot. My hero, too," she teased. "Say," she suddenly looked around. "I thought you were going to bring your guitar?"

"I don't seem to have time to practice any more. I'm kinda rusty, so I thought . . . maybe another time," he added hastily. "And you'll teach me?"

"If you're good," he joked.

"Oh—I'm always very good," she teased.

Will took a long look at Norma. She has lovely eyes . . . she's so natural . . . he thought warmly.

He was going to tell her, but instead chuckled, "You've a tiny leaf stuck right on the top of your head." He gently plucked it out. She shook her head. "No . . . just the one," he assured her.

Then suddenly they heard sounds of shrieking and laughter.

"Hey—what's up?" Will said, startled.

"The Indians are upon us!" laughed Norma. "To my rescue, Sugarfoot!"

Then from behind a tree appeared two small feet; then a tiny head which darted away again almost as soon as it appeared.

"Hands up!" screamed a voice.

Norma and Will looked at each other, giggled, sat up and put their arms in the

air. A boy, about nine years old, walked slowly up to them, as though measuring his steps.

He looked at Will. Then at Norma. Then back at Will. "I know you," he exclaimed. "You're a cowboy."

"Sugarfoot's the name," prompted Will.

"Really?" His eyes opened wide. "Say, are you really Sugarfoot?"

"That's me. In person."

The boy squealed, turned, and shouted at the trees. "Hey, you kids. Guess what I've found?"

Then, seemingly out of nowhere came one, two, three, then all at once a whole crowd of children.

"It's Sugarfoot. Really Sugarfoot," screamed the little boy.

"You look different on TV," decided one girl.

"Can you show us how to shoot—bang! bang!"

Then the first boy looked at Norma and asked, "You in Sugarfoot, too?"

"I was in one episode, but not usually," she told him.

"And that your scooter?" he asked them, pointing to the machine.

"That's right," Will said.

"Can I have a ride?" He had a mischievous look in his eye.

Will lifted himself from the ground and looked questioningly at Norma. She nodded her approval. "Okay, fella, hop up," he said.

The boy squealed with delight.

"What about you?" called Will, turning to Norma.

"Don't worry about me. I'll run along by the side," she said. Will grinned. That's nice of her, he thought.

" . . . just as far as the playground. It's only the other side of the trees," the boy was telling Will.

They were off down the road, the other children following, Pied Piper fashion. Two minutes later they had reached the playground.

The boy hopped off. "Thank you, Sugarfoot, sir," he said.

"And thank you," Will replied.

He looked around for Norma and noticed her talking to two small girls in one corner of the playground. He walked over.

"Will, I want you to meet Linda and Suzie."

"Hello," he said, kindly.

"What about us all going on the slide," Norma suggested. And silently Will thanked her a thousand times. He hadn't had a clue what to say to the girls.

They chased each other down the slide . . . and laughed as they ran in and out through the seesaws while each child vied for the chance to be nearest to Norma or Will.

"Say—this is great," screamed Norma.

"We should do it more often," shouted back Will. "Didn't know you were so much fun."

Norma laughed happily.

Then, a short while later, she leaned against the side of the slide, breathing heavily. "Will—I'm exhausted. I'm not as young as I used to be," she joked.

He came over to where she was standing. She looks just like a spaniel who's run all the way home, he thought. She's pretty and fun. He put an arm around her waist. "Shall we call it a day?" he said softly.

As they started back to the scooter, a little boy came running up. "Is she your pal?" he asked.

"A pal?" Will winked at Norma. "Maybe this morning, but not any more . . ."

THE END

SEE WILL AS "SUGARFOOT," OVER ABC-TV, ALTERNATE TUESDAYS, AT 7:30 P.M. EST. NORMA'S IN THE "TALES OF TEXAS JOHN SLAUGHTER" EPISODES OF "WALT DISNEY PRESENTS," FRIDAYS AT 8 P.M. EST, OVER ABC-TV.

HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 10

undresses. Husband Aaron Spelling wouldn't object to this if only he could teach Carolyn to remember to pull down the shades. . . . Nothing I see or hear about Jayne Mansfield amazes me. . . . I think Sandra Dee looks more like a younger edition of Lana Turner than Lana's own daughter Cheryl. Somebody must agree because Sandra plays Lana's daughter in U-I's "Imitation of Life." . . . Wouldn't it be a scream, as we used to say, if Pier Angeli pulled a Debbie Reynolds and came out with a hit record while her about-to-be ex-husband, Vic Damone, couldn't sing himself onto the hit parade? . . . To me Kim Novak looks better without all that makeup on. . . . Diane Varsi went into hiding last week and not only couldn't her studio find



What'll the neighbors think of Carolyn?

her, but she couldn't find herself. . . . I don't know of a more promising and sexier screen (movies or TV) bet than Barrie Chase, the dancing Brigitte Bardot. . . . I'm fascinated by Marlon Brando as a director. He directed a few scenes on a horse for his western, "One-Eyed Jacks," and was immediately dubbed "Megger on Horseback." . . . Will I ever see a movie in which Maria Schell doesn't smile? (Remember I only ask the questions.) . . . Burt Lancaster's acting price is now one million dollars a picture, and now Burt can't afford to hire himself as an actor for his own independent movie company. . . . During an interview, Arlene Dahl explained: "I have no beauty secrets. I don't do anything to be beautiful, except be myself." That's Hollywood For You.

INGER STEVENS

Continued from page 53

and occasional columned hotel residences. Tebet asked handyman Joseph DiSantis if he'd seen Inger over the weekend.

DiSantis told him he hadn't.

"I'm . . . I'm afraid something's wrong," Tebet told DiSantis nervously. "Would you mind going over and ringing her bell?"

DiSantis said he was in the midst of sitting down to dinner with his wife and two daughters.

"Please," Tebet begged. "I'm terribly worried. And if she doesn't answer I want you to use your passkey to see if anything's happened. I can't figure out why she's not answering the phone."

DiSantis, a husky fellow, grey-eyed, with curly brown hair and a mole on his cheek, changed from his comfortable house-slippers into his shoes and walked next door to Inger's apartment building with its white paneled doorway. He rang the downstairs buzzer. No answer. He let himself into the mirrored lobby with the large-lettered Happy New Year's greeting sprayed all over the looking glass.

Upstairs DiSantis saw a cardboard tag from Western Union hanging on the brass doorknob of Inger's apartment. Under her door the Western Union messenger had slipped a telegram, and a corner of the yellow envelope stuck out from the carpeted floor.

DiSantis rang Inger's bell. No answer. He knocked. No answer. He banged against the hard wood of the door. No answer.

Should he or shouldn't he intrude on Inger's privacy?

Shouting "Miss Stevens . . . Miss Stevens . . . Miss Stevens" at the top of his lungs, he banged against the door. Still no answer.

He took his aluminum ring of master keys from his back pocket and entered her apartment.

She was home. All the lights were on.

He called her name again. There was no reply. In the foyer there was a clutter of cardboard cartons and wooden crates, all of which had arrived yesterday from Hollywood with Inger's furniture and knick-knacks. Many of them were unopened. The new apartment, decorated in soft tones of beige with white accents, was littered with Inger's unpacking.

Off the hallway, the bedroom door was slightly ajar.

DiSantis heard a slow, heavy breathing, as if someone were suffocating.

Calling her name loudly once more, he waited a minute before throwing open her bedroom door.

There she was, flung across her double bed with the gleaming brass headboard, her blonde hair matted and wrinkled, a thin pink nightgown twisted around her. At the side of the bed her slender legs dangled limply.

Stunned, DiSantis ran toward her. Her cheeks were black and blue. His first reaction was: *She's been beaten*. Looking closely at her gasping face he saw the dark marks were tear-traced streaks of mascara and eyeshadow.

Suddenly, in that next instant, DiSantis heard a quick rattling noise. He rushed toward the bedroom doorway to see if someone were hiding in the living room.

Slowly, cautiously, he walked into the front room and stood with his back to the fireplace, waiting for the person to emerge. But, in a moment, when he heard the rattle again it was the clatter of the Venetian blinds knocking together from the cold night winds.

He tiptoed, on guard, through Inger's apartment for a check but found no one.

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Inger's breathing was growing shorter, and he went to pick up the telephone. But he decided against it, thinking there may be fingerprints on it . . .

DiSantis locked Inger's apartment, ran next door to his own and dialed police headquarters for help.

"There's been an accident," he said. "A young girl who's just moved in here. Her breathing, it's all choked up, and her life . . . her life, it's in danger . . ."

He hung up, dialed her friend, David Tebet, who taxied downtown immediately from his East 55th Street residence.

The mystery of Inger Stevens had only begun.

Patrolmen John Weigel and Raymond Beyrer of the 13th Precinct were the first to respond to the emergency call over the radios in the police prowler cars. The patrolmen administered oxygen to the lifeless Inger lying on her new double bed, and summoned emergency service cops.

Inger, gagging for air, was carried out on a stretcher to the ambulance that rushed her, siren-sounding, to Columbus Hospital where doctors reported she had only a 50-50 chance to live. Apparently she had swallowed a "caustic"—possibly cleaning fluid. Her stomach was pumped immediately. It would be a matter of days to see if she would pull through.

With each new morning of Inger's battle with death, the rumors were rampant between the East and West Coasts.

One Hollywood writer reported in her syndicated newspaper column, ". . . The rumored suicide attempt of Inger Stevens was a shock. . . . All of us who know and like her are very sorry she was so unhappy and despondent. The reason given for her state of mind is a romance with a well-known actor. If Inger recovers, she is so young, so pretty, and with so much to live for, she should forget about all this unhappiness. Her friends are ready to help her . . ."

Over at the Paramount lot in Hollywood, James Stevens, a studio executive, soberly reflected on Inger's mystery. "What plagued her? I don't know. What torments Inger? I doubt if 'torment' is the right word. Maybe 'moody' is a word that suits her more.

"She was fond of Bing Crosby. He gave her a big boost on her way to stardom when she played opposite him in 'Man on Fire.' Inger tends to prefer older men. She finds them intellectually charming, and I'm sure this is due to the influence of her father who's a professor. She's grown up in the atmosphere of education and learning.

"Were she and Bing in love? I don't know. I do know that many of their friends—or perhaps I should say many of his friends—seemed to think it would have been a very good thing if it had worked out, if they had gotten married. Many people thought Bing and Inger were ideally suited. They seemed very much in love.

"You know her name was also linked with Tony Quinn in a romantic way while he directed her in 'The Buccaneer.' But I honestly believe this was nothing more than a teaching relationship. Inger wanted to learn all that she could from him.

"Inger's often said she didn't have time for romance, that she liked to work more than anything else. When she left the studio, she went home to her own very private world. She took a house up in the Hollywood hills and had the doorbell removed. There was no telephone. Inger just couldn't stand telephones."

Inger's ex-husband, Anthony Soglio, an actors' agent in New York, to whom Inger was married for six months, said, "Inger called me recently for a luncheon date, and she had to be pretty lonely to call me. We often used to discuss her unhappiness dur-

ing our marriage. It isn't a recent thing with her. We often tried to work out those things that would make her a complete, happy person. Professionally, of course, she had nothing to be unhappy about because her career was going very well."

David Tebet, whose anxiety and concern over Inger's telephone silence saved her life during that near-fatal weekend, commented, "Inger was sorry she couldn't spend the holidays with her family. I've known Inger five or six months, and she was delightful. She wasn't sad. She enchanted everyone she met with her honesty.

"I've heard it wasn't a caustic she took. The hospital tests showed she swallowed barbiturates.

"True, she was exhausted from her cross-country tour in behalf of 'The Buccaneer.' She made personal appearances in sixteen cities all in eighteen days. She came back just in time for Christmas, and she wished she'd had a little more time to do her shopping."

George Firth, an actor friend of Inger's with whom she met on the Friday afternoon before her accident to discuss a scene they planned to work on at the Actors Studio Workshop, confided, "Everyone's so busy making hasty judgments about Inger, and all I can say is that there's an old Indian proverb which goes 'You can't really judge a man unless you spend a day walking in his shoes.'

"Inger was not happy with Hollywood. She didn't want to be a film beauty. She wanted to prove herself as a New York actress on the Broadway stage.

"Inger's a lonely girl. I saw her one night at an off-Broadway theater, the Cherry Lane in Greenwich Village, and she was with a group of much older people. Then I heard she spent New Year's Eve with older folks, and all I kept thinking was 'Dear Inger, she's a Cinderella without a Prince Charming . . .'"

Over at 24 Gramercy Park, Joseph DiSantis, the handyman, reported, "Some of the newspapers are hinting Miss Stevens took ammonia. The police found an ammonia bottle in her apartment that was half-empty. Now all that ammonia talk is

a lot of hokey. Everyone keeps a bottle of ammonia under their sink. If she'd taken the ammonia the apartment would have reeked from it, and I never smelled any odor. Anyhow the ammonia bottle was tightly capped. And it was in the bathroom, not in her bedroom.

"There weren't any bottles in her bedroom, and the police couldn't find any suicide notes. Sure, I've been criticized by some of the tenants for breaking into Miss Stevens' apartment. But I had orders from Mr. Tebet. I knew he was her friend. I'd done favors for him and Miss Stevens before. When she was in Hollywood he told me where to have her telephones installed.

"All I know is if I hadn't gone in, she'd have been dead by morning . . ."

The Columbus Hospital at 227 East 19th Street where Inger was hospitalized was founded by Saint Frances Xavier Cabrini in 1891, and is now staffed by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. In the dim light of a cloudy January afternoon the silver letters on the marquee of the tall greystone structure looked cold and steely like knifeblades.

Inside, the warm hospital was scrubbed and immaculate. White dime-store Christmas trees, leftovers from the holidays, decorated the four corners of the lobby.

Mother Mary, in a flowing black habit and tight round bonnet tied with a pleated bow under her chin, told me visitors were not allowed to see Miss Stevens. Only her doctor, the psychiatrist, could grant permission. So far, the only visitors permitted to see her were Inger's younger brother, Carl Stensland, a student at Columbia University, and David Tebet, her friend.

Had Inger seen a priest?

"We never ask a person's faith," Mother Mary told me, fingering the silver crucifix on the front of her habit. But one of the secretaries in the hospital's administration office told me Inger was not a Catholic.

Before I left the hospital I passed the Chapel at the end of the corridor. Two nursing Sisters in their neat white habits knelt between the oak pews in prayer, and a scent of burning candlewax hung heavy in the air. The painted plaster figure of Jesus blessed the congregation from the wall behind the lace-covered marble altar; and to the left of the altar a shrine to Saint Frances Xavier Cabrini flickered with moving shadows from the candleflames of the red vigil lights.

Here was peace and prayer. Upstairs, on the sixth floor, Inger was lying in her buff-walled hospital room, recalling what thoughts, what anguish . . . ?

Leaving the hospital, next stop was the 13th Precinct on East 22nd Street where the patrolmen, in their brass-buttoned navy blue uniforms, were marching out of the rundown precinct building, two by two, holding their wooden billy sticks at their sides.

The shift was changing; it was four o'clock.

The handsome blond sergeant at the first-floor desk directed inquiries to the Detective Squad on the second floor where a deep-voiced detective, his blue eyes baggy and tired from overwork, said: "Yes, I saw Miss Stevens on Tuesday, but she was unconscious, and now her doctor *refuses* to permit me to see her. He says we might excite her and cause a relapse of some sort.

"So far, our investigation shows a crime was not committed. No, suicide isn't a crime. Since Miss Stevens hasn't told us her story, we can't say it's a suicide.

"One of our jobs is to notify the next-of-kin, and we have. The doctors are certain she's all right now, and she's past the crisis. Check with me later in the week, and I'll let you know if I've seen her."

A check was regularly made with the hard-working Detective all week long.



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Meanwhile, bits and pieces from Inger's past were recalled by her friends . . .

When Inger and her younger brother, Ola, came to America, she was ten years old. Their father, a scholar working on his thesis at Cape Cod, couldn't meet them and when their boat docked in New Orleans, her father wasn't there; Inger never forgot her fear of being stranded, unwanted. She wore a tag around her neck with her name on it. She hated the tag because people pointed at it. It told everyone she was a foreigner, so she pushed it down inside her dress. She and her brother were put on the train for New York by a Salvation Army officer, and Inger was terrified of the passengers discovering she didn't know any English. In her child's handbag were twenty-five cards bearing the English and Swedish words to cover Ola's and her basic needs—"Hungry," "Water," "Bathroom." But Inger refused to use them for fear people would think she was "odd." She bought a ten-cent American magazine, pretending to read it while she was traveling so everyone would think she was English, and she clutched on to the magazine for days, even after she got off the train. Even today, she frequently mentions this experience.

In New York, Inger grew dizzy from its hugeness. "It was like a city of revolving doors," she told friends. "I just couldn't get used to switchblade knives and big purple skirts and thick smears of lipstick. It was so difficult adjusting to people. Anyhow, my English was broken, and I was ashamed of it. That's why I guess I never had a close girlfriend. Besides I had so many chores to do. My stepmother was a teacher, too, so she had to leave the house early every morning with my father. The two of them would go off to school, and we had to fend for ourselves."

One day, in her early teens, Inger met a policeman at a school crossing who looked down at her and said, "You!" and he laughed. "You're a foreigner!"

"How . . . how can you tell?" Inger asked, on the verge of tears.

"Look," he pointed. "Look at your shoes. You have *square* toes."

Inger ran all the way home, crying hysterically. Her stepmother (her mother and father had divorced) told her there was nothing wrong with her shoes. But, from then on, Inger despised them and she walked extra blocks every day to try to wear them out.

When Inger's dad, Mr. Stensland, changed teaching positions, the family moved to Manhattan, Kansas, where Inger had to try to make new friends all over again. A step-sister, Lucy, was born, and Inger's chores at home increased to such an extent she had to turn down a chance to play a leading role in the high school operetta.

With her high-schooling behind her, Inger came back to New York with \$39.50 in her purse. She was going to be an actress, but she took odd jobs as a movie usherette, garment center model, Latin Quarter chorus girl to support herself. Soon she met, married, separated from and divorced Tony Soglio. But all the time, Inger studied and hoped she would someday reach her goal of being an important actress.

Hollywood discovered her, Inger was constantly on the go between California and New York. Finally, in December, Inger had, in her own words, "come back home to live again in New York." Returning from her Hollywood success, she rented a \$250 a month unfurnished apartment where she was going to "grow and have a comfortable life, maybe even learn to make blueberry soup which I loved when I was a girl in Sweden," Inger told friends. Then

she added, "I've never ever had a real home of my own. Now, I can afford to have it."

Her home was the four-room Gramercy Park apartment, four rooms all to herself in crowded but lonely New York, four rooms with no one to turn to in a moment of despair . . .

The following week, the Detective assigned to Inger's case at the 13th Precinct said he hadn't been able to see Inger. The doctor refused him entry into her hospital room.

"We can't keep beating our heads against the wall," the Detective said. "We hear she's improving which is good news. I've tried to reach her doctor by phone, but I'm not able to get through to him."

Inger's psychiatrist, Dr. Saul Heller, was reached by telephone at his East 61st Street office, but his sharp-voiced receptionist refused to put the call through to him.

"Her fans are interested in knowing how she is," she was told.

The receptionist spoke so quickly her words were unintelligible. Then she clicked the telephone.

Inger's mysterious brush with death can only be unraveled by Inger.

Perhaps the next few months will tell.

Or perhaps . . . we will never know.

Perhaps all Inger's fans can do is to quiet their questions and to try to understand that a young girl's heart can break . . . so very easily. Perhaps all her friends can do is to fill Inger's four rooms with new memories happier than those that propelled her so close to tragedy. Perhaps all anyone can do is to give Inger someone to turn to. Perhaps that's all . . . and everything.

THE END

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*Patent #2,644,945

JOAN CRAWFORD

Continued from page 58

she said. "Fingermarks show up so easily on the white." She smiled at me again and I was melting like the snow outside when I noticed three men sitting on a white-carpeted suspended staircase.

"Oh, I see," I said weakly, and I walked—on tip-toe—to join the triumvirate who were de-shoeing themselves. The man on the lowest step moved over to make room for me.

"Hi," he said. "Did Joan tell you you could take your socks off, too, if you wanted? Look at her, she's absolutely barefoot!"

I looked. She was. Joan was wearing a scooped neck black dinner dress with its waistline marked with a gossamer scarf whose long ends billowed and trailed after her. Her chunky gold bracelets and necklaces jingled as she walked barefoot over the soft, deep-piled white carpet. She's magnificent, I thought. What other woman could manage to look so beautiful and elegant and, yes, statuesque without the help of a pair of high heels?

I parked my shoes—I'd left on my socks—in the hallway, next to a pair of pointed-toed, red-silk slippers. Then, enjoying the tickling sensation of the white carpet on my arches, I entered the living room. Al took my elbow and I staggered after Joan's smile and that's how we somehow circled the room and got me introduced to the other guests. There were fourteen of us who'd been invited and most of the men seemed to be important business executives, like Al himself.

And what a room! Brilliant white with a flowering dogwood tree that made me think I was in California.

"Does it really remind you of California?" Joan asked. "Good, then it's a success. Even though we're on the thirteenth floor of a New York apartment building, I wanted the light, open feeling of California."

The sofa, upholstered in a bright, sun-yellow silk, must have been at least fourteen feet long and one wall of the living room was completely mirrored. The room looked double its size, and it was enormous to begin with. Sixteen people pattering barefoot over that incredible white rug hardly filled it at all.

"Now," Joan said, "what will you have to drink?"

"Oh," I stumbled, a bit awed and flustered, "anything will do."

"But darling," she explained, "you can have anything your heart desires."

"Scotch and soda," I murmured, "if it's not too much trouble." Joan smiled her marvelous smile, and with her wide sash trailing after her like a cloud, she seemed to float towards the small cubicle off the living room, where I could still see her mixing my drink at a sideboard.

I was looking around for Joan's Oscar when her adopted daughter, Christina, came downstairs. Joan poked her head around the alcove. "Everybody," she called out, "I want you to meet my Tina." Then she laughed. "Al, would you do the more formal honors?"

As nineteen-year-old Tina took Al's arm, she was beaming with a smile very like Joan's. I'd followed her poodle-like haircut halfway around the room when Joan returned and handed me my drink in a tall crystal glass.

Then she walked toward the center of the room and with great style sat majestically down on the white pouf. Just watching Joan sit can be an experience.

She pauses for a moment, holding herself very stiff, glances at everyone to see that all's well, then slowly—then so slowly you can hear the seconds ticking—she lowers herself into the seat.

Joan's airy sash fell over the rear of the pouf and onto the floor. Then, with a nonchalant flip of her head, Joan said, "Al's taking me off to Texas for the next weekend. Or maybe I should say, I don't like him going alone so I'm going with him!" While my friend from the staircase was busy laughing, I out-manuevered him for a seat near Joan.

"It'll be good for her," Al was saying. "She's been working so hard. The other night," Al went on, "we were up till three in the morning because Joan just wouldn't settle for less than perfection. She had a bunch of writers up here, going over the TV scripts with them, helping them decide what scenes needed changing, what dialogue wouldn't play. And they couldn't believe it. They told me when they left they never had any actress ever take the time to work with them like that!"

"Al—really!" Joan laughed.

"Say, Al," one of the guests said, "I'll bet that's why you told me you were sort of tired at lunch the next day. Joan, I'll bet he stayed up every last minute with you."

"He sure did," Joan answered. "And he loved it!" She took a sip from her long glass of vodka-on-the-rocks. "You know, if I ever felt my work was getting in the way of my marriage, believe me it would go right out the win'ow." She smiled over at her husband. "I love Hollywood, but I love my husband more! Luckily, Al gets fun out of being part of show business, too."

Joan got up again and walked over to us, pointing to the long walnut coffee tables where there were tempting platters of hors d'oeuvres.

There was a quiet pause while we sampled the different hors d'oeuvres. Then we all heard Tina's voice explaining to one of the guests about the difficulties of show-business today and how hard it is for a young person to get a lucky break. Tina was saying how she had performed at an off-Broadway theater which was actually no more than an old rundown Slavic meeting hall, and had been happy to get the experience.

"It's so discouraging," Tina said sadly. "You make the rounds of producers' offices and casting agents and everyone says, 'Don't call us. We'll call you!' And then

they never do. It's such a struggle to get a part, even a small one. Everyone says it's worse now than it's ever been."

Then Joan teased, "We had to struggle too, the older generation, I mean. We even used to go without eating." The bantering note had gone out of Joan's voice and she went on thoughtfully. "When I was in my teens I left Kansas City for Chicago, all alone, to look for a job as a chorus girl. I went to a producer's office and it was full of pretty girls, all slim and terribly chic. And there I was, chubby, scared and not pretty at all, watching the pretty girls file into the producer's inner sanctum, one by one. I got panicky. I didn't have any money. What was I going to do? If he saw all those lovely girls first, I'd never get to first base."

"I had to think quickly. When you need money your mind really thinks! I mustered up all my nerve and rushed to his door, opened it wide, ran inside and knocked over a chorus girl who was auditioning for him. I didn't even bother to introduce myself. All I said breathlessly was, 'I'm not tall and I'm not pretty but I have to have a job!'"

"What happened?" I asked.

"Some sweet woman—the only other plumpish woman in the place—came over to me. Later I found out she was his wife. And she said, 'Come on, honey, cry it out! Don't be ashamed. I'll bet you haven't had a decent meal in days!'"

They took her out to dinner, Joan told us, and then gave her a night-club job where she sang and danced.

"When I worked those night clubs, I weighed a hundred and forty-five pounds! Baby-fat, all of it. Then I went to New York and starved myself. And you know," Joan laughed, "you might think it's easy to diet when you're broke and looking for a job. But it isn't. Spaghetti, after all, is so filling, and so much cheaper than steak. But I remember Jack Oakie and I would ride up Riverside Drive in a bus or stroll along Fifth Avenue window-shopping, dreaming of paychecks, dreaming of the day when we'd be polished performers. We knew we'd have to fight for it and we were willing."

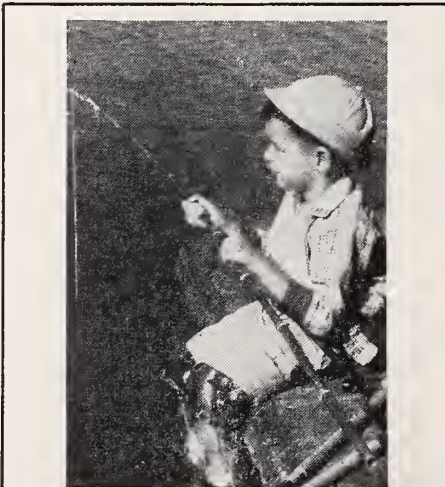
"I'm willing to fight, too," Tina said.

"I know you are," Joan smiled at her, "but then I keep getting the feeling that nobody's willing to fight enough today," Joan sighed. "Everybody wants a shortcut, and I'm afraid there aren't any, honey. Most of those kids in the movies now—they're here today, gone tomorrow. Nobody stays up on top like the old days. Nobody wants to fight!"

We listened to her, all of us hypnotized by Joan's throaty voice. I looked at her. This was a star—that magic quality was in the way she looked, the way she held herself, the way she spoke. Yet I couldn't help thinking about Joan's life and what she'd said about fighting and struggling. Joan had struggled. It had been no overnight success that brought Joan to the top. It had been a hard climb and I remembered, too, the terrifying words "box-office poison" that had been pinned on her and that had forced her to begin the climb all over again. I looked at the way Joan held her head, straight and high, and I thought that that sort of courage was something to be proud of.

I looked around the room again, but I still couldn't find the Oscar Joan had won—in 1946. Well, she must have some very special place for it, I thought, remembering the stories I'd heard of how she treasured it almost above everything else.

I knew the stories must be true, for Joan had fought so hard to get there, to win all the things the Oscar stood for. It must have been awful for her, I thought, to



I am Philip Little, the 1959 National Easter Seal Child. I am switching from fishing to campaigning—to make sure that all crippled children will continue to get help through Easter Seals.

have gotten sick just the night of the awards . . . so sick that her doctor had to come and sit by her bed to make sure she wouldn't try to somehow get to the theater and . . .

A new voice cut through my thoughts and I looked up to hear a brunette woman whose red dress matched the shoes next to mine saying, "Joan, I'm just dying to see the rest of the apartment. Could we have a tour?"

"Oh, I love showing people through the place," Joan said. "Maybe, though, the men wouldn't be too interested. I guess we can leave them here with Al."

"Hey, no fair," I said.

"Well, I'd like to have you along," Joan said. "I just didn't think you . . . All the men who want to come are welcome." Then, when all fourteen of her guests stood up and started to follow her into the dining room, Joan laughed, half with surprise, I guess, and half with pleasure.

"We used to have eighteen rooms, all rather small," Joan explained, "so we remodeled the place into eight large, sunny ones."

"What an unusual table!" one of the guests exclaimed, running her hand over the inlaid gold and silver discs of the first diamond-shaped table I'd ever seen.

We moved on to her kitchen which was immaculate. It could have served as an operating room in a pinch. In a corner, one of Joan's French poodles waited for her to call him. "Here, Masterpiece," she called and he bounded over to her to have his ears scratched playfully. When Joan told him to sit, he obeyed her instantly.

Then she led us through the hallway to her writing corner with its carved desk and chair. A sheet of her silver-monogrammed letter paper was centered on the white desk pad.

Upstairs, she took us into her bedroom

which is the most feminine room I've ever seen in my life: all pink and white with one wall covered with soft drapes. "That's my garden," Joan laughed, pointing to a collection of tall rubbery plants in the far corner.

"Oh," she said excitedly, "I must show you the bed!"

And with a wonderful carefree abandonment, Joan stretched out on the pink bedspread. Leaning over to one side, she turned a knob, and the head of the bed noiselessly rose to a forty-five degree angle, the way hospital beds do. Then she fiddled with another knob and the lower part of the bed rose to a sharp angle. Now both Joan and the bed were in a V-position.

She's a good sport, too, I thought, as we stood watching, and laughing as she jerked back and forth.

Toying with the knobs, Joan returned the bed to its normal position. "I want you all to see my view," she said. "It's my California in New York."

Joan walked toward the curtained wall, paused for a long moment to heighten the dramatic effect, then parted the curtains in the middle with one hand and whispered, "Look!"

Outside, the snow sparkled in the air; millions of jewel-like snowflakes glittered all over Fifth Avenue and Central Park—probably the last snowfall of the season. The island of Manhattan, with its own island of park at its heart, lay spread out before us.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" she whispered.

We stood there, all of us, watching quietly, and, for the first time that evening, I realized Joan was just one of us, a simple human being awed by the beauty before her.

"What about coffee?" Joan asked, breaking the spell. We nodded and she led the

way back to the living room, then glided out towards the kitchen.

It was Al's turn to take the stage. "She's a wonderful woman," he said. "You've no idea what she does for people . . . and she'll never talk about it. She probably wouldn't like my telling even you, but did you know she's been financing eight beds in the Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital for more than twenty years? They're for show people who aren't able to pay their own way. Well, one day, when she went down on a visit and found a plaque had been put up commemorating her generosity, she ordered it to be pulled down immediately.

"She looks after the beds with her own doctor who takes personal care of the patients."

Soon we had our coffee and not long after that it was time to leave. Then I found myself back in the hallway and almost couldn't find my own plain black shoes. The red-silk landmark I'd parked them next to had already departed.

It had been a most unusual evening. As I left I thanked Joan and Al, shook hands with the few guests who were still putting the final knots to their shoelaces and walked down the hall to the elevator. I was practically the last to go.

Just as the elevator man swung the doors open I overheard Joan's dramatic voice saying, "Oh, Al, look! Someone's left fingerprints on my lovely white wall."

"I wonder who could have put them there," I heard Al say just before the door shut.

Everyone in the elevator had heard and somehow I felt they were all looking at me. Gosh, I thought, did I do it? Am I the one who put the fingerprints on Joan Crawford's wall? I stuffed my hands into my coat pockets and hoped hard that it wasn't.

THE END

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FIRST LOVE

Continued from page 68

gracefully, and was so poised that I got the impression she must be a dancer, or maybe a model. She was wearing a black leotard that really showed off her figure. And she had the most striking big brown eyes. I wondered how come I hadn't noticed her before. My friend put his arm around her and I thought to myself, so that's *his* girl. Then he said, "Edd, have you met my sister?"

"No, I haven't," I gulped.

He introduced us and we talked for a while. She told me she was studying ballet. Before we said goodbye that afternoon I'd asked her for a date and she'd accepted.

I left the gym and practically trotted all the way home. I kept whistling and couldn't help noticing that the late evening sunset seemed much more vibrant. During the next three days I looked for things to occupy my time so that Wednesday, the night of our first date, wouldn't seem so far off.

Wednesday finally came. I remember pulling up in front of her house in my beat-up '37 Ford. It may have seemed beat-up to everyone else, but to me no limousine was as beautiful.

I took her to Loew's 86th Street, and we sat in the balcony. During the second picture I got up enough courage to hold her hand.

After that first date we began seeing each other regularly, as much as three or four times a week and twice on Sundays when we'd meet at the gym and then go out afterwards. We never went to any spectacular places on our dates, just to movie shows, with a stop at the Orange Room afterward for something to eat—the Orange Room, that's a term of endearment we New Yorkers have for Nedicks' Hot Dog Stand.

Sometimes I'd go over to her house and we'd dance and listen to records, or we'd take long drives and usually wind up in the Bronx near the Cloisters, a popular parking spot. We'd sit and talk for hours and listen to music on the car radio and hold hands. We never talked much about the future. We were young, and the future seemed like a long way off.

We lived eight blocks away from each other and her house soon became a second home to me.

Eight-and-a-half months later, at the end of that year, I realized that for the first time in my life, December 31st had a special meaning. We were going to celebrate New Year's Eve together—our first.

When I picked her up that night she looked more beautiful than ever. She was dressed in a formal, with all sorts of sparkling things over her dress. On her wrist was a rhinestone bracelet and around her neck she wore a matching strand of shining stones. I'd given them to her for Christmas. She looked like a dream. I felt wonderful.

It was pretty mobbed by the time we got to the party. Soon we got separated in a crowd. I kept looking around for her. Then I saw her. She was standing in a corner talking to another guy. I went over; and when I'd reached her side I put my arm around her as if to say, "Hands off, buddy, she's mine!" She looked up at me and said softly, "Can we go outside and get a little air? It's so stuffy in here."

We walked through the crowd and out-doors to the front of the house. It was cold, snowing lightly and she had forgotten to take her wrap. She was

shivering and I wasn't feeling any too warm myself. Suddenly she looked up at me and said, "Did you recognize that boy I was talking to?"

I nodded my head in a yes. All the guys knew him. He was already out of school, older than the rest of the crowd. He was a dancer and an actor. He had the only new convertible in the crowd and also his own apartment which I guess made him seem as though he were from a different planet.

"Edd," she went on, "I don't know exactly how to tell you . . . I don't know what to say . . . but . . ." She didn't seem to want to look at me. She put her head down and said, "I like him . . . he feels the same way about me . . . I don't even know how it happened . . . I'm awfully sorry. Honestly, I am. I don't mean to hurt you."

She went on talking, trying to make me feel better, asking questions, saying words, but I just stood there, looking at her. I knew I should say something.

The only words that finally did come out were, "Honey, I understand. This thing is all new and I guess fascinating to you. You've just met him. But it's only a matter of time—we'll be back together again."

She sort of smiled and said, "Let's go back inside; it's cold."

I took her hand and we walked up the steps and back into the house. It was a quarter to twelve and all I could think of was how to get away, how to get out of there fast. I tried not to let her know. In the end I just walked her over to where he was standing, said goodnight and left—alone.

It was getting close to midnight when I started across the street towards the 59th Street entrance to Central Park. As I stepped off the curb, I noticed a man coming toward me. He was playing "Auld Lang Syne" on an accordion that he had strapped across his chest. Hanging from one of the shoulder straps was a tin cup. I dug into my pocket, found a coin and tossed it in. "Thanks son—Happy New Year," he called out. I must have been the only one to give him anything that night because my coin made a very lonely thud as it hit the bottom of the cup. It sounded like I felt—hollow and alone.

There's something pretty special about the holiday season in New York. All the millions of neon bulbs seem extra bright; there are glittering Christmas ornaments everywhere; the snow glistens and everything looks peaceful and beautiful. At least it always had before. That night as I walked along, it was the most beautiful and yet the most ugly sight I'd ever seen.

I just kept on walking. I knew when twelve o'clock came because from somewhere the stillness of the night was sud-

denly shattered by the blast of horns. I could hear shouts and screaming and fragments of words and laughter all mixed up . . . "Happy . . . New . . . Year . . . Whoopee . . ." I kept on walking. I passed a few couples, arm in arm, walking huddled together, sheltering each other from the cold. They didn't see me, but I saw them; all of them had the one thing I didn't—someone to be with on this last night of the year.

I kept going slowly until I found myself in the mid-Sixties. I knew where I was because I saw the zoo up ahead; that's in the park around 64th Street. I walked over and looked through the steel bars into the cages. They were deserted. Even the animals were inside, warm, together with other animals. We'd come here a few times, my girl and I. We'd had fun watching the monkeys acting like little furry people and looking at the lions, tigers and other exotic creatures from far off lands. Now the zoo was deserted and my girl was blocks away celebrating the New Year with another guy, the celebrity in the crowd—a professional already, working at the Roxy Theater in some big production. He made a lot of money—any money seemed a lot of money to someone like me, still in school, dependent on a family allowance and any change I could pick up doing odd jobs after classes.

I passed the skate house where we'd rented ice skates for a spin around the lake; the same shack where you rent rowboats in the summer to go for a ride on the same lake. Soon I was at the Seventy-Sixth Street exit. I'd walked seventeen blocks. It was three in the morning, and I'd been walking for hours. I left the park, walked two blocks to 78th Street and finally arrived home. I opened the front door quietly. I didn't want anybody to hear me. I couldn't stand the thought of talking to my folks or my older brother or kid sister. I wanted to be alone.

I went to my room and as I sat on my bed thinking it all over, something inside of me seemed to snap. She wanted glamor, she wanted an actor. Well, if that's what she wanted, why couldn't she wait? That's what I was going to be! I sat on the edge of my bed thinking how it would be. I'd go to Hollywood and become a star overnight. I'd buy a black convertible, twice as big as *his*. I'd get myself a smart wardrobe and come back to New York. Then I'd sweep her off her feet. I'd call her and say hello and she'd come running over to see me. I'd suggest we take a walk and we'd go down Broadway. I'd be very nonchalant as she held my hand and shouted, "Oh, look, Edd! Your name! It's up in lights a mile high." And I'd just smile and say nothing . . .

One thing my folks had given me for Christmas was a phonograph. The day after New Year's I went to Goody's, a big record shop in New York, and bought my first record. It was Vic Damone's "You're Breaking My Heart." And I kept playing it over and over and over.

Those first few weeks, I'd make up excuses to take the long way home. I'd walk past her house on 86th Street and look in and see if I could see her. If the house was dark I was sure she was out somewhere, some place very expensive, with *him*. She probably thought my '37 Ford was a rattletrap compared to his new car. I was sure he took her places other than a movie or a free band concert, or to the zoo which costs nothing except the price of what you buy to eat. On Sundays if I knew she was going to the gym I'd get there late and work on the opposite side of the room so I wouldn't bump into her. But mostly she stopped coming on Sundays

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—I supposed she was too busy going out on the town.

Every moment of every day I kept thinking more and more about becoming an actor—becoming a star. I started buying movie magazines, reading them from cover to cover, particularly stories on Hollywood's leading young men. I kept reading, hoping to find a clue on how you go about getting somewhere in Hollywood. My folks weren't exactly pleased. They wanted me to go to college and take a pre-med course and follow through and get my M.D. degree. No use putting it off, I thought, I might as well tell them now. My parents tried to discourage me by stopping my allowance in the hopes that I'd snap out of the haze I was in.

But nothing was going to stop me. If my folks didn't give me money, I'd earn some. I took a series of odd jobs, before and after school, driving an ice truck, delivering magazines. I took anything that could pay some money. With my first salary check I rented a tape recorder. I sat in my bedroom for hours at a time reading into it, reading scenes from plays I'd checked out of the library. Then I'd play it back and listen to myself doing the same scene over and over again. I tried to be my own teacher.

Four months passed. Then one night in April while I was in my room reading, the telephone rang. I said "Hello," and heard a feminine voice on the other end say, "Edd? Is that you, Edd?"

I knew exactly who it was. I'd dreamed for months of this moment. When she'd call I'd be so happy and we'd get back together. I'd show her that I could be twice as successful as that other guy . . . and that's the way I thought I'd feel until I heard her voice.

"How've you been?" I said, casually.

"Fine . . . I . . . Edd, that boy . . . well, it was just a passing fancy and . . . I—I'd like to see you . . . I'd like very much to see you . . ."

I swallowed hard and then said, "I guess I should be glad that things didn't work out with him . . . but I'm not . . . I'm sorry . . . because, well . . ." and I paused, "well, because I think it would be better if we didn't see each other again." There was silence on the other end. I could tell she was crying and I wanted to say, "Look, I haven't stopped feeling the way I did . . . I love you but I'm afraid to get hurt again . . ." I wanted to tell her but I couldn't say it. She finally said, "Well, goodbye, then." I said, "So long."

She called me a few more times after that. Each time I heard her voice I felt worse. But I wouldn't give in. The last time she called I said, "Look, seriously, it's much better if you go your way and I go mine." She hung up.

I imagined myself pretty worldly. I'd grown up a lot in those few months. Yet down deep I knew I was still a kid. She had been my first girl, and I'd taken it pretty hard. I guess when you get right down to it, I just didn't want to be hurt again and I knew that feeling the way I still did, she could hurt me.

Four years and a dozen odd jobs later I really got my start in show business. By then I'd done a few bits on TV, carried a spear on stage in a local production of "Hamlet," been in summer stock and learned just about everything I could. For a long time I'd been planning to go to the West Coast. I broke it to my folks gradually and when the day came they were wonderful. They wished me luck and told me never to be too proud to ask them for anything. They wanted so much to help me, even in acting.

I got in my car and started driving. Now

was the time! I would keep going until I couldn't drive any further and then I'd be in California. About a week later I got to Hollywood.

I did see her again—not too long afterwards. It was just before anything really big happened to me. I got a phone call one night. She was in California appearing in a night-club act. We met for cocktails. We talked. It was a pleasant evening. In some ways we were like strangers, worlds apart. In others it was like we'd never stopped seeing each other. We had a few laughs, then said goodbye.

I never saw her again. I did get a letter from her, though, about a year and a half later. She wrote to tell me she had settled down back East. She'd married and was expecting a baby. No, she didn't marry an actor; her husband was a business man, she told me, and they were very happy. She said she'd seen my name in a movie magazine advertising "Darby's Rangers," and she had to write and let me know how very proud she was of me. When I read her letter I could tell she sincerely meant what she'd written. I had no feeling of bitterness, no regrets about what had happened between us. She had been my girl, my very first girl and because of that I'll never completely forget her. And I've so much to thank her for because if I hadn't known her, if she hadn't passed me by for someone who represented all the glamor I still lacked, I'd have done what my parents wanted me to do, maybe I'd be spending my time in a hospital ward taking temperatures. And I don't think I'd have really been cut out for that type of life.

—AS TOLD TO MARCIA BORIE

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DEBBIE REYNOLDS

Continued from page 41

a drawer under the desk and drew out a long white sheet of paper. As he looked down the list I had an awful feeling that maybe Debbie had forgotten.

"Yes, Miss Reynolds is expecting you. Here's your pass. Go right through that door. Miss Reynolds is on Sound Stage 3. Just follow the signs. You can't miss it."

I turned and walked back towards the door.

"Just a minute, Miss," he called.

"Is that a camera you have in your hand?"

"Yes. I thought I could get a snapshot of Debbie."

"I'm sorry, you aren't allowed to take cameras on the lot. You'll have to leave it with me and pick it up on your way out."

I reluctantly put my camera on the desk and left by way of a door which leads onto the lot. The studio stretched before me for miles. I didn't know which way to go. Then a boy rode by on a bicycle.

"Can I help you?"

"I'm on my way to Sound Stage 3 to see Debbie Reynolds. She expects me."

"Well, follow the sign," he said, pointing.

"What sign?" I asked. I was so nervous I couldn't see anything. I'm sure it must have been right under my nose but I couldn't see it. I guess they're used to handling excited tourists because the boy grinned and said, "Follow me." He hopped on his bike and peddled slowly right up to a door marked Sound Stage 3. "Have fun," he called as he rode away.

The door was partly open. I could hear voices. One was Debbie's, I'd recognize it anywhere. I walked inside. I saw a man with his back to the door talking to a girl. All I could see was the top of her head. I stopped and stood very still. Was that Debbie's head! The man turned around. It was Dean Jones and it was Debbie! Then Debbie saw me and came over.

"Hi. I'm Debbie Reynolds. (As if I had to be told!) You must be Pam. Come on across the set with me while I do this next scene." She led me to a chair. "Sit here, Pam. You'll have a good view of us working from this spot. And I'll be right back."

I sat down and watched. I didn't know where to look first. There were so many people running around. Some were fixing

lights and moving furniture. Then a lady came over and ran a comb through Debbie's hair. It took a long time before the director called "Action." Every few minutes Debbie looked over at me and nodded reassuringly. When the scene was over she said, "Come on, let's find a corner that's a little more private. I can't leave the set because I'm in the next scene. But at least we can get away from some of the noise."

She led me across the huge stage until she found two chairs in a corner where there was nobody else around. And when I sat down opposite her, I realized for the first time how very beautiful Debbie is, so much more than on the screen. I adored her dress. It was pink with a scoop neck. Around her waist was a pink cummerbund embroidered with daisies and she also had on pink very high heeled shoes.

Her eyes were green—just like they said in the magazines. I thought they looked a little sad, though, although she was smiling and I knew that I was looking at a very brave person because no matter what she felt inside she obviously wasn't the type to go around with a long face so that everyone would be sympathetic.

I pulled out my list of questions from my purse. But they didn't include the questions I so much wanted to ask. I wanted to know how she really felt. If her big house seemed terribly lonely. If she had seen Eddie at all during the past few weeks. I wanted to ask but I'd promised. So I looked down at my question No. 1 which said "Biographical Details."

She began telling me about her childhood and explained that those sort of facts were all on a printed biographical sheet which was put out by the studio publicity department and perhaps I'd like to have one. I said yes.

Then she added, "But I'm going to give you a scoop. Tell you something that's not on that sheet. It says that my height is five feet one and one-half inches. That's wrong. I'm only five feet and one-half inch tall."

I wrote that down as the very first fact that was all my own. I was on my way. But as I looked at her I couldn't stop myself thinking of her all alone with her children in that enormous house with the large rooms and the pillars . . . and the servants. I wanted to say, are you lonely? But instead I asked politely, "What are your hobbies and sports?"

She said that her children came before anything else, but that she enjoyed tennis,

swimming and bowling. She also said she loved colors and her favorites were red and blue. "I have a mad passion for Mexican food, any style, any time and can eat it three times a day," she confided. I laughed.

I thought I'd try one serious question. "Debbie," I said, "if you could have the choice of living any place in the world, what place would you choose?"

"That's easy. There's no place in the world I'd rather live than in Southern California."

So I tried another. "Did you always want to be an actress, even when you were little?"

"Heavens, no," Debbie answered. "My biggest aim in life was to be a gym teacher. It looked like a lot of fun and seemed to be the thing I was most suited to. Even when I did take drama lessons I was considered strictly no-talent Reynolds in those days. And when I did get to Hollywood I was so nervous every time I had to meet someone important that often I would sit and fiddle with my shoe just as you're doing now." I hadn't realized she'd noticed. I grinned sheepishly.

Debbie continued. "One day I remember accepting an invitation to a home for dinner from a woman in the studio who set a formal table, and had the meal served by a maid. I was shook up for weeks after this experience. I was completely confused by all the silver in front of me and I didn't know which side the maid would serve from next or what to do with what she had when she presented it. I juggled, fumbled and blushed."

We both laughed at this story, but as we laughed I couldn't help wondering how she could be so gay. I know I'm only fourteen and not very worldly and I don't want to sound as though I can fully understand people inside out. But I do know that as I watched Debbie I saw a courageous woman. She wasn't going to let me know if she felt sad or tired and I admired her so much for this. But it wouldn't be right to say I was finding out more from Debbie from the things she didn't say than from what I put down in my notebook. But it seems to me that talking isn't the only way to speak to someone else. You can speak with your eyes, your facial expressions and your actions, too.

Then she said, "Tell me a little about yourself, Pam." And I explained that as my father used to be a major in the Air Force we'd lived in many many different parts of the country and abroad too, but since August of 1958 we had lived in California. My father is now a civil engineer working on the ballistic missile program. I told her also that I was a very keen drama student at school.

I was ready for another question when the assistant director came over and said, "Okay, Brigitte, back to work."

"That's my latest nickname—Brigitte—after guess who," Debbie joked. "At least I'm making some progress. On my last picture they kept calling me George."

Once again I sat and watched Debbie work. If ever I'd had any ambitions to be an actress I would have lost them right then and there. I never realized how hard it was to make a movie. Everything takes so much time. There are so many tiny details that the average moviegoer never is even conscious of. It took fifteen minutes until they were ready to start filming. The scene was a hard one. It must have been, because they kept doing it over and over and over.

It was almost six o'clock. Debbie had told me that she'd been up since five that morning, and arrived at the studio a little before seven a.m. Now, almost twelve hours later, she was still going strong.

Her Stolen Moment of Sin . . .



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After that last scene, I walked Debbie back to her dressing room. There were at least a dozen people waiting to see her, all asking questions about one thing or another, all demanding immediate answers. Patiently she took care of as much as she could. The phone kept ringing. Debbie seemed calmer than any one of us around her. Then she went inside and made a quick change. A few minutes later out came Debbie in capris and a cotton shirt. Seeing her dressed this way, I noticed how really tiny she is. I'm inches taller!

Debbie walked me across the set to the exit. On the way I had her sign my autograph book. She wrote, "To Pam, a very sweet girl. Love, Debbie Reynolds."

There was only one more thing to take care of before I left. I extended an invitation to Debbie to come to our high school on June 6th, to be the guest celebrity at our annual drama assembly.

"June sixth? Why, who knows if I'll even be alive on June sixth?" she answered.

The disappointment must have stuck out all over me.

"Oh, I was only kidding. That's just an expression. Look, Pam, it would be easy to say I'd love to come. But I never like to make a promise where people will be counting on me unless I'm sure I can keep it. That's awfully far ahead. I really have no idea what my schedule will look like in June. But I can tell you that if it's at all possible, I'd like very much to come. Tell you what," she went on, "I know it's pretty hard to get through to me sometimes. Here, lend me a sheet of paper and a pencil."

I gave her the paper and pencil and watched her scribble something.

"This is my folks' home address. If you write to me there then I'm sure to get it the same day. Why don't you drop me a note around the third week in May? By then I'll surely know what I'm doing on June 6th. Besides," her eyes twinkled, "that will still give you two weeks to invite someone else if I can't come."

It was six-thirty as I walked across the almost deserted studio lot and down a side street to Washington Boulevard and our car where Mother was waiting.

I thought of all the things I had wanted to say to Debbie but was unable to because I felt shy about them. I think I'm just like any one of thousands of other Debbie Reynolds fans who admire her so much and want to let her know their feelings. I could never have said to Debbie's face all I've said just now. I wouldn't have had the nerve to tell her how important it is to girls like me, just entering our teens, to have someone like her to look up to. I wish I could have told her how happy I felt inside because when I met her after seven years of reading about her there wasn't any disappointment.

I wonder if Debbie realizes that to a lot of us the word fan means friend as well as admirer, or that her fans, people like me who've looked up to her for years, are capable of feeling hurt when she feels it? Does she know how we clip pictures of her and her darling children and put them in our wallets or on our dressers right next to pictures of our own family? I feel there are so many girls who would have loved to go on that interview with Debbie that just by telling my story I hope they've been able to feel like maybe they were almost there.

—AS TOLD TO HOPE MARSHALL

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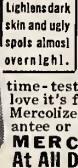


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TOMMY SANDS

Continued from page 65

call each other up on the telephone and talk about things—silly things like how we'd act if we were twelve years old again or supposing it were the end of the world—what would we do? We both collected shaggy dog stories, and we'd go on for hours on the phone. My mom used to moan like mad. "Tommy," she'd yell, "get off the phone!" I would for ten minutes and then call back. Joan and I had too much to talk about.

Then came that spring afternoon. I picked Joan up from her home-room at Houston High, and we walked over to the drugstore and she told me the news. Her folks wanted me to go home with them after church on Sunday and have dinner with them.

"Gee, Joan," I said. "I . . . I don't know . . ." I took the straw out of my Coke glass and began untwisting it.

"If you don't come, Tommy, they're going to be very disappointed," she said. "Mom thought if you couldn't make it this Sunday, next Sunday would be all right."

"It's . . . it's not that. . ." I said, fidgeting with the straw.

"Oh, Tommy," Joan answered in a schoolteacherish voice, "they're not going to eat you."

"I . . . I guess not," I admitted. I didn't want to tell her how scared I was. Already there was a prickly sensation at the pit of my stomach and I could feel a thumping in my throat.

She told me that her older brother, Oliver, would be coming home from college for the weekend, and I'd enjoy meeting him. He was a real brain, she added.

Of course, that scared me all the more. But I didn't tell her.

Sunday rolled around. All I told my mother was that I was going over to a friend's house for a visit. I just couldn't tell my mom the truth. She's great when it comes to giving me confidence about school or a show that I'm doing. But she never could understand me when it comes to girls. I've often wondered if all moms are this way.

After church, I took the bus to Joan's. When I got there, they hadn't gotten back yet. Joan's folks were Presbyterian; Mom and I were Methodists.

I peeked through the front door with its large, lace-curtained windowpane. I couldn't see a creature stirring, not even Joan's poodle, Mukluk.

I ducked behind the house to sneak a cigarette. No sooner did I inhale the first hot taste of the tobacco than I heard a car stop and the clattering of feet on the front walk.

Everyone apologized to me for being late.

"But didn't Oliver let you in?" Joan's mom asked. She was tall and round-faced, and she wore rimless eyeglasses.

"I . . . I didn't ring the bell. I just knocked."

"He's probably still asleep," she decided.

Joan looked very pretty that day. She had on a blue print dress that brought out the color of her eyes. But she was very shy, more bashful than I've ever known her to be.

All she said was "Hi."

Her father nodded to me to go inside. Joan's mother announced that Margaret and her husband Bob were coming over. Margaret was Joan's older sister. She and Bob had been married about a year.

While Joan's mother bustled through the house, Joan's father and I went into the living room. It had rich maroon drapes

and overstuffed maroon furniture. I noticed a framed portrait of Joan on an end-table.

"Sit down," Joan's father said in a gruff tone. He was tall and lanky, a typical Westerner. He took off his jacket. "Want to take off yours?" he asked.

"Okay," I said, not knowing whether I should or I shouldn't.

He was so formal, as if he wanted to conduct a meeting with stiff parliamentary procedure.

I sat in an easy chair and fiddled with the antimacassars. Both of us were silent for a minute.

"Where's Joan?" I asked, breaking that terrible silence.

"Where do you expect?" he said in what I thought was a pretty stern way. "Where she belongs. In the kitchen. Helping her mom."

I slumped lower in the chair.

"Tell me, young man," he said in his parliamentary voice, "what are your plans?"

"Plans?" I said, my voice cracking.

"You know what I mean. Plans!" he answered me. "What are you thinking about in terms of college?"

I fumbled for an answer. There was a lump in my throat the size of an egg. I didn't even know if I were going to college. I'd already begun singing at nights—in little out-of-the-way night clubs, for spending money. They weren't very fancy.

I said I didn't know about college. I was thinking about singing for a career.

"But you are *planning* on having a higher education," he said, an incredulous tone in his voice.

"Well, sir," I answered. "I really don't know. My mother works, and my father—well, he's not with us. They're divorced. So maybe I won't have a chance to go to . . ."

Joan entered the room, and I never finished my sentence. She told us that Margaret and Bob had arrived.

"Your boy over here," her dad said, "tells me he doesn't know if he's going to college."

Joan blushed redder than her lipstick. She swallowed hard before she could speak. "Dad," she said. "Tommy's a friend, that's all. . ."

"Well," her dad said impatiently, "he tells me he's not thinking seriously about going to college. . ."

We were saved by Joan's mom who announced dinner. "Joan helped to prepare it all before church," her mom told me, smiling.

We went into the dining room with the long table all set beautifully with an ivory linen tablecloth and cut-glass water tumblers and fancy silverware. I was so impressed.

"Oliver!" Joan's mom called as Margaret told us where we should sit. I sat across from Joan . . . between Bob, who was a quiet kind of guy, and Margaret, whom I noticed was wearing a pink maternity dress.

Oliver finally came down and sat next to Joan. He had evidently just gotten out of bed. He'd thrown on a sport shirt and chino pants and slicked back his hair, it looked, with cold water. His eyes were still puffy from sleep.

First, we all drank our glasses of tomato juice. Then Margaret insisted she serve the roast beef while her mom stayed seated. We passed the mashed potatoes and buttered peas. When it came my turn to help myself to vegetables, I was so afraid I'd spill something that I did. Some of the peas fell onto the tablecloth.

"I'll . . . I'll pick them up," I said. I didn't know if that was right or wrong, but I was ashamed to let them lie there. They had

made round butter stains on the tablecloth, and I wondered if I should open up my mouth and apologize. But I was too embarrassed even to say a word.

Just then Oliver started talking. Joan was right. He was a brain. He began explaining how he must be under some spell from Morpheus, the god of slumber.

Then he announced his favorite myth was Atlanta and the golden apples. He said something in Latin I didn't understand. "Isn't that a beautiful thought?" he commented, and looking me right in the eye, he asked, "Who wrote it?"

I was studying Latin all right, but I was strictly the *amo-amas-amat* type.

"We're only in first year Latin," Joan said softly.

"What are they teaching you kids these days," Oliver said smiling, but I knew he was serious.

Then Joan's mom leaned over the table and said, "A little birdie told us, Tommy, that you're quite a performer. I hear you sing and dance and play the guitar."

"Yes, ma'am," I said. "I do."

"Maybe you'll do a number for us after dinner," she suggested.

I wished I could get up that minute and run far away from everyone.

"What do you think, Tommy?" Joan's mom said in a pleasant voice. "We would like to hear you sing. Joan's so proud of you."

"Thanks, ma'am," was all I could say.

For dessert they served hot apple pie which I'm nuts about. But somehow I just wasn't hungry. I couldn't eat it.

Joan understood. She kept looking at me from across the table, and from time to time she smiled a nervous little smile. Suddenly I felt very sad about growing up. When I was a boy, a kid in short pants, all that had mattered were water pistols and cowboy hats and storybooks. Now, the things that used to matter didn't seem to matter anymore. There were so many other things that were important—too many almost, all of them crowding my mind. So it was so hard to be certain about anything. Before, if I'd liked somebody, I'd just liked them. Now if I liked somebody, it seemed there was all this . . . and maybe more to contend with.

After dinner we all went into the living room. Joan's father and Bob watched a newscaster on TV sum up the week's events. The women went to the kitchen to do the dishes. Oliver disappeared upstairs to study for his exams. I sat in a corner, nervous and alone.

When the women finished in the kitchen they came into the living room, and everybody watched TV for a while.

Then, suddenly, Joan's mom looked at me. "Tommy," she said, "you haven't forgotten? You're supposed to sing for us."

I looked down at the stippled pattern on the rug. "Maybe," I said slowly, "maybe some other time. . ."

"But what's wrong with right now? It's as good a time as ever," she insisted.

Joan came to my defense. "Mother," she said. "Tommy doesn't have his guitar."

"But can't he sing without it?"

"I . . . I guess I'm just not much in the mood," I said.

"Even for only one song," Joan's mom begged. She seemed such a nice woman I hated to disappoint her so finally I gave in. They all moved their chairs back and made me stand in front of the enamelled mantelpiece. I didn't want to sing a loud rock 'n' roll or rockabilly number so I figured it'd better be something ballad-like—a folk song maybe.

"How about 'In the Evening By the Moonlight'?" I suggested, thinking that would be a safe choice.

"That's not much of a song," Joan's

father huffed. "Sing something different!" Then, the most awful thing happened. I couldn't think of anything to sing. "I . . . I don't know what to sing . . ." I said. I was so embarrassed.

"Oh now, Tommy, don't be modest," Joan's mom said. "Anything'll do."

But all that came into my head that moment was "Hey, Good-Lookin'," and I knew that wasn't the right song to sing. But every other song I ever learned escaped me. So finally I started singing . . .

"Hey, good lookin'

What you got cookin'?

How's about cookin' something up for me?"

When I'd finished Joan's mom applauded along with Joan. So did Margaret and Bob. Everyone else thanked me. But Joan's father had a sullen expression.

I wanted to tell him that singing meant more to me than anything else in the world, but I kept quiet. Then Joan piped up, "Dad, Tommy hopes to be a singer!"

"Huh," her dad said. "You can never make a living that way. Some good business courses in school. . . ."

"Now, now, Andy," Joan's mom said. "After all, everyone can't be like you. You enjoy being a businessman. But Tommy has other plans."

When older folks have their minds set on something, it seems you can't change them. So I didn't say anything. I just waited a little while longer and then told Joan I had to get back home.

"You want to walk to the corner?" I asked her.

"Sure." She smiled so sweetly I think she understood.

I said goodbye to everyone. Although the whole dinner business lasted only a couple of hours, it seemed more like a week. Was I relieved when I stepped out on the front porch and breathed fresh air!

Joan and I walked to the corner. The trees were in bloom, and there was a wonderful smell of spring in the air.

Joan waited with me while I caught the bus. I thanked her for everything. She said she felt terrible about her father. He was so hard on me. But that's the way he sometimes was with company. He didn't mean it.

When the bus came, I told Joan I'd see her in school. I saw Joan again, but after that things never went right for us. I remember feeling funny every time I called her on the phone. I was always afraid I'd get her mother on the line and I sure felt like an idiot remembering the fool I'd made of myself. Joan felt funny too. I could tell.

Whenever I think about that day I get mad. Because now I know love isn't all simple—it needs planning like everything else. Maybe that's why I'm telling you all this, because maybe . . . maybe if we'd put some thought into that dinner instead of rushing headlong into it like two kids, it would have all been very different.

We didn't lose a great romance but it would have taken only a little thought to make it all go right. I wish we'd planned it—the things we would say, the things we would do. Maybe if Joan and I had talked sensibly to her folks about our school play; maybe if I'd gone there prepared to sing a song instead of being fidgety like a two-year-old; maybe if Joan had just told me a little more about her folks or I'd asked her a little more about them—maybe.

But I know. All the maybes in the world don't always make a right. But sometimes, at least I like to think so, maybe they can help, maybe.

THE END

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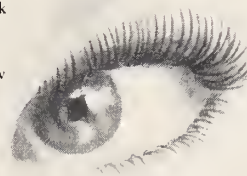
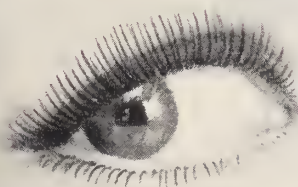
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DICK GARDNER

Continued from page 54

suddenly they were feeling embarrassed.

Finally, as though he could control his feelings no longer Dick turned to his wife and said, "Joan. Look at me!"

She turned her head slightly in his direction.

"I . . . I . . . Oh . . . your folks look well," he stuttered. But that wasn't what he'd intended to say. He'd wanted to talk about the plans he'd made for finding a way so that they would stay together. He'd wanted to tell her how he'd missed her since she left him in Hollywood and had come back home with their children here to Iowa. He'd wanted to tell her, too, about his stay in New York and how he thought he'd found the answer to her fears . . . the fears of being a Hollywood wife, alone, and with a husband frequently away and almost always surrounded by glamorous stars. He'd wanted to tell her how much he loved her, but somehow he could not form the words.

Gradually the houses grew further apart and they came to open land where railroad tracks crossed the valley. They clambered over one of the well-worn rails and started walking down the center of the line. Few trains ever came by nowadays, and if they did, they never came on a Sunday. Today was a Sunday and ever since they'd first fallen in love Sunday had always been a day when they took this walk. So in a way that was why they'd come. And also, ever since Dick had arrived early that morning, relatives and friends had been coming to call and they'd had no chance of being alone together. So, just after dinner, when Dick had said to Joan, "Let's take that walk down by the tracks and over the park to our little bridge," Joan had laughed, smiled rather wistfully, and said, "Yes, let's."

Dick kicked a stone. "The kids are looking well. Ruth Ann gets prettier every day and Mike . . . Mike insisted on showing me how many times he could twirl that hula hoop this morning. It was so funny."

"Yes, they are looking well. They miss you," she said abruptly.

Dick looked at her. She's so different now, he thought. We used to laugh and be so happy when we came here as kids. I used to jump on the tracks . . . And suddenly a mischievous look came into his eyes. He darted over to one side and hopped up onto a track and wobbled along.

Joan looked at him, startled.

"Come on, Joan, for old times sake. That game we used to play . . . see who could stay on the longest. Hop up on that other track."

"Oh . . . Dick . . . you're . . ." she tried to say no but then she laughed. "Well, all right then." And he felt good.

She put her right foot up onto the parallel track, carefully placed the left one in front of it, and with her arms outstretched to keep balance began to move slowly forward.

"Oh . . . Dick . . . I can't," she giggled.

"Who used to win most of the times?"

"Well . . . that was a long time ago."

"Oh . . . I'm falling!" Dick grabbed her arm as she came tumbling off.

And they were laughing. Dick held her hand tight and suddenly he could feel the pressure of hers holding his, not trying to pull away.

They walked on again, but this time hand in hand.

They crossed the tracks and walked over the crusty fields, then clambered through

some high grass and followed the winding bank of a narrow stream. It was very quiet. Then the lonely screeching cry of a wild bird broke the stillness.

"Remember that cry, Joan? Remember, we used to say that that was winter . . . just that one cry representing it all."

"Yes, Dick, I do."

"Oh . . . Joan . . . we had so much."

"There's the bridge," she whispered.

"It looks lonely," Dick laughed, somewhat self-consciously. "Do you think it missed us? I mean, it's been so long since we've been up here."

There was no answer.

Looking now at the bridge Dick began thinking back to the first time they had come up there . . . both sixteen years old and both in love. And they would throw pebbles into the water. And laugh. Then there was that wonderful summer's day two years later when they had decided, there and then, right on that bridge, to elope. Their parents had been against their getting married, especially Joan's parents who said they were far too young to be thinking of marriage and that they should be thinking about going to college instead. But once married the parents soon became accustomed to the idea and they all settled quietly down to live in Waterloo—the young couple with hardly a penny to their names but only a wealth of ambition and love. But that was all before Dick had started seriously to act.

Dick helped Joan up the gentle slope which led to the bridge—an old wooden plank bridge with a rise in the center. And their footsteps began to make deep resounding echoes as they reached the wood. He guided her towards one side and they leaned over on the hand rail looking down at the water as it ran in and out past the stones and pebbles.

He put an arm around her waist. She did not move.

"We had happy times here, didn't we Joan?"

"Mmmm."

"Remember that day we decided to elope?" He laughed.

"It seems such a long, long time ago."

"And how we didn't have a penny in the world and yet we used to laugh about it?"

" . . . say, Dick? Remember how we borrowed three hundred dollars just to go on a vacation?"

Dick smiled. At last Joan was beginning to talk like her old self. He looked up the stream and began to chuckle. " . . . Joan, you'd never know how many laughs I used to get from watching you as an usherette in that movie theater we used to work nights in. You took the job so seriously."

"Well, you were a very serious young assistant manager."

Then Dick put on an expression of mock indignation. "And whose bright idea," he laughed, "was it, to go out and spend eighteen hundred dollars on furniture for our new home when we could hardly afford to pay a one-cent down payment on it all."

"I guess they were mad days . . . weren't they, Dick?" She cupped her chin thoughtfully in her hands, which were resting on the rail. And looked down.

"Hey! There's a fish!" she screamed suddenly.

"Where?"

"Right below . . . just going under the bridge."

"But where, Joan. I can't see it."

"Ooh . . . you've missed it now. And it was so pretty."

They were silent for a while. Then Joan said slowly, "Dick . . . do you really like acting so much more than being here . . . and being in business and being able to live a more normal life?"

Dick sighed. "Acting's become a part of me now, Joan. I want you so much to understand that. And it doesn't mean at all that I don't still love you . . . and the kids . . . very very much. I need you, Joan. Perhaps now more than ever." He paused.

"And I think, Joan, I think maybe I've found the solution. I think I've found a way so that I can act and yet we can still be together . . . and . . . it'll mean you won't have to go back to the life you hated in Hollywood."

"It sounds impossible . . . but what is it?" Joan looked curious.

"It's this, Joan. Remember the past few weeks I've been in New York? Well, during that time I wasn't only thinking about my career . . . I was thinking a lot about us. And one day, when a fellow I know asked me to go visit his friends in Westchester, an idea hit me.

Joan," he said triumphantly, "Westchester's the place. Westchester or Connecticut. It's so much like here. We could live there . . . and I could still act. I've always been interested in Broadway—remember I told you—and while I was in New York they offered me a part.

"Oh . . . Joan. It's so much like Waterloo in Westchester. You've no idea. I even saw a house that looked exactly like ours here. And some of the streets made me feel I was right here, too. I know you'd love it. Please say yes?" There was a low, pleading tone in his voice.

"I want to . . . very much." She paused for a moment. "Those letters, remember those letters, Dick. The ones we got from the Photoplay article. I only read a few of them before sending them to you . . . because every single one of them told me I was wrong to run home and begged me to stay by you. And they made me think, Dick . . . made me wonder if there just could be a way of our staying together." She looked up at him.

"There was one woman. She must have been an old woman, maybe seventy-five or eighty. She said that for a man to be contented and successful, he must be happy in his work. She's seen a lot of life, Dick. And I don't know why . . . but her words seemed to stick."

"Acting means everything to me now, Joan. I just can't give it up. And so many people have begun to show an interest in me. It's not a wild dream anymore. It's my life."

She stared back into the water. "It's been lonely here, Dick . . . you don't know how lonely."

"I've missed you, too . . . I've missed you so much," he said softly. "And I understand, darling. I understand your fears . . . all of them. And I know you'll be happier in Westchester than Hollywood . . . everyone there's got more time for each other. They're not so big-town like in Hollywood. They're people . . . people like us. Small-town people."

"But the money, Dick. We've got two children to think of now."

"I'm sure I'll make out . . . but take the gamble with me, Joan. We took it once . . . we made it before. Stay with me, Joan . . . please."

"Oh . . . Dick. I want to. Maybe it could be all right again."

"I know it will be. We'll move in June, so the children won't be interrupted in school . . . and it's near enough so that you'll be able to come home here whenever you want."

"It sounds . . . good."

Suddenly they found themselves looking into each other's eyes the way they used to in the old days—smiling, happy. A tear began trickling down Joan's cheek. Dick pulled her gently towards him and they kissed.

THE END

THE BRIDE CRIED

Continued from page 47

of them went up the steps and knocked at the door. The other—an attractive woman in a blue dress, close-fitting white-feathered hat, with a blue-gray mink stole over her shoulders—stopped for a second and also looked up at the heavens. She waved at the two chauffeurs who had parked the limousines across the street, making broad pantomimic gestures as if to say, "See, the sun's out. In London during the rainy season that's a miracle, a good omen." Then she disappeared into Caxton Hall.

Inside the building, she blinked her eyes to get accustomed to the darkness. The long hall leading to the registry office was dimly lit—this was the first time it was open on Sunday in many years. Her friend, the woman who had entered the building just before her, appeared out of the gloom, took her arm, said, "This way, Ingrid," and guided her down the corridor. At a door marked *Registry Office* they stopped. Through the glazed pane they could see blurred shadows and over the transom came the indistinct fuzzing of male voices. Ingrid took a compact from her small purse and daubed at her cheek with a powder puff. Satisfied, she reached to open the door. "Wait," said her friend. "Do you have something borrowed with you?" "Why, no," Ingrid answered. Her friend took out a handkerchief and slipped it into Ingrid's pocketbook, saying, "I took it along because I know I'm going to cry."

The registry door opened and the good-looking man in the dark gray suit stood in the doorway. "I saw your shadows there," he said, "and I thought you might be photographers. But it seems we may have given them the slip."

"Lars," Ingrid answered, "I feel like we're all playing in one of those spy movies. The reporters and photographers are enemy agents, and we're . . ."

Lars Schmidt interrupted, ". . . and we're holding up the Superintendent Registrar who was kind enough to open up this office on Sunday just for us."

Lars introduced Ingrid to the official who shook her hand and then said, "All the forms have been filled out. All you have to do is sign your name here, and have your witness sign on this line below."

Lars gave her a fountain pen and she wrote her name at the bottom of the form: Ingrid Bergman. Then her friend signed her own name. And the ceremony began.

As the Superintendent Registrar read the age-old ceremony, a little sunlight filtered through the windows of the registry room and warmed the plain office. When Lars Schmidt put a simple gold band on the third finger of Ingrid Bergman's left hand, the ring glinted and gleamed as the sun touched it. And while the Superintendent Registrar was saying the final words of the ceremony—". . . and so on this twenty-first day of December, 1958, I hereby pronounce you man and wife"—light really blazed.

Only this time it wasn't the sun. It was flash bulbs going off in rapid succession. A photographer had sneaked into the office and was snapping pictures.

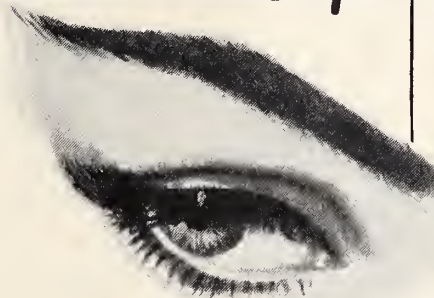
For a moment, Lars and Ingrid ignored him as they kissed and embraced. Then Lars said, "The enemy agent has arrived."

"What shall we do?" Ingrid asked.

"Let's smile for him," Lars answered. "After all, he did get up early in the morning . . . and on Sunday, too."

The wedding party left the registry office

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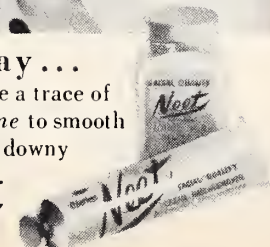
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and went towards the front door. Just before they reached the street, Ingrid turned to her friend, the woman who had been weeping throughout the ceremony, and gave her back her handkerchief. "Here," she said, "wipe your eyes. Don't be sad. I couldn't be happier." Then Lars and Ingrid Schmidt walked out into the bright sunlight.

This time they did not get into separate cars. Ingrid and Lars climbed into one limousine; her friend and Lars' business associates entered the other. Across the street, the photographer gunned his sports car and started to follow them.

The chase was brief. Lars Schmidt's chauffeur was skillful and nerveless. He soon left the photographer's car far in the lurch.

At Westminster's Swedish Church, the limousine pulled up to the vestry entrance. Inside, the Vicar, Reverend Sven Evander, was waiting for them. He pronounced the benediction and gave the Church's blessing to the union of Ingrid Bergman and Lars Schmidt.

When they returned to the street, Lars helped Ingrid into the car. Then he bent and kissed her hand, just beneath the wedding ring, and said, "Wait a moment. I'll be right back." He went up to a woman who was selling flowers in front of the church, pressed a bill into her hand, and returned with an entire tray of violets. Ingrid took one bouquet, held it up, and buried her face in it. When she raised her head, she was crying. She fumbled in her pocketbook for a handkerchief, realized she had returned it to her friend, and reached over and pulled Lars's out of his vest pocket. He whispered something to her, she laughed, and the car pulled away.

At a swank London hotel the other members of the wedding party were waiting in a private dining room for the Schmidts. And the photographer, the same one who had crashed the wedding, was waiting there, too. "How did you get here?" Lars asked.

"I followed the *wrong* car, the *other* car," he answered, "but I guess this is just my lucky day."

"Looks like it is," Lars answered. "Well, if you can't lick them, join them. Won't you be our guest for lunch? But no pictures while we're eating. All right?"

"Fine," said the photographer, "I'm hungry."

And he had plenty to eat, as did all the rest. Lobster and turkey salad and Swedish cheese and bottles and bottles of French champagne. And when the wedding luncheon was over, Lars invited him to accompany them to the airport in their limousine. "Just as far as the airport," Lars emphasized, "not to Paris. We don't want you following us *there*."

"I may be there before you," he said.

"Oh, no," Ingrid groaned.

In Paris during their two-day honeymoon, they managed to dodge photographers—the persistent one who had tracked them down in London, and all the others as well. But when they went to their home at La Grange aux Moines (Harvest Barn) near the village of Choisel about 25 miles from Paris, things began to go badly.

After her first joyful moments of reunion with her son, 9-year-old Robertino, and her twin daughters, 7-year-old Isabella and Isotta, Ingrid discovered that her most dependable servants, Jeannette and Pierre, had left her without notice. The nursemaid was still there, but the house was quite a mess and someone had to clean up a bit. So Ingrid, without unpacking her bags, began to straighten up. And Lars, not to be out-

done in the emergency, went into the kitchen and began to cook dinner.

When the cooking was well under way—and the house was beginning to look livable again—Ingrid and Lars gave the children the presents they had bought for them in Paris and London. And then the entire family took a short walk around the estate.

First they visited the stables and Lars gave a piece of sugar to Robertino's special horse. Then they went past the chicken coop and sheep pen and strolled through the gardens. Ingrid turned to Lars, as the children ran ahead, and said, "We must plant violets, lots of violets. From now on, they're my favorite flower."

Suddenly there was a huge commotion down by the front gate. Lars ran down towards the high wall which protected the house and grounds from trespassers. The watchdogs were barking and bellowing, and men's voices could be heard from the



It was always the children who suffered most, Ingrid thought. First, it had been Pia. Now, would it be Robertino and her twins, Isotta-Ingrid and Isabella?

top of the wall. When Lars arrived, he saw they were photographers and he asked them to leave. Instead, they pointed their cameras at him and started snapping pictures. Lars stood still, helplessly, and then turned and motioned for Ingrid and the children to return to the house. Some of the cameramen had turned telescopic, long-range lenses on Lars' wife and the children, and were clicking away. One photographer jumped down from the wall onto the grounds of the estate. This was too much! Lars unleashed one of the huge watchdogs, and the cameraman's friends pulled him up to safety. But they did not go. They just stood on the wall, shooting picture after picture of Lars and his retreating family.

Back in the house, Ingrid called their friend, Robert Frelon, the mayor of Choisel, who also happened to be the contractor who was converting their estate of 22 little rooms into less and larger rooms. In a matter of moments, the gendarmes arrived and drove the newsmen off the walls. At the height of the commotion, Ingrid reappeared on the lawn and cried hysterically to Lars, "Can't they ever leave us alone? At our wedding! Even in a hospital!

And now they are at our own home."

Even in a hospital! Lars knew exactly what she meant. She had told him all about it, and of course he had read about it in the newspapers at the time. And as he led her past the herb garden, the vegetable garden, and the flower garden, past the tennis court he was building for Robertino, towards the house, she remembered the day that Robertino was born.

The day that Robertino was born . . . February 3rd, 1950. Four months before her divorce became final from Peter Lindstrom, the day she gave birth to Roberto Rossellini's son in Rome. And the same photographers and reporters who had followed her and her lover to Stromboli, after she had left her husband Peter and her child Pia in Hollywood, and who had prowled up and down outside her apartment in Rome during the eighth and ninth months of her pregnancy, wouldn't even leave her in peace for a few hours now that she was actually having her baby.

She heard screams and shots, and one of the nuns told her that a photographer had tried to scale the walls of the Villa Margherita Clinic and had failed. She heard scuffling in the hall and shouts, and another nun told her that a reporter had disguised himself as a doctor and had tried to get to her room. And then she heard nothing at all as they wheeled her into the delivery room, nothing until the doctor leaned over her and said, "It's a boy."

But later she heard yells, and screams, and the sound of feet running up and down the corridors of the hospital. Two hours after Robertino was born, the mob of people outside the walls had battered down the front gates and poured into the hospital halls. Photographers and reporters had raced through the rooms, hunting for her. The nuns had formed a human wall outside her door and that alone had stopped them from breaking in. That—and the *Carabinieri* who had finally got the mob under control.

During the remainder of the time she had remained at the hospital, armed guards stood in front of her room day and night. She was forbidden to open her windows, for in a building across the street photographers took turns in training telescopic cameras on her room, hoping to get pictures of her and her baby. . . .

The memory faded as she saw Robertino and his sisters standing in the doorway of their home. Ingrid dropped on her knees and cradled the three youngsters in her arms. The little girls began to cry. Robertino squirmed uncomfortably for a moment, and then he dropped his head and buried it in his mother's hair.

In the excitement, they had all forgotten for a moment that it was Christmas eve.

The next morning the children were up bright and early and Ingrid and Lars joined them in opening the presents. Robertino had given his mother a camera, and she laughed and cried as she held it. The girls insisted that she take their pictures. So soon the whole family was out in front of the house. Ingrid posed Lars and Robertino and Isabella and Isotta together. Out in the sunlight, with the huge wall protecting them from the outside world, all was peaceful, all was safe. She laughed . . . and snapped the picture.

At noon Roberto Rossellini's chauffeur arrived and the children were taken to Paris to spend the rest of the holidays with their father there. This was the agreement between Roberto and Ingrid, but as usual when she saw them drive away, she had the horrible feeling, for a fleeting second, that she would never see them again. Lars put his arm around her and said, "They'll be back in a week. Don't worry. Let's go in. I have to cook lunch."

SANDRA DEE

Continued from page 43

"I have it. They gave it to me for a souvenir."

"Gollee! Can I come over tonight anyway? Just to see the bullet?"

"Oh, no . . . you can't do that. Don't come over. I mean . . . well, you see . . . I've got to have plenty of rest. I'm not allowed to have any visitors."

"Gee, Sandy, that's too bad. Do you think you'll have a scar?"

"Oh, no. Well, maybe a little one."

"You could always have plastic surgery."

"Ugh! I don't really think there'll be a scar. At least not one you can see with the naked eye."

"How long do you think you'll be in bed?"

"About two weeks. Oh, here comes Mother. She's going to change the dressing on my wound. I have to hang up now."

"Is it all right if I call you tomorrow?"

"Oh, yes. Gosh, if it wasn't for the telephone, I don't know what I'd do with myself. Well, bye now."

I hung up the phone. Mother had only come in to bring me a cup of chicken bouillon and the afternoon papers. I let the bouillon cool a little on the round white table next to my bed and I plumped the pillows up against the quilted headboard, pulled my blue blanket up around me and began turning the pages of the first paper.

Then that fat black headline jumped out at me. "Sandra Dee Down With Mild Case Of Mumps."

I could actually feel my face turning red, but Mother just laughed.

"You ought to know better than to

make up such a story," she said. "Everybody knows what good care the studio takes of its players. That sort of accident could never happen." I'd only said it so he wouldn't know I had anything so humiliating as mumps, and there it was, smack in the headlines. Now everybody would know I had the mumps.

Mumps! Gosh, I remember I could hardly believe the doctor when he told me . . .

I'd gotten back from a publicity appearance in Texas on a Monday and the very next day I climbed in my car and drove down to the Universal studios to have my hair and makeup done and then pose for some publicity pictures. When I walked into the makeup room with its brightly-lit wall-wide mirror and the counter shelf under it filled with pots and jars of every kind of makeup, Barbara Gayle, my stand-in and my very best friend in Hollywood, was already there. She was trying on a false goatee and it looked a scream wagging up and down on her chin as she said, "Hi, we've missed you."

"Me, too," I said. "Who've you been dating while I was gone?"

"Well, you know that cute boy I met at U.C.L.A. He . . ." Suddenly, Barbara stopped and looked at me. "Say, Sandy, haven't you put on some weight?"

I laughed.

"Seriously, Sandy," Barbara insisted, "you *have* put on weight. At least your face looks fuller, even if the rest of you doesn't. You're so lucky. Me, I always show it first in the hips!"

I couldn't say a word, 'cause the makeup man was painting my mouth with a lipstick brush. But then he stepped back, looked at me critically. "Sandy, your face does seem a little puffy," he said.

"Do you have a toothache."

"Uh-uh."

"Maybe you ought to drop by and see the studio physician?"

It was beginning to sound like a conspiracy, but I went over to the doctor's white wooden bungalow at the other end of the lot anyway.

"The doctor will see you in just a few minutes," the nurse said. "Won't you have a seat?"

I sat. Why do doctors always paint their offices green? I wondered. To match their patients' faces? And why do they stuff them full of leather couches? Mother and I recently redid my bedroom, covering the old openwork headboard with padding and then quilting it over, so I'm full of decorating thoughts these days. Matter of fact, we just bought a new house and right now I'm in the middle of trying to talk Mother into doing it blues, silver, orchids and little touches of pink, to match the hotel apartment I loved so much in New York.

Finally, I heard the rustle of the nurse's starched uniform and I looked up from a magazine—it was last month's, the way they always are in doctors' offices. She opened a door and beckoned me through it. The inner office was green, too, with diplomas hung neatly in thin black frames on one wall and an oxygen tank, also green, leaning in one corner. The doctor was seated behind a big carved-oak desk.

"Doctor, there's nothing wrong with me," I said quickly, "but they keep teasing me that my face looks puffy."

"Ummm," he said. He looked at me—stared is more accurate—then he felt my forehead.

"Any pain in your neck or around the jaw?" he asked.

"No," I said. "Where do you mean exactly?"

"Behind your right ear?"

I reached up with my hand and touched

R for your bedroom

Take a tip from Sandra Dee. Let floral, stripe and plaid bed linen pep up your morale! For instance: Pepperell scatters roses all over a white background in their Bridal Rose cotton blanket (\$4.95) and matching percale pillow case (98¢ each). You can set them off with a solid pink, blue or yellow percale sheet (\$2.98). Cannon's dream-bait, Candy Stripe, comes in a woven cotton blanket (\$4.98), matching percale sheet (\$3.49) and matching percale pillow case (\$1.19 each). Fieldcrest's blue-and-green plaid dresses up a bed when you combine a matching set of cotton printed blanket (\$5.95), percale sheet (\$2.99) and percale pillow case (\$1.25 each). Stripes or plaids can be mixed 'n' matched with solids. (Prices are for single beds.)



the area he mentioned. "Here? Why . . . no . . . absolutely not . . . ouch!!!" After I'd yelped, he poked and prodded some more himself.

"Sandra," said he, "we'd better get you home. You have the mumps."

I just looked him straight in the eye and said in a very dignified manner, "Oh, doctor, you must be mistaken. I feel fine. Besides, mumps are for kids."

He replied, equally as dignified, "Even adults of sixteen can get them, although," he smiled, "it's very rare. You have the mumps. Go straight home and I'll call your mother and tell her what's to be done."

What they did was to put me to bed. Mother found an old flannel nightgown that she hadn't worn since we left New York. It's kind of turquoise with wisterias climbing all over it and when Mother generously offered me this heirloom, what could I say but "no"? It didn't do any good. She calmly slipped the tent over my shoulders, wrapped an ugly flannel rag around my neck and then handed me some white bobby sox to keep my feet warm. I looked in the gilt-framed mirror and my face looked puffy even to me. My eyes looked a little red, too, but that might have been because I was crying.

I climbed into bed. "Mother," I gasped, "what have you done to the mirror? It's so distorted."

I guess I'd been swathed in flannel for about two days when Mother staggered into my bedroom with a load of packages all wrapped up in peppermint-striped paper and tied with fat red bows.

"I've brought something new for you to wear in bed," she announced. And she opened the package.

"Where," I demanded, "in Hollywood did you ever find a flannel nightie?"

Mother sniffed, "Paris says flannel is the thing this year."

I slipped the wrappings off the first package and opened it. There, carefully folded with tissue paper, was a lovely pink silk bedjacket, with a lace trimmed peter pan collar and ruffled sleeves. For fun she added a multi-striped top sheet with pillow cases to match. I felt better already. Next time a friend of mine is sick, I'm going to buy her one of those happy-looking pillow cases. It's better than penicillin.

After I and the bed were all dressed up, Pom Pom, my pomeranian, and Melinda, my white poodle, jumped back up on the blue blanket where they'd been since the first moment I went to bed.

"Don't worry," the doctor had told me when I worried that they'd catch the mumps, too. "Your quarantine doesn't apply to dogs, they're immune."

I was terribly relieved to hear that, 'cause I'd have been but real lonely if it hadn't been for Pom Pom and Melinda. You see, just the exact week that I got sick some very good friends of Mother's arrived from the East. We'd made so many plans to take them around and show them Hollywood and I just couldn't let Mother give up all those plans even though she offered to. I told her to go ahead, I could fix my own lunch. Besides, while mother was gone, I could get on the phone and call my friends in New York. After the first long-distance call I made, to my best friend in New York, Lorna Gillin, I decided it would be better to do my long-distancing while Mother was out. Because she complained so about the money, said it would have bought two tickets there and back.

I'd felt so much better when the operator had put the call through and I heard Lorna's voice at the other end. "Hi, Lorna," I said. "Gosh, it's good to hear

your voice. Did you see the papers? Isn't it the worst? . . . No, I don't feel too bad, the only thing is I'm quarantined, absolutely isolated, can't see a living soul except for Mother and the doctor. And just when I was going to have a vacation and go to a premiere and . . . I know only children are supposed to get the mumps. I've been in bed four days already, and I've got another ten days to go. And I haven't been to the movies for four whole days! The longest ever. What? Oh, yes, I've seen just about every last show they have on TV. . . . You did? Well you'll never guess what happened to me. I finally got to meet Rock Hudson. Dreamy! . . . Lorna, if Don Ameche hadn't invented the telephone I don't know what I'd do.

"Oh, here's Mother. More bouillon I think."

"Mother, I'm talking to Lorna. Want to say hello?" Mother put the cup down, said Hi to Lorna and then started to leave. In the doorway, she turned around and started to mouth something to me.

"What? Hang on, Lorna, Mother wants to tell me something. . . . Oh, she says I should remember we're talking long-distance. You know, before I got sick I was always thinking about what good friends I had in New York and mooning around about how I didn't know anybody out here. But I guess from the way the phone's been ringing I've got a lot of good friends out here, too."

"You should see all the flowers people have sent me. Mother says the next thing that are delivered better come with its own vase. The best things though are the funny gifts. Someone sent me a round squatty hand mirror shaped like a coconut, with a note that the mirror is specially designed for mump victims. And someone else, that nice girl from the studio that I told you about, sent five yards of the loudest red and white polka dot flannel to warm my neck, plus the biggest pair of sunglasses ever, all trimmed with rhinestones. And one of the boys I had to break a date with sent me a Frank Sinatra album, only he made a new record jacket with a picture of a girl with a face the size of a melon and a new title, 'Music to Have Mumps By.'

"Oh, Mother's back. She's pointing to her watch. Oh, I know. . . . It's all right Mother, I know it's long distance. I'm timing myself. It's only been eleven minutes. I just want to tell Lorna about the songs on my mump album. . . . It had all sorts of 'phony' selections printed on the jacket, like 'I've Got You Under My Skin,' 'You Go To My Head,' 'Catch a Falling Mump,' and, oh, yes, 'Sandy, the Red-Faced Starlet.'

"Oops, Mother's waiting in the doorway again. . . . What, Mother? . . . Mother says if I don't hang up I'm going to bankrupt her."

"I'm reading 'Crime and Punishment' by Dostoevski. Yes, it is kind of deep, but real great. And I've got a whole stack that Mother brought me, 'The Last Hurrah,' 'The World Outside' and 'The Success.'"

"Gosh, Lorna, you should see the look on Mother's face! Oh, oh, Mother's got a big scissors. I think she means to cut the telephone wire. Well, I'll call you tomorrow."

After Mother clamped down on the telephone I worked out a schedule for myself, reading, watching TV, telephoning, playing solitaire—and sleeping—just to keep busy.

"Try to get a little rest, dear," Mother would say. "You mustn't tire yourself."

Tire myself! I had to invent the most energetic sort of dreams, like chasing Johnny Saxon clear to Pasadena, just to feel tired enough to sleep for forty winks.



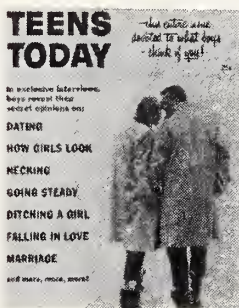
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I didn't think my two weeks of quarantine would ever end.

They did, though. Finally the day came when I was allowed to go back to work and back to school. Actually, since I'm her only pupil, my teacher, Mrs. Hoene, used to call every day and give me homework assignments.

I woke up early that day, stuffed my feet into my furry slippers and went to the closet. It was so long since I'd gotten dressed that I couldn't decide what to wear. I wanted to look extra pretty on my first day out. I kept wishing Mother would let me buy that black sheath I've been wanting, it would have made a dramatic return. But she keeps telling me I'm too young. Finally, I chose a pink shirtwaist dress, so the color would brighten up my face, which was a little pale after two weeks in bed.

By the time I got down to breakfast Mother was on her second cup of coffee. "Hi, Sandy," she said. "I've been thinking that maybe I'd better go to the studio with you today. After all, it is your first day up."

"Oh, no, Mother, I feel just fine. You go ahead being a walking guide to Hollywood for your friends. I'll be all right."

"Are you sure? Maybe I'd better drive

you down there, at least," Mother offered. "Nope. I can drive—if I remember how."

It was a beautiful day, all bright and clear and not a trace of smog. My car purred along and I felt almost giddy at seeing all those people on the streets and in their cars, after those awful days of quarantine. I felt so great I decided to do something to brighten up the doctor's green office. I parked, ran into a florist shop and bought a bunch of blue irises for him. Then I got back into the car and headed for the studio.

"Hi, there," the gateman called out to me. "Welcome back."

I waved, drove on through and pulled up in front of the doctor's white bungalow. I hid the flowers behind my back as I walked in, planning to surprise him. The nurse wasn't in the waiting room, so I walked up to the door to his office and knocked.

"It's me," I said, "Sandra Dee."

"Come right in," he called out.

The nurse was in there with him and they looked as though they were catching up on the paper work.

"Hello," I said. "I just thought I'd drop by and tell you how well I'm feeling and to thank you for being so sweet through

all my complaining. And I brought you these." I whisked the flowers out from behind me.

"Oh, how lovely," he said. "Nurse, can you find something to put them in?" He got up from behind his desk and was really beaming as he walked toward me.

He shook my hand. "That was a very nice thing to do," he said. "You are a sweet girl."

And then he patted me on my left cheek.

"Ouch!" I shouted.

The doctor's smile faded as he looked at my face more closely.

"Well, Sandra," he said. "You're a very unusual girl, one of the special people."

"Special?" I said weakly.

"Very special," he answered. "Lots of people only get mumps on one side and a great many others get them on both sides at the same time. But you, my dear, can go back to bed with the knowledge that you are very special indeed. You have gotten your mumps one mump at a time!"

I went back to bed for seven more days.

THE END

SANDRA'S IN U-I'S "IMITATION OF LIFE" AND COLUMBIA'S "GIDGET." WATCH FOR HER IN U-I'S "THE WILD AND THE INNOCENT."

DICK CLARK

Continued from page 48

housewife in the very latest supersonic, power-steered, ultra-fidelity cleaning brush. And then there was the time when I could never be sure my paycheck would cover the shoe leather I wore out carrying the mail around to all the offices at a radio station.

That last job, now . . . boy, I really had to hustle to get that one. I was a junior at A. B. Davis High School in Mt. Vernon, New York, and I'd already decided that radio was for me. I'd played around at being a deejay on the little phonograph I had at home and now I decided to go down to New York City and get myself hired for real.

I must have sat in the waiting room in every station in town—and that's a lot of stations. In almost every case, they did give me an interview.

"What experience have you had?" they'd ask.

"None," I'd answer. "That's what I'm looking for—experience."

"That's fine, son," they'd say. "Come back and see us after you've found some."

It seemed you needed experience to get experience, which was a kind of vicious circle that left me just where I'd started. I went round on that circle for three years till somebody finally hired me. I was majoring in radio at Syracuse University when a local station nearby finally gave me that mailroom job. After a while, they let me do some announcing and soon after that, there I was—a deejay.

What started me remembering all this was a gab session we had just before "Bandstand" went on the air. Gerry Granahan had just sent around his new Sunbeam record, "I'm Afraid You'll Never Know," and I was telling the gang about it.

"Gee, Dick," said one of the girls, a pretty little blonde with a ponytail, "remember his other record, 'Please, No Chemise'? You know, I liked the chemise better than the Empire look, didn't you?"

"Oh, no," moaned one of the fellows. "Let's not talk about clothes. Let's talk about something important."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Boys!" a girl in the last row shouted.

"Love!" someone else suggested.

"Some girls," piped up one boy in the back, "never seem to have anything on their minds but boys!"

"What else is there?" my blonde friend asked.

"Well, now," I suggested. "There are lots of important things to think about. There's money, for instance."

"Man, that's nice stuff," a tall freckled fellow said, "if you can get it."

"I'd sure like some," a sandy-haired, laughing-eyed girl agreed. "Where can I get it?"

"Maybe the Coasters had the right idea," I suggested, "when they made that record, 'Get a Job.'"

"Golly," she said, "who'd give me a job?"

"What's wrong with you?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "for one thing, I don't have any experience in anything."

"Think again," I suggested. "There must be lots of things you can do. For instance, do you like animals?"

"Oh, I love them."

"Did you know that Tony Perkins used to earn money in New York as a dog-sitter?"

"Honest? Gee, I could do that."

"There are probably lots of things you could do. Why don't you . . ." At this point, Tony Mammarella, my producer, caught my eye and I could tell he'd been trying to do it for quite a while. "Ooops, I'm sorry, gang. It's time for me to get this show on the air. But, say, I've got an idea. Any of you going to be in New York Saturday morning?" A half dozen hands shot up. "Well, I'll be in New York for my Saturday night show. I'd love to go on with this talk, if you're interested."

"Are we ever!" said my sandy-haired friend. She'd been one of those who'd raised her hand.

"Well, how about meeting me up at the Photoplay offices? I'll bring the Cokes."

When we met on Saturday, there was an eerie quiet about the offices, Saturday being a non-working day for the rest of Photoplay's staff. We pulled a bunch of chairs around a long rectangular walnut desk, unwrapped the Cokes and the little packages of cookies I'd also brought, and what with the rustling of paper, the scraping of chairs and then with everybody talking all at once, the office soon stopped feeling so strange.

"I've been thinking about what you said the other day, Dick," sandy-haired Joan began. "I guess there must be lots of jobs that even I could handle. But how do I find out where they are?"

"Anybody have any ideas?" I asked.

"My school has a placement office," said blonde Pat, "and I bet yours does too."

"There are the want-ads in the newspapers," Jack offered.

"And the employment agencies," said Chuck. "Most of them charge a fee, but there's also the State employment offices. They're for free and they know about lots of jobs."

"Let me tell all of you," Carole said, "that it really pays to advertise. Tell everybody you know you want a job and you'll be surprised what sort of jobs people have heard about."

"Another thing not to miss up on are the personnel offices of the larger companies," Stan said.

"Stan's got a good point there," I put in. "It's a good idea to think first about the kind of work you want to do and are suited for and then look up all the different places that might be able to use you. For instance, if you gals have had any typing or steno at school, you ought to get a list of different business firms, banks, libraries, hospitals and so on."

Joan reached across the desk for another little pack of peanut-butter cookies. Then, as she was unwrapping them, she said, "But I don't know how to type."

"Oh, you could still get a job in an office if you wanted one," Carole said. "You could be a receptionist or operate a switchboard or file or clip papers or almost anything."

"No office for me," Chuck said. "Come summer I want to be out under that sun."

"Me, too," Pat piped. "A girl I know is going to work this summer as a fishing guide. I'd like to do something different like that."

"Gee, that sounds great," Chuck said. "I've got applications in with the Y and with the department of parks. If things work out, I'll have me a job as a recreation assistant. Imagine getting paid for playing baseball! And, Pat, they take girls, too, to teach the younger kids how to swim or dance or make all sorts of things."

"Another kind of job you can get," Jack said, "is like the one I had last summer, waiting on tables. The great thing about

that is that people have to eat wherever they are. That means you can be a waiter or waitress in the city or at a resort area. I even heard of a guy who wrote to the National Park Service in Washington, D.C., and got back a booklet called 'Employment by Concessioners in National Park Areas.' It tells all about jobs you can get at real exciting places, like Yellowstone National Park and . . . Say, what happened to all the peanut-butter cookies?" He looked accusingly at Joan.

"I ate them all," she confessed. "I guess I was just trying to prove that waitressing is not for me. If I were around all that food, it'd just destroy my diet."

"What about applying for these jobs?" I asked, meanwhile hoping Joan wouldn't see as I slipped the one last peanut-butter cookie to Jack.

"Oh, I know all about that," Carole said. "Wear a hat and gloves on all interviews and a simple, unfussy dress."

"And try to talk in a soft voice," Pat added, "and be very polite."

"It's those applications that get me," Stan moaned. "They've got to be neat and with a handwriting like mine, that isn't easy. And all those little lines and all those things to fill out, like 'Experience.' What do you put down if you've never worked before?"

"Try making up for it," I suggested, "when you get to where they want to know about special skills. List everything that could possibly apply. And when they ask about special interests and extracurricular activities, list everything there, too. It'll show you're a live-wire and get along with people and like lots of things."

"I sure hope so," Stan said.

We've been talking about just jobs," I said. "But, you know, while you're looking for part-time or summer work you really ought to be thinking about what you'll want to do when you're out of school, too. Let's take you, Joan. You're in your junior year at high school. What sort of career plans do you have?"

"Oh, that's easy," she said. "I want to be an airline stewardess."

"Sounds exciting," I said. "What are you doing about it?"

Joan paused, a paper container halfway to her lips. "Why nothing."

"Why not?"

"Well, I'm still in school. I've plenty of time."

"A headstart never hurt," I said. "What do you think, Pat? What could Joan do now to get started on her career?"

"Well," Pat said, "for one thing, maybe she should go to the library and read up on it. See if she needs any special training."

"Wait a minute," Jack interrupted. "I think the first thing she ought to do is find out if she's suited to that. I had a session with the vocational counsellor at school last week and, man, what a revelation!"

"That makes sense," I said. "What do you think, Stan?"

"I'm with Jack," Stan grinned "But there's still another thing Joan can do, and that's to try to find a summer job or a part-time job in the field she likes."

"That's so right," Carole said. "Ever since I can remember, I've wanted to be an airline stewardess, too. Well, last summer I got myself a job at the local airport—serving coffee and sandwiches at the lunch counter. Now I'm surer than ever that that's what I want. I got to meet the girls who already are stewardesses. The uniforms, the travelling, I know I'll love all that and I found out that the pilots and the stewardesses were the kind of people I like. But I also learned about the long hours, the passenger who can get sick or grouchy, the need to be cheerful all the time. I was able to take a look at the

drawbacks, at the training I'll need and then evaluate it all and come to a decision based on the facts."

Chuck, a tall, thin boy whom I'd only seen once or twice at "Bandstand," had been sitting quietly through all the talk. Now he ran a hand through his crew cut and spoke up. "Joan's lucky, she knows what she wants. But what do you do when you just can't make up your mind?"

"See the same vocational counsellor Joan's going to," said Jack.

"And experiment," Suzie added. "For instance, why not take a job clerking in a store, to see if you like seeing and meeting people all day long?"

"Then you can look for a job where you work quietly and mostly by yourself," said Carole, "and see which one you like better. Then at least you have a clue."

"Gosh," Joan sighed, "you sure are going to keep me busy."

"And me, too," Chuck laughed.

Oh, and that's only the beginning," I warned them. "But the kids are giving you good advice. Whether you want to be a singer or a schoolteacher, a doctor, lawyer or fire chief, you'd better start thinking about that future job just as early as possible."

"Once the decision is made, and you're sure of what you want to do, then you've got to make up your mind it takes work to become good at your work. Patti Page certainly qualifies in my book as a successful star, and so do Tony Bennett, Johnny Mathis, Perry Como. No matter who you name, you'll find that they started at the bottom of the ladder and worked and worked and worked till they hit the top. And you can guess why they stay there. They are still working hard."

"Gosh, Dick," said Pat, "getting a job is serious business, and so is keeping one, I guess. But I don't really know how much of that applies to me. I'll let you in on a secret. My steady and I, we'll probably get married soon as both of us have graduated. My job will be being a wife and then someday a mother."

"That's about the greatest job there is," I said. "But let's look at it this way. What if you don't get married until, say, a year after graduation? Why spend eight hours of every day of that year doing something you don't particularly care about when, with a little thought, you can be doing something you really like?"

"And dig these census figures I saw in the paper—ah, here's the clipping: There are one and a half million more women than men working today and by 1980 there'll be three million more. I'll bet an awful lot of 'em are married, too. If your husband's just starting out in his career, you'd probably welcome an extra paycheck, especially when you're newly-married and in the middle of buying all that furniture. Your paycheck might be the difference between buying that little house or scrimping by in a tiny rented apartment, between having a car or doing without wheels. In that case, you might as well get a kick out of what you do to earn the paycheck."

"Well, my steady and I do have a big yen for a T-bird built for two," Pat admitted. "Maybe it is off to work I go."

I looked at my watch. "I don't know where the time went to," I said, "but it has really gone. It's off to work I go and that's for sure. Why don't you all come along to the show? I'll use my influence and see if I can't get you in."

I'll see you right here next month—DICK.

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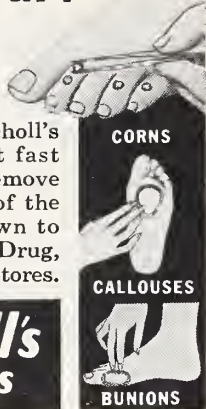
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TAB HUNTER

Continued from page 71

stopped at the toy counter. "Here's a cute autograph hound," he said, picking one up and waving it at me. I had told him I didn't like the one I had. This was the saddest-eyed basset hound I'd ever seen.

"Did you know," Tab laughed, "when basset hounds eat, they have to have their ears clothes-pinned together so they don't drip into their food? Do you like him? He's yours." Before I knew it he handed it to the sales lady who promptly asked Tab to sign one for her daughter. I really felt "on the inside" being with Tab then.

When we left the store (me clutching my basset hound under one arm), it was freezing out. "Let's have some tea at the Plaza," Tab suggested.

We arrived breathless and panting from running all the way up Fifth Avenue. Tab introduced me to his favorite way of drinking tea—with honey! (It's good.) We talked about his horses and of how we both loved Cape Cod in the summer and all of a sudden Tab said, "Say, how about having dinner with me?"

I was speechless and flattered, too, because I had overheard him talking about another date for dinner and the opera with some movie people.

"Yes, I'd love to," I managed to say. "If you'll give me half an hour to change my dress at my cousin's house, and I'll call my folks." Luckily, I'd brought in a dressy dress which Photoplay had made for me and my little fake-fur jacket, and my Dad said he'd be glad to drive in from Chatham, New Jersey (where we live) to pick me up whatever time I said.

Tab arrived at 6:30 o'clock and we went to the Hotel Pierre for dinner. That's when the biggest surprise of all happened. We'd finished our lamb chops (Tab had ordered two for him and one for me) and our salad, when he pulled out a small box.

"It's not 14 Karat, but I thought you might keep it to remember me by."

I opened the box and inside was a lovely gold bracelet with a heart-shaped charm which said on one side: "To Lucky From Tab" and on the other, "Photoplay Contest, January, 1959." Tab slipped it on my wrist and, for the first time all day, I didn't know what to say.

"Would you like to dance?" Tab said, noting my confusion. But then since there wasn't another soul on the dance floor, we agreed we'd feel too self-conscious.

Over coffee, I looked at my watch and realized that the day and evening had

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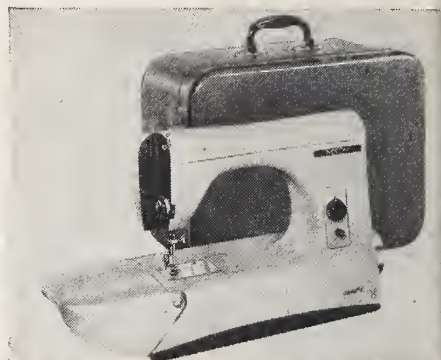
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2913, Tyrolean dress, Junior sizes 11-15, Misses sizes 12-18, 50¢.

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The second prize in Photoplay's Tab Hunter contest has been awarded to: Miss Joan Nave of Duluth, Minnesota, who wins a Necchi Mirella portable sewing machine like the one shown above.

flown by and that my parents were due any minute in the lobby to pick me up.

"Would you like to meet my family?" I asked, feeling like we were old friends.

"Look, Mom," I said, before I remembered introductions. "Look at what Tab gave me." Mom thought it was very pretty and both she and Dad agreed that Tab was so natural and unaffected, they could hardly believe he was a movie star.

Then we said goodnight and I started to get into the car right outside the lobby. I told Tab that I'd wear his bracelet forever.

"Just remember, Tiny," Tab grinned, "when I call you this summer in Cape Cod, that I'm the guy who gave it to you."

—LUCKY KOCH

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NICK ADAMS

Continued from page 44

He looked up at the windows. Mom! He almost said the word out loud as he saw her face smiling at him through the dusty glass . . . still with that same old look he remembered from way back. Then she shook a finger at him and he suddenly felt like a little boy again.

Nick went around to the front of the bus and waited while the passengers came down the steps, one by one. Then as his mother came to the head of the steps, he put a hand up to help her. And as he did so, he was struck by how tired she looked and how much greyer her hair had become. "Nicholas . . . my Nicholas," she choked, holding back her tears. It had been more than eight years since they had last seen each other.

"Did you have a good trip, Mom?" he asked.

She nodded and stood back, staring at him. "Let me look at you!" she cried, her Jersey accent sounding suddenly so familiar. "You've lost weight. You've not been eating well . . . I know you haven't." She stopped abruptly and suddenly her face became softer. "My boy a star, a real star," she whispered.

"Aw . . . Mom."

Nick looked at his mother. "It's good to see you, Mom, real good," he said quietly. Then he looked questioningly over at a pile of baggage which stood by the bus. "You show me which are your bags and we'll get along home," he said.

"These two—that blue one, and the green," she said, pointing to them.

Nick picked up the cases and they walked across the concrete. "Gee . . . Mom, they're heavy. What have you got in them—bricks?" he laughed, and pretended to stumble.

They reached the parking lot and Nick, walking just a little ahead, guided his mother to the car.

"It's this one over here," he said as they came to a low-slung, up-to-the-minute model.

"Such a beautiful car, Nick," she answered overawed.

He put down the suitcases and opened the door to help her in. Then he piled the bags onto the back seat.

"So tell me," he said, as he started the engine, "how's Dad . . . and Andy?"

She smiled across at him. "I'm afraid your father's beginning to feel the years," she said slowly, "but thank God he's well. And Andrew—he's such a fine doctor now. We're so proud of you both . . ."

Nick's thoughts raced back over those early days with his family as he drove slowly through the wide Los Angeles boulevards, pointing out the sights as they passed by. Then he turned the car uphill towards his small one-bedroom apartment. Suddenly there it was ahead, looking like a Swiss chalet with its wooden frame set into the side of a mountain in the Hollywood Hills.

"That's it, Mom," he said proudly, pointing ahead.

"Why it's beautiful, Nick."

And as they turned into the narrow winding road which led up to it Nick slowed, and leisurely coasted down to the front of the house. "It's lovely, isn't it?" he said softly.

His mother nodded and smiled.

Then as they stopped Mrs. Adamshock fumbled for the handle of the car door. "No . . . let me. I'll open it for you," Nick scolded, hurrying out from the driver's seat and around to the other side.

Nick took a key from his pocket and opened the front door while his mother stood anxiously beside him. Then, as the door swung back and she caught a view of the charming modern living-room crammed with dozens of curious little knickknacks, she gasped.

"Oh . . . Nick," she sighed at length.

"Just like your letters."

"Those letters," he began, "I've been wanting . . ." But he stopped and seeming to change his mind said, "You must want to look around; of course you do. Here, come inside."

And she followed him through the house as he showed her first a framed copy of his first movie contract which he kept proudly over his bed and then pages of early fan magazine stories which he had pasted attractively on the whitewashed walls of the living room. In one corner were photos of himself with James Dean and Elvis Presley and on low coffee tables were ashtrays from Ciro's, Romanoff's, and all the many wonderful places she'd read so much about.

"Oh, Nick . . . It's just so wonderful," she said, as they left his small but compact kitchenette and walked back towards the living room.

"I'm glad you like it, Mom," he said, rather selfconsciously. Then he motioned her towards a chair. "Now you just relax here and I'll fix some coffee. You must be tired."

"Now Nick," she scolded. "I'll do that . . . I'm still your mother, you know."

"No, next time—in fact I expect you to cook for me for the rest of your stay!" he joked.

When the coffee was ready Nick came to sit beside her.

Now, darling," she said, "I want to know all about Hollywood . . . about everything right from the beginning. Because all I know is what you have written and what I've read in the papers."

"Well, Mom . . ." he began, then he stopped short, picked up a spoon and stirred the coffee a little too vigorously. For a moment neither of them spoke.

Suddenly a look of alarm flashed across Nick's face as he saw she was taking a tiny bundle—a bundle of letters—from her purse.

"I've brought you some of your old letters, Nick," she said. "I thought you'd like to see them." And she began untying the narrow string which held them together.

"Aw . . . Gee, Mom. Those letters . . . Oh, well, I guess I'd have had to tell you sometime." And he looked down at the patterned carpet. "It's like this. Those letters—the early ones. I didn't want to worry you . . . so I guess I just made them up." He hurried over the last few words.

"They weren't true!"

"Well, not exactly, Mom," he said softly.

"But . . . but . . ." she looked puzzled and lost. Then she said slowly, "What really happened, Nick? You can tell me. I want to know. I won't be angry." And she passed him the top letter from the pile.

He looked at the scrawled handwriting and the crumpled corners of the paper. She's kept them all these years, he thought. He began to read the words.

The letter was dated February 15, 1950. "Dear Mom, Pop, and Andy. Since my last letter I've found a job. I'm working for Warner Bros. . . ."

Nick looked up and suddenly he felt the way he used to when he was a small boy and had done something wrong. Then he said slowly, "I guess I can tell you that story now, because in a way it was funny."

"You see, Mom, it was sort of true. I did

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have a job with Warner Bros. . . . as a combination doorman-usher at one of their movie houses in town. I got the grand sum of twenty-five dollars a week but I didn't want to tell you because . . . you see, with rent ten dollars a week and the money I needed for food and transportation it didn't exactly leave me rich and frankly I was scared." Nick noticed she had her eyes focused on her lap and was sitting very still, her feet tucked in under the chair.

"I was so sure I was going to be discovered," he went on. "It was only a matter of time. I had it all planned. My job was to stand at the door taking tickets and I decided that if I saw anyone famous, I'd stall when they gave me their stub and pretend to drop it. Then I'd start doing a Jimmy Cagney or Cary Grant in 'Gunga Din.' I was so sure one of them would say, 'Hey kid, you're terrific. Here's my card. Be at my office first thing in the morning.' Well, after two-and-a-half months of getting nothing but stares and only occasional laughs and no one tapping me on the shoulder and saying, 'We want you,' I got desperate. It's hard when you want something so much and you get that sinking feeling that nobody's interested.

"So I went out in front of the theater one time when I noticed that the guy who changes the marquee was across the street getting coffee. And I grabbed a handful of 'A's' and an 'I' and the rest of the letters I needed and climbed the ladder. Then I put my name up in big letters all across the front of the theater. I was thinking of using my real name, Mom, but really—Adamshock—what could you do with that. It's so long it would have turned the corner of the marquee. So I just used Adams like I used to sometimes back home." He noticed her mouth curl up slightly in a smile.

"I was so sure they'd know me after that. But what actually happened was that a couple of killjoys went to the manager and said, 'Who's this Nick Adams?' Well, the manager took one look at me and told me politely to hang up my uniform and try my stunts elsewhere."

"So that was it, Nick. I wondered sometimes . . ." And she began to unfold another letter. "What about this one, Nick? What about all those wonderful places you told me you'd been?"

Nick took the letter and began reading. ". . . don't faint," it said, "but in three hours I'll be out on the town. I'm going to Romanoff's and then to the two biggest night-clubs, Ciro's and the Macambo." He looked up.

"I did go, Mom, but not exactly in the way I told you. I met a pal who said he'd show me those places and we did actually go. But we stood outside and I just managed to see in when the door opened and people came in or out. Remember how I wrote you in that next letter that I'd seen everyone from Clark Gable to Shirley Temple? I did it because I knew you'd be excited. But what really happened was that I read all the Hollywood gossip columns the next morning before I sat down to write to you. I had to be very careful because I know how you follow every word of those movie columns, and I couldn't let you catch me in a lie."

As he finished speaking he noticed his mother begin reading through yet another letter. "And this one, Nick. The one where you told us you had all those important interviews."

Nick lit a cigarette and took a deep draw.

"Four months had gone by by that time, Mom, and I couldn't let you know I'd gotten nowhere. I'd been in and out of more than a hundred casting agencies by that time and most of them wouldn't

let me past the receptionist. I was a nobody with a new face that wasn't in demand. I kept asking how I could ever get to be an 'old face' if I didn't get a chance to be a new one. They gave me one answer: Keep trying." He began fiddling with an ashtray on the table beside him.

"I had no money saved, no job, and only my little 'reserve sinking fund' which was sinking very fast. I felt like forgetting the whole thing that day and telling you I was coming home. But how could I, Mom? After all those things I'd said. The whole town must have thought I was on my way to becoming famous. No, Mom, I just couldn't come back. They'd all have laughed at me." Nick shrugged his shoulders. "So I kept on trying and trying."

"You could have come home . . . you know that. No one would have laughed, son," she said softly. "We'd all have understood. But that wonderful new apartment you said you moved into that first Christmas. And the new contract?" Her voice grew louder.

"Mom," he said quietly, "I guess . . . I guess I'll never know how I ever had the nerve to write you all those lies! But after ten months of going nowhere I didn't care what I said. I think this was the blackest period of my life. Sure I got a contract—for a Pepsi Cola commercial. But all I made was thirty-five dollars and a dozen bottles of soda pop. I hadn't worked in weeks, I was hungry and I had to move because I was behind in my rent. I didn't know I could ever feel so depressed or ever get so hungry."

"That new apartment, that was really letting my imagination run away with me. Mom, the place was awful. I saw an ad for a handyman and I was so down and out I applied. The woman needed someone to water the lawn and take out the trash and feed her ten cats when she was away. I said I'd take the job but that I needed a place to stay, too. She took me out back to a shed near the garage. She said I could stay there in exchange for working."

"The place had a bed as narrow as a board, and the mattress was so thin I could feel the slats of the bed. That tile bathroom I referred to—well, I had one, five blocks away at the YMCA where I went to take showers. The heating unit, that was an old coal stove. I couldn't afford to buy fuel so I went around collecting wooden coat hangers to burn. And those cats—I got so hungry one day that I stole the liver she asked me to cook for them. I felt lower than a rat, stealing their food. But I hadn't eaten in two days."

Nick looked at his mother's face. She seemed sad. Then he said gently, "I'm sorry, Mom. But I just couldn't tell you all those things at the time. I had such big dreams."

"The car, Nick. That wonderful sports car you wrote about?"

He took another draw on his cigarette. "That was a lie too, Mom. And I felt pretty bad when you wrote and told me how worried you were when you thought of me driving around in it and asked me to be careful. That woman I told you about—the rich one I met at a party who said she'd gotten mad with her new sports model because all those gears made her nervous and who wanted to sell it cheap? She didn't even exist, Mom. What really happened was that I desperately needed something to get around in so I bought a 1938 pickup truck that I saw on a lot advertised for two hundred and thirty-seven dollars. I gave the man the last fifty from my sinking fund and the payments were fifteen a month. But I couldn't pay and after two months they

came and took the truck away from me."
 "You bought something without the money!"

"I thought I could pay . . . I thought, maybe my break would come that month, Mom. I wasn't trying to steal, honestly I wasn't."

"But that letter," her voice was rising, "that letter you sent from Honolulu . . . that couldn't have all been lies!"

"No, Mom, that was the truth. That was the first time I really told you the truth."

"I have that letter here," she said softly.

"Could . . . could I see it?" And he watched his mother look through the small package until she came to one letter dated August 31, 1954. She handed it to him. He carefully unfolded it.

" . . . Dear Mom, Pop and Andy: I guess you must be surprised to see a letter from Hawaii and also be wondering what's been happening to me because it's now quite a while since I last wrote. Well, so much has happened I hardly know where to begin.

"First, I am overjoyed to be able to tell you I have now finished sea duty in the Pacific. A sailor's life was getting me down! Well, as soon as I came off sea duty, the Navy assigned me to a radio station near Hollywood on account of my training as an actor. It was at the station that I heard about the film part—the part I'm working on now, here in Honolulu. I'd heard that John Ford was doing 'Mister Roberts' and was looking for sailors. So I put on my best uniform and my ribbons and went down to the studio. I got by the gateman by saying my clothes were from wardrobe and I was one of the sailors in the movie.

"Then I managed to get to Ford's office.

I knew Ford had been in the Navy and also that James Cagney was in the picture. So before Ford could get a word in I did an impersonation of Cagney and then followed it with Cary Grant and Marlon Brando." Nick paused for a moment, then read on.

" . . . I was afraid that if I stopped acting Ford would kick me out. Anyway, finally he lifted his eyepatch and said to another man who was in the office, 'Spunky little guy, isn't he?' Then to me, 'Square that hat.' I pulled my cap from the back of my head into regulation position.

"Ford snapped, 'You've got your ribbons upside down.' I told him that I thought he was wrong because I'd looked in the book. So he laughed and said, 'Sign him up.'"

"So folks, that was it. They wanted sailors and they got me—direct from actual sea duty. And now we're down here shooting the film and they seem very pleased with my work. I've even spoken to Cagney himself!"

Nick looked up from the letter. He smiled softly at his mother and put his hand on her arm.

"From then on, Mom, they were true . . . all the letters. I didn't need to lie any more. Even the parts about my being friends with James Dean and Elvis Presley. It's all quite true."

Mrs. Adamshock didn't speak for the moment. Then she smiled at her son, looked admiringly around the room and said, "Don't worry, Nick. We're so proud of you now, so very proud."

—BEATRICE MARCH

SEE NICK ADAMS IN WARNERS' "THE FBI STORY."

PAUL NEWMAN

Continued from page 51

I liked it. Now let's see if you can do as well in French.' On the way to his seat he stopped for a second by my desk. 'I'm Paul Newman,' he said, 'Hi ya, partner?' Then he grinned and went on."

Tom looked out again at the high school. "Wish it wasn't Sunday," he said, "or I'd take you inside and show you around. I guess it's nothing special—classrooms, gym—just like any other high school. But the auditorium—that's something special . . . or at least it's something special for Paul and me.

"You see, after that session in the French class, Paul and I became pals and I got to know him pretty well. I never could figure out why they call him a rebel. He was full of fun, yes. Not afraid to tell you straight what he felt or thought, yes. But a rebel, no. Just a heckuva nice guy. And the girls all seemed to like him. All, that is, except one—the prettiest girl in the class. I don't know whether Paul was stuck on her or not, but she treated him as if he didn't exist. You know, the cold, go along little boy and play' kind of freeze.

"One day I teased him about it, and I touched a tender spot. No, he didn't blow up. He just looked at me—face as grim as I've ever seen it—and then he said, 'I'll kiss her before the semester is over.' 'You're crazy,' I answered, 'it'll never happen.' 'Betcha twelve beers,' he said. 'Okay,' I replied, before I knew what I was saying. Then I added, 'But how will I know if you do? How will you prove it?' 'You'll know,' he retorted. 'Brother, will you know?'

"So that was that. I didn't see much

of Paul all spring. Beer was out 'cause they were really piling on the homework. Besides, there was a girl I kind of got interested in myself. I vaguely heard that Paul had tried out for the Senior play and had gotten a good part. Then one day two tickets for the play came to me through the mail. I was going to go anyway so I was a little surprised. They were box seats, the best, and in the envelope was a little note: 'Compliments of Paul Newman. Be there!'

"Of course I went. The play was Philip Barry's 'Spring Dance.' Paul played a cut-up character, and he was very good. The girl I was with said he was 'very cute.' Well, the prettiest girl in the school—the one who'd been giving Paul the cold shoulder—was playing the feminine lead. There's a point in the play where Paul was supposed to give her a peck on the cheek. But when that point came he took her in his arms and really kissed her. Somehow he swung her around so that he was facing the audience—what you could see of him—and her back was to us. He unloosened one of his arms, put his hand above her head, and made a circle with two fingers, the sign of victory. And he shook those fingers right at me."

Tom grinned. "Now you see why that auditorium has a special meaning for me—and for Paul.

"But if we're going to visit some of the other people who can give you the straight dope about Paul, we'd better get going. Sure, Shaker Heights is just a suburb of Cleveland, but it's a big one—spread out for miles—and it takes time to get around."

We drove along wide streets. There were few stores anywhere, just well-kept private homes. On a lawn, two boys were tossing a football back and forth. "Like Paul and I used to," said Tom.

We came to a corner, and Tom cried,



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"Hey, wait a minute. Turn right here.
We're on Brighton Road. I'll show you
Paul's house."

In the middle of the block, we stopped
and parked the car across from a
large house. "I remember the first time
I saw that place," Tom said. "Our French
teacher—the same one who had liked
Paul's boogie-woogie—had told us about
a French play that was being performed
at the Cleveland Playhouse. She'd asked
if anyone would like to go—she had free
tickets. Well, Paul raised his hand, and
I raised mine, and two girls raised theirs,
too. So we had kind of eased ourselves
into a double-date to see a play.

"This was the first time I'd ever driven
my family's car alone. And I was scared.
So scared that I got mixed up on the way
to Paul's house and went to Broxton
Road instead of Brighton Road where he
lived. When I got to his place, he was
pacing up and down in front. He climbed
into the back seat and off we went to pick
up the girls. On the way, I explained why
I'd been late—that this was the first time
I'd ever driven without one of my folks
with me.

"He didn't say a word; he just climbed
over next to me on the front seat. When
we picked up the girls, they had to get
into the back seat. Sure, it wasn't a real
date, but still it must have seemed kind
of funny to them that we were sitting up
front and they were stuck in back. Paul
was sensitive enough to my feelings not
to tell them what the score was. But
he didn't take his eyes off the steering
wheel and the road for a moment. Just
in case.

"During the play itself, of course, we
split up and Paul sat next to one girl
and I sat next to the other. When we
went to the checkroom later to get our
coats, Paul said to me, 'Look, it'll seem
sort of silly if we both sit in the front
seat again on the way home. Why don't
you get in back, and I'll drive. Okay?'
'Okay,' I answered.

"So we went and had some sandwiches
and Cokes, and listened to boogie-woogie
on the juke box . . . the girls said the
pianist on the record wasn't as good as
Paul had been in French class. Then we
got in the car—Paul and one girl in the
front seat and me and the other in the
back, and started home.

"After we'd dropped the girls off, I got
in the front seat besides Paul and we
drove to his place. As he got out, I
thanked him for getting me out of an
embarrassing situation by not letting on
that I'd never driven alone before.

"Think nothing of it,' he replied, 'I know
exactly how you felt. To tell you the
truth, I was in the same boat. I never
drove a car before tonight without my
folks being along, either.' And he grinned,
waved his hand, and disappeared into his
house."

Tom looked at his watch and said, "Gosh,
if we're going to get to Celeste Beckwithe's
house on time, we'd better stop dawdling."
On the way, Tom filled us in about her.
She had helped out with costumes for the
plays at the Malvern Grammar School
back in 1936 or 1937, and it was she who
had "discovered" Paul Newman. She
had had a tender spot in her heart for him
ever since.

At Celeste Beckwithe's house, Tom in-
troduced us. We explained that we
had planned to interview Paul and
Joanne, but didn't want to bother them
while they were busy fixing up their New
York apartment and waiting for the ar-
rival of their baby. So we had decided to
do the next best thing: find out how the
hometown folks felt about Paul, and let
him know through Photoplay just what

these people remembered most best about
him.

Celeste Beckwithe beamed, and as she
started to talk, it was clear that Tom was
right, that she did have a tender spot in
her heart for Paul. She told us that he
had made his debut on stage in a fifth
grade play, in the role of an Italian organ-
grinder. "I'll never forget the way Paul
looked when he came out on that stage,"
she said. "He had the merriest face I
ever saw on a child in my life. And he
just outdid himself. Of course, he was
just a little boy, but when he stood there,
dressed in tags and tatters, wearing his
father's old felt hat, and turning the handle
of that little music box, he was an organ-
grinder.

"Children in the audience actually
jumped up on the stage, interrupting the
performance, to get his autograph. After
the play was over, children and teachers
crowded around Paul's mother and his
older brother, Arthur, to congratulate
them. Mrs. Newman was so proud she
could do nothing but nod her head and cry.

"The applause helped convince me, I'm
sure," Celeste Beckwithe said, "but it was
what I saw with my own eyes that really
did it. Paul was a natural actor. An un-
self-conscious extrovert who really lived
the part." So she advised Mrs. Newman
to take Paul to the Cleveland Playhouse
and have him try out for the 'Curtain
Pullers,' the children's section of the
playhouse. At his audition, he did a
skit that his uncle, Joe Newman, a prom-
inent Ohio newspaperman and poet, had
written for him. At the climax of the
skit, he yodeled—and he got a part, the
lead in 'St. George and the Dragon.' But
Paul was disappointed. His heart was
set on playing the dragon, but he couldn't
fit into the costume. He was too tall."

We thanked Celeste Beckwithe, went
back to our car, and started for our next
stop, the house of Paul's uncle, Joe New-
man. As we drove along, we asked Tom
why he thought so little was known
about Paul Newman and his life. "Easy,"
Tom answered, "because he has so many
things to talk about—so many things he
is interested in—besides himself. Books
and what's happening in the world and
people. Other people—their hopes, their
fears, their troubles.

"Take me, for instance. He helped me,
although maybe he didn't know it. You
remember I told you about our Senior
play, about how he got to kiss the girl.
Well, after that the semester was soon
over. Paul and I signed each other's year-
books, wished each other luck, and that
was that. Paul and I said something about
keeping in touch—you know the sort of
thing—but he went his way and I went
mine.

"One spring—I think it was in 1950—I
saw Paul again. We had both been home
to Shaker Heights for Easter and we were
out at the Cleveland airport waiting for
planes: Paul was going back to Woodstock,
Illinois, where he was appearing with the
Woodstock Players; I was returning to
New York. And we started to talk.

"Over a cup of coffee, Paul filled me in
what had happened to him since our high
school graduation. He'd gone to Kenyon
College, but then Uncle Sam had called
him in 1942. He'd gone overseas as a
radioman third class on a naval torpedo
plane and had seen combat action in the
Pacific from the time he was 18 until he
was 20. In 1946 he'd returned to Kenyon
but found majoring in economics dull, so
he started to act again and appeared in
a dozen college shows, playing the lead
in eight. After graduating he'd done sum-
mer stock, and now was acting with the
Woodstock Players for forty dollars a
week, and loving every minute of it.

"I told Paul I'd also been bitten by the acting bug. But while Paul was getting some recognition for his work with the Woodstock Players, I was floundering. In desperation, I'd taken a job making clothing labels for a Manhattan concern. And at odd hours, and during my lunch period, I was trying to get a foothold on Broadway. And I told Paul that I was fed up, that I'd just about decided to give up the ghost and settle down in some nice, solid, dull business.

"Paul almost flipped. Then he lectured on how the theater was the greatest thing on earth and that I shouldn't quit. A real pep talk. He made it sound as if I'd told him I was deserting the army in wartime. I recall one thing he said: 'We can't all make it as actors. But there's so much more. Directing. Scene designing. Teaching. Anything's fine, as long as it has something to do with the theater.'

"When I got on that plane, I knew I couldn't quit. Today I'm teaching, designing sets, doing some directing. And I'm happy."

We had arrived at Joe Newman's house. Paul's uncle, who writes a regular column, "Could Be Verse," for the Cleveland Press, talked affectionately about his nephew. "Paul also had a talent for making up jingles, like me, and he wasn't bad," he said. "But one thing he didn't have was a talent for business."

The year after Paul acted with the Woodstock Players his father died and Paul came home to Cleveland to help out his mother by taking over his family's sporting-goods business. "As a boy, the fact that his father owned a sporting-goods store had made Paul the envy of all the other kids; but when he had to take over the business himself, he didn't like it. As he himself said, 'My heart wasn't in it. Acting was in my blood, and nothing could get it out.' After two years of selling tennis racquets and blowing up basketballs, he called it quits and went to Yale to take graduate work.

Joe Newman pointed out that Paul's family didn't stand in his way when he wanted to be an actor. The Newman home, when Paul was growing up, actually had a theatrical atmosphere. Paul's father liked to read aloud to the family and Paul loved to listen. Then there was the father's sporting-goods store itself with its wonderful displays—Paul used to stare at it for hours as if he were looking at a stage set. Not only his father, but other members of the family as well had a creative flair. One of Paul's aunts wrote children's stories, and his uncle, Aaron, ran the sports show at the Cleveland Auditorium. And regularly the whole family—father, mother, brothers, uncles, cousins, aunts—went together to City Club shows and Playhouse productions.

With this background and encouragement, Joe Newman said, "if there's any surprise about Paul's career at all, it's the surprise only that Paul's a remarkably good actor, and that's the opinion of a very critical uncle."

After we left Joe Newman's, we decided to get a bite to eat. "I know the place," Tom said, "Buden's Delicatessen. That's one of Paul's and my old hang-outs. In

fact, that's where we took the girls after that French play double-date."

"What will it be?" asked Danny Buden, the proprietor.

"What do you suggest?" we asked.

"How about a 'Buden Special'—it used to be Paul's favorite."

We each ordered a "Buden Special," not knowing what we were going to get, and it turned out to be a gigantic sandwich of glazed ham, swiss cheese, cold slaw, and special dressing. All of us left some of it on our plates.

"You're sissies," Danny said. "During the two summers Paul worked for me while he was in high school, he'd wolf down two specials a day."

Danny told us that Paul disliked working in the delicatessen as much as he disliked working in the sporting-goods store. Not that he didn't do his job well. He did—unpacking cartons, filling up shelves, checking stock, carrying out packages, and making deliveries. "But he was an actor all the time, making funny faces, really hamming it up—like he was somewhere else, dreaming of his name in lights."

Our last stop was at the home of Jim Newman, Paul's cousin. Just before we went into the house, Tom told us about how proud the people of Cleveland had been when a special premiere of "Long Hot Summer" had been held in Paul's hometown. "Paul's mother and his brother, Arthur, were right there in the front row," he said.

Jim Newman explained that he hadn't really gotten to know his cousin until nine years after Paul graduated from college, but then they had made up for lost time. He recalled one night in particular, a night that Paul had come over to the house. Although it was midwinter, he was wearing crushed mocassins, an open shirt, and walking shorts. He insisted on making dinner on the outdoor grill—all his own favorites, of course: steaks, hamburgers, hot dogs, corn on the cob, celery salad, asparagus, and artichokes.

"After we'd gorged ourselves, we went into the living room and he began playing boogie-woogie on the piano. Very good, too," said Tom.

"Followed by charades. A friend of ours, Bon Ellenstein, introduced Paul to charades and he was a real bug on it.

"At about 12 o'clock Paul suggested we take a moonlight swim at one of the beaches. He was always taking us for moonlight swims. He'd become so involved in the charades that he'd forgotten it was midwinter and that there was snow on the ground. We didn't go swimming that night."

Jim's expression became more serious. "Not that all life for Paul was charades and moonlight swims and popcorn," he said. "Paul was always sensitive to what was going on around him. Not only to his friends and family and town, but to the world at large. I remember one time when he suggested that we pack some food and clothes, go East, pitch a tent somewhere near the ocean, and figure out how to solve the troubles of the world. I'm sure if I'd have said yes, we'd have gone. . . ."

We shook hands with Jim and his wife and returned to our car. "I guess Jim put it in a nutshell when he said 'I sure miss him,'" Tom said. "That's how all of us in his hometown feel. We want him to come home for a visit . . . soon. When you see him tell him that for all of us."

THE END

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PhotoPlay Page

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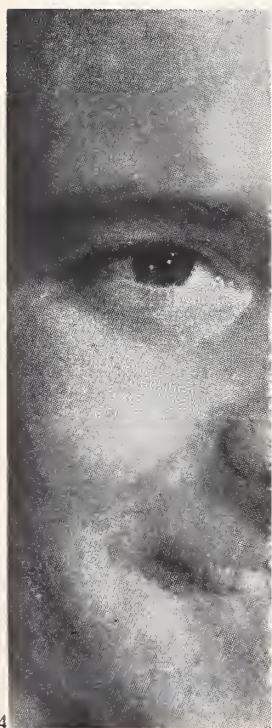
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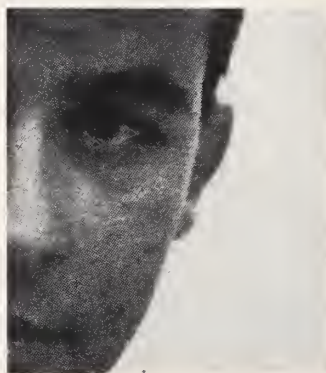
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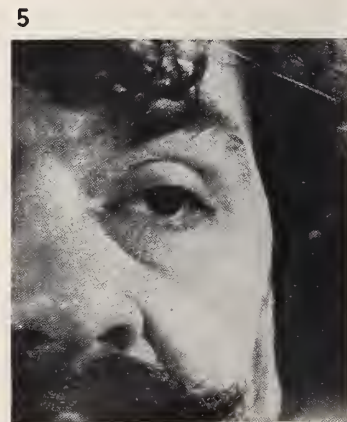
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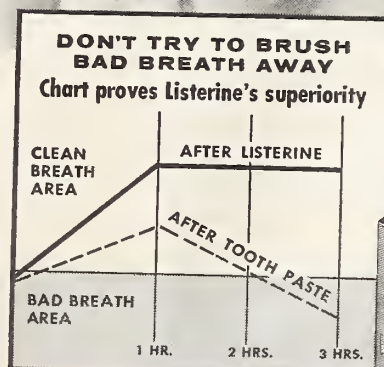
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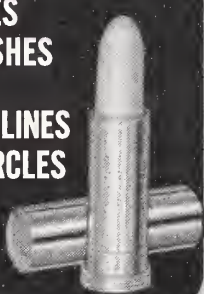
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Your June issue will be on sale at your newsstand on May 5th



Photoplay is Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. Executive, Advertising and Editorial Offices at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Lee Andrews, Vice-President; S. N. Himmelman, Vice-President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer.

Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.
Subscription Rates: \$2.50 one year, \$4.00 two years, \$5.50 three years in U. S., its possessions and Canada. \$5.00 per year all other countries.

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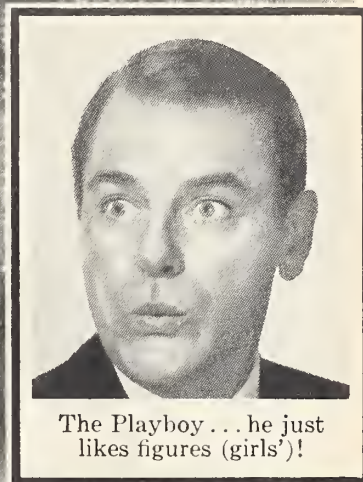
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Foreign editions handled through Macfadden Publications International Corp., 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice President.

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The Playboy... he just likes figures (girls')!

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knows all the
answers to
why gentlemen
prefer girls!

The freshest
new face in "LIFE"
in the freshest new
comedy in years!

M-G-M presents

DAVID NIVEN · SHIRLEY MacLAINE
GIG YOUNG

"ask any girl"

co-starring **ROD TAYLOR · JIM BACKUS · CLAIRE KELLY**

In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR • Screenplay by **GEORGE WELLS** • Directed by **CHARLES WALTER**

Produced by **JOE PASTERNAK** • A EUTERPE PRODUCTION

THE

MONTHLY RECORD

WEATHER

Smiles in April
bring dates in May

By GEORGE

VOL. I, NO. 3

APRIL 1959

4 NON ¢

FABIAN'S NEW FAD

Lend an ear, he'll tell your fortune



Fabian's got you earmarked, girls!

What do your ears say? If you don't think they talk, you've a lot to learn from Fabian. He phoned last week to say there's a new fad in Philadelphia. They call it Ear-ology, not to be confused with either Phrenology (skull study) or Palmistry (ask any Gypsy).

Still a baby science, Ear-ology doesn't pretend to have figured out a meaning for the shape of all your aural organs (one ear has more parts than a grandfather-clock), but the idea that ears were made to do more than hear with is anything but new. Originally, all they did was keep the body in balance; then prehistoric men stopped making signs at one another and

started grunting. Suddenly a new and wondrous use dawned for those blobs.

Now the Philadelphians have done them one better—they're *reading* ears, and this is the dope: Small ears reveal honor-student intelligence; large ones, prexy power and strength; Dumbo-sized ones show force, pride and football scholarships. If your ears are flat, you're a cool chick, calm as a mountain; if they stick out, beware! You love a good fight!

So peer in your mirror, at Fabian's invitation, for a quick personality check. But don't worry if those flappers stick 'way out to *there*. Remember, that's why Clark Gable flunked his first screen test!

THE MONTHLY RECORD CHECKLIST

WHERE WERE YOU ON OUR WEDDING DAY?

Lloyd Price (ABC-Paramount).....Crazy
DON'T TAKE YOUR GUNS TO TOWN. Johnny Cash
(Columbia).....Weepy
THE MATING GAME. Debbie Reynolds (M-G-M).....Great
MIGHTY PRETTY TERRITORY. Jimmy Darren (Colpix).....Smooth
I GO APE. Neil Sedaka (RCA).....Apey
CHARLIE BROWN. The Coasters (Atlantic).....Tough
DUM DE DAH DAH DAH DAH. J. C. Hill (M-G-M).....Fun
DON'T CHA KNOW. Lou Giordano (Brunswick).....O.K.
PIOVE. Domenico Modugno (Decca).....The 1959 Volare
VENUS. Frankie Avalon (Chancellor).....Wow!
PINK SHOE LACES. Dodie Stevens (Pioneer).....Red Hot
HURTIN' INSIDE. Brook Benton (Mercury).....Ouch!
IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING. The Kalin Twins
(Decca).....Yes!
EVENING RAIN. Earl Grant (Decca).....Cool
RASPBERRIES. STRAWBERRIES. The Kingston
Trio (Capitol).....Yummm
LUCKY LADYBUG. Billy and Lillie (Swan).....Swingy
GOODBYE BABY. Jack Scott (Carlton).....Hel-lo!

Gopher follow-up

Tommy Sands and I were shooting the breeze awhile back about gophers (in Tommy's language, a gopher's a gal who goes for guys), and we pondered the idea of having a Gopher Club.

Well, Gophers, you've done it. You've voted all the way for it.

"Sure, I'm a Gopher," says Sharon Kilderry of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. "What normal, civilized, human and American girl isn't? I'll join your (and Tommy's) club any ole time!" Tommy and I are putting our gopher-observing heads together to figure out the best way to organize Gopherdom—but we need your help and encouragement. So, keep the mail coming!



(continued) Tommy Sands

NEW SUNSHINE YELLOW SHAMPOO...

puts *Spring* in your curls



NEW
NON-SLIP
BOTTLE



Costs no more than ordinary shampoos.

puts *Springtime* in your hair

makes hair easier to manage

New SHAMPOO PLUS EGG, by Helene Curtis, actually leaves curls far livelier, far springier! That's because it *conditions* as it cleanses . . . so very effectively even limp hair instantly gains new bounce-back beauty, new spring, new sparkle. Every curl is curlier, every wave is wavier. Only Shampoo Plus Egg rinses so fast, so clean. And highlights? Like washing your hair in sunshine!



*I dreamed
I was bookends...*

Look for TWICE-OVER* with stitched
broadcloth cups—in this dreamy package!



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THE MONTHLY

turntable vox pop

ALBUM OF THE MONTH:

✓✓✓✓ I LIKE MEN with Peggy Lee. We make no bones about it. This is prejudiced voting. Any guy who likes men is tops by us—s Peggy wins. There are great songs in this Capitol album, sung in three Peggy Lee styles: Peggy-the-Fresh and Peggy-the-Sugar and Peggy-the-Spice. But with all of them Peggy the Singer lets go and gives men a rousing ovation. Jazz fans will go for Peggy's rendition of "I'm Just Wild About Harry." It's a smash.

✓✓✓✓ JIMMIE RODGERS: HIS GOLDEN YEAR. Hugo Peretti Orchestra. Here's a round-up of Jimmie's wonderful hit recordings from the exotic "Bimbo-bey" to the first record that made him a young singing idol, "Honeycomb." Jimmie sings with ease and polish, as he plucks his big-boy guitar and plays some of the sweetest and jangliest music around. A Roulette album.

✓✓✓✓ BILLY THE KID and RODEO. Morton Gould and Orchestra. Billy the Kid's a cowboy ballet, and with cowpokes being the TV rage this might be called pop music. There's a trailblazing sequence: street scene and rodeo interludes, mood music depicting card game by the campfire; Billy's capture; lament over Billy's death and the finale. Rodeo's on the flip side of this RCA LP. It's a love ballet, a musical tale of a cowgirl-tomboy who turns into a woman when she gets her man.

✓✓✓ JONI JAMES SINGS SONGS OF HANK WILLIAMS. Hank wrote "Your Cheatin' Heart" for dark-eyed Joni; and when Hank died of a heart attack one New Year's Day a few years ago, Joni was in the recording studio rehearsing Hank's song. Joni says she's always wanted

RECORD *continued*

to make an album of Hank's country music as a tribute to him. Now, in this M-G-M collection, her wish comes true, and her rich voice sings out with many of Hank's favorites—"Jambalaya" and "Hey, Good Lookin'" and "I Can't Help It If I'm Still In Love With You."

✓✓✓ **THIS THING CALLED LOVE.** Tommy Sands. "This is the romantic side of my singing personality," Tommy says. In a smooth and mellow voice, Tommy sings "You're Driving Me Crazy!" and "I Only Have Eyes for You!" and "That Old Feeling!" He's included a couple of jump numbers for the jivey crowd; but this Capitol album introduces a new Tommy—the love balladeer.

✓✓✓ **JAM SESSION** with Sidney Bechet and Muggsy Spanier. Bechet's the only jazz artist in the world to have achieved fame through the use of the soprano saxophone, and Spanier is a hot cornetist who's played everything from jazz to ragtime. Here are the two of them, playing jazz from the forties; and this is sweet jazz, the kind you'll listen to for years. And you'll practically taste the jam in their jars on this Rondo-lette album-cover.

PETER AND THE WOLF with Peter Ustinov. Have you ever sat down at the piano and made the bass notes growl like a lion or the treble notes twitter like a bird? Well, a modern composer, Prokofiev, decided to weave these crazy improvisations into a story. And on this Angel album of Prokofiev's instrumental variations, the comic Peter Ustinov serves as guide. Birds are flutes and ducks are oboes, a cat is a clarinet, a bassoon plays a grandpa, wolves are horns and hunters are the full orchestra with their gunfire bellowing from the kettledrums. (continued)



*in my
maidenform* bra!*

And what's supporting *me*? TWICE-OVER*—world's most *exciting* elastic bra—with doubled elastic *all* the way around the back. Feels, fits, *looks* like no other bra. Marvelous Maidenform TWICE-OVER*—now in *two* exciting editions! A, B, C cups 3.95—D cup 4.95

Now! A brand new TWICE-OVER*
with embroidered nylon cups!



OUT OF THE FRYING PAN

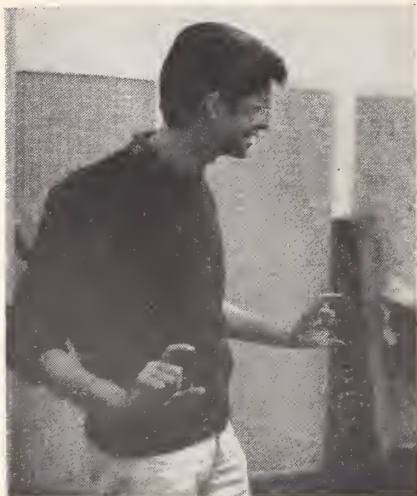
We promised heart-throb recipes, and here's another:

Pat Rose, all honey-blond hair and light-blue eyes, is one of Tony Perkins' regular New York dates, and she told me Tony's got a passion for a TV snack he calls a "Cheese-on-the-Run" sandwich.

Here's Pat's recipe for it:

Fry two slices of bacon fairly crisply and place them between two slices of American cheese. Then place the cheese between two slices of rye or whole-wheat bread. Butter both sides of the bread liberally on the *outside*. Lay sandwich in a frying pan over a medium flame and toast it, pressing it lightly with knife or spatula to speed up the cooking. Turn over once or twice till the cheese starts running. Serve in a jiffy—while hot!

The recipe is quick and easy—like its name. Some night, when you come home from seeing one of Tony's movies with a touch of hunger in both tummy and heart, you might whip it up just to bring him nearer to you. But—one at a time, ladies; Tony likes that rare combo: a good cook *and* a trim figure.



Maestro Perkins at the skillet.

Friendship Jingle Winners

Frankie Avalon and I huddled in the Photoplay offices, burning the midnight oil as we pored over the thousands of wonderful Friendship Jingles you sent in for our contest. It was a joy to see how many fine, true thoughts you all had on the subject, and how simply and beautifully you expressed them.

After long consideration, debate and reconsideration, here's the jingle we appreciated most of all. It comes from Joyce Patterson of Marshall, Missouri, who'll get Frankie's friendship ring (it's by Coro) for this:

At the dance sat pretty Sue,
Just not knowing what to do!
All the kids were having fun.
Sue! To have some friends—*be one!*

A runner-up, who'll receive a personally autographed picture of Frankie, is Marilyn Meyer of Chicago. Her jingle:

A ring is round,
It has no end;
And that's how long
I'll be your friend.

Frankie and I are thinking of inaugurating a special friendship corner "Friendsville, U.S.A.," in our month report, with pointers from the stars. How about it, readers?



Frankie, wowed by jingles, calls for help.

BACHELOR CORNER: man talk

Edd Byrnes goes for a girl with an air of mystery, someone who can keep him guessing. (Hollywood spies insist he's itching for a date with Kim Novak.) . . . Mark Damon tells me the best way to get over a broken romance is to talk about it. Bleeding hearts bleed longer without first-aid from friends. . . . Hugh O'Brian called to say he got a glimpse of the Paris spring fashions when he was in Europe, and he's all for the return of the "natural woman." Hugh added: "The new fashions put everything where it belongs." Only last summer, it was Hugh who thumbed-down the chemise. "How can it last?" he said. "Unless it's fitted perfectly, it looks like a bag of hot air!"

Warning! The last thing to talk about with Phil Everly during an evening-out is show business. "I like my dates to be relaxing," Phil says. "When a gal starts pumping me full of questions about how

to get a recording contract, that's the end of my good time." . . . Ditto for Sal Mineo. "On a date," Sal says, "I like to discuss the girl. I find her more interesting than myself. One thing I don't want her to do is discuss my career."

David Nelson likes to give a girl a small flower on a first date. "And I like for the girl to let me do things for her—honest. It makes me feel like a man." . . . Tony Perkins' pet peeve: "I hate rhinestone tiaras and chunky necklaces," he says. "I love for girls to dress simply—small earrings, a shirtwaist dress, maybe a string of pearls and a pair of spotted white gloves." . . . Rick Nelson likes girls to appear older than they are. "Older girls," he admits, "don't overdo the 'cute' bit which embarrasses me." . . . Johnny Saxon likes a girl who can keep a conversational ball rolling, but at the same time, he says, "I like for a girl to understand my silences!"

DOLORES MICHAELS co-starring in "WARLOCK"
A 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope Picture Color by De Luxe



9 out of 10 Hollywood Stars depend on LUX

"No other beauty soap quite so gentle"

says *Dolores Michaels*

Gentleness is everything when it comes to skin care. Beautiful women the world over know this. And like 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars, they also know that Lux is all gentleness . . . from the soothing lather . . . to the subtle fragrance . . . to the soft pastel shades. Discover for yourself how much the natural gentleness of Lux can mean to you. Your complete delight with Lux is guaranteed by Lever Brothers or your money will be refunded in full.

That's the beauty of LUX

READERS INC.

I Visited a Film Studio

While I was in California this summer I was invited to visit the Twentieth Century-Fox studios by a friend of my aunt who is a film editor. On the way there we saw France Nuyen and then, while we were having dinner, I saw Pat Boone (I got his autograph). I also saw Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman and got their autographs, too. We got onto the set of "Mardi Gras" and there I saw Sheree North, Tommy Sands and Gary Crosby. After that we drove around the lots and saw where they were making other movies and scenes. Gosh! It was huge. And I bet we didn't miss one square inch. Then we drove home and I thought that this had been the most wonderful day of my life. I'll never forget it, not ever.

BARBARA MOLBY
Marquette, Mich.

Rock 'N' Rollers Deaths

I was absolutely stunned to read of the death of Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens and The Bopper. It was a tragedy and they were all so young. Why should people who have given up so many hours of happiness have to die like that?

SUSAN WALTON
Dallas, Texas

We want to thank everyone who has written to us about the crash. Unfortunately we haven't the space to print all the letters but we have been asked to let you know that their families and friends appreciate your concern very much. See our story on page 64.—Ed.

To Dick Clark

I read your article "The Ten Most Sure-Fire Ways To Lose a Valentine" in the March issue of Photoplay. It was a very good article, but believe me it isn't always the girls. It really makes me boil whenever there's an article about dating and the girls getting blamed for making the goofs. I don't ever think there has been an article about fellows and their goofs. And boy, they sure can pull some!

Now come on, Mr. Clark, and give us gals a break.

A DISGUSTED GAL
Toledo, Ohio

Dear Disgusted: Thanks for your letter and watch for next month's issue of Photoplay in which I give girls a chance to talk about their pet peeves about boys!—Dick.

In a Nutshell

I'm twenty years old and studying to enter college. I also work part-time in a theater so I get to see many films. When I watch the screen I often wonder just what the real personality of the star is. So through my imagination (and from what I have read) I have drawn a few thumbnail sketches of Hollywood stars which I hope you will find entertaining:

Kim Novak—slightly bewitched, somewhat bothered, certainly bewildered.

Frank Sinatra—a lonely vagabond on a crowded pier.

Marlon Brando—a talented grunt with an inclination to the "beat" and a resentment to the status quo of society.

Yul Brynner—elusive Valentino with a touch of Confucius.

Shirley MacLaine—a sophisticated gam-in; mischievous but ever so nice.

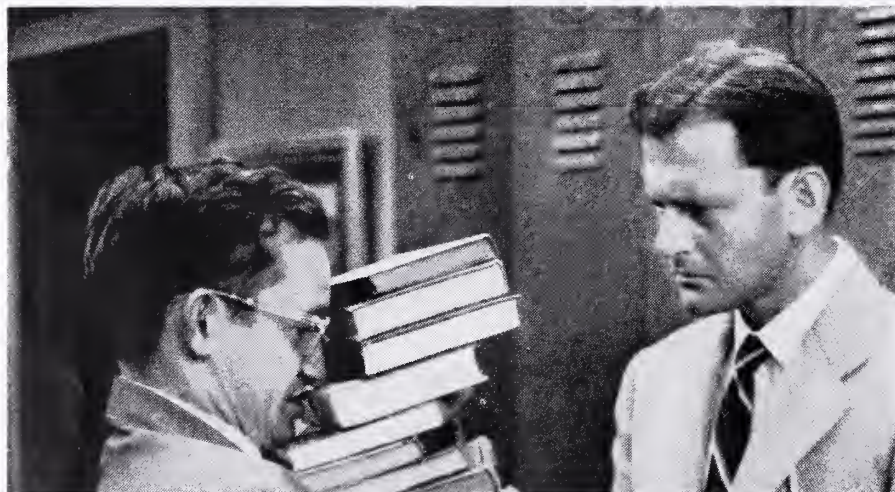
W. J. JAMIESON
Victoria, British Columbia

Yea or Nay

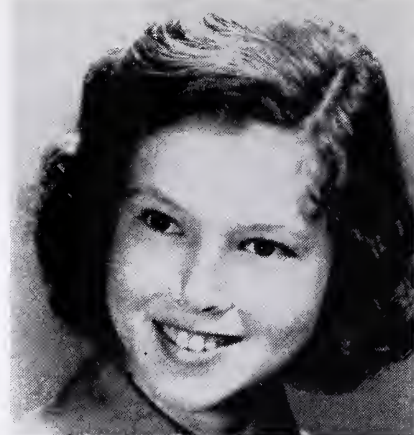
Can you tell me if the Tony Randall who is playing with Debbie Reynolds in "The Mating Game" is the same person who used to play a friend of Mr. Peepers on TV?

EVA LENA DURNELL
Lincoln, Calif.

He sure is. Wally Cox was Mr. Peepers. Tony played a fellow schoolteacher.—Ed.



Debbie's pal Tony Randall used to be Mr. Peepers' (Wally Cox's) friend on TV.



Do you agree they're look-alikes? Can you guess which one is Shirley Temple? Shirley's at bottom, Arleen's at top.

Look-Alikes

Here is a double for Shirley Temple. Don't you think so? Everyone tells her so. She is Arleen Kaitis of Brooklyn, New York.

A READER
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Patti Page and Eddie Cochran Fans

Our Patti Page fan club, Chapter 1001, is a local organization and we have a little over 60 members. We charge dues of only fifty cents and feel it's well worth it for the fun a member has. We give dances and have monthly meetings, etc. We give membership cards, photos of Patti and club buttons for entering into our club. Our President is Leon Smith and can be reached at 2298 N. Belsay Road, Flint 6, Michigan.

FRED COLBY, Publicity Mgr.
Flint, Michigan

... I am the President of the Eddie Cochran Fan Club and would appreciate your listing my address for those who wish to join.

PATT BOYD
3039 Redington
Toledo 6, Ohio

Sis Says Thanks

I'm Johnny Saxon's sister and I have just finished reading George Christy's story about my brother and grandfather in the March Photoplay. I must say it is a fine story and I want to commend the writer for telling such a beautiful story.

DOLORES ORRICO
Brooklyn, N. Y.
continued

vive la différence!

since even sisters
have different needs, there must be two dramatically
different types of hair control...

only Helene Curtis Spray Net gives you a choice of sister sprays!

one for firm control...

If you want
your set held with
windproof obstinacy...

the beauty of
no dulling stickiness,
no flaking...

if you want the only
never-droop hair spray
in the world...
magnifique! choose...

REGULAR SPRAY NET



one for soft control...

If you want
the feel of
silky-soft curls...

the confidence of
no sticky film,
no flaking...

if you want
the ease of restyling
with just a quick comb...
très jolie! choose...

SUPER SOFT SPRAY NET



gowns and accessories
by Saks Fifth Avenue

NEW PALMOLIVE GIVES

New Life to Your Complexion Safely... Gently!



**PALMOLIVE'S RICH LATHER CONTAINS—
No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams!
No irritating deodorants!**

You can give your complexion New Life—leave it softer, fresher—with New Palmolive care. New Palmolive's mildness lets you cleanse far more thoroughly than you'd dare to do with harsher soaps. No drying detergents! No greasy cold creams! No irritating deodorants!

New! lather fragrance color wrapper



continued

Who Was the Bat Girl?

For two years, my husband and I have been at odds about the movie "Artists and Models" with Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, because we can't agree on who played the "Bat Girl?" I believe it was Shirley MacLaine and he insists it was Jeanmaire. Am I right?

MRS. ALBERT A. FLETCHER
Aurora, Colorado

Right you are Mrs. Fletcher. Shirley MacLaine was the "Bat Girl."—Ed.



Rather see a bat girl than be one.

More than just stars

I really enjoyed your story on Rick and Dave Nelson. It was a personal glimpse into their life that made me realize that they're more than just stars—they're people, too, and very nice people at that.

DIANE DUNSMORE
Van Nuys, Cal.

"Tony and Janet"

Tony and Janet, are the ones for me. Add their daughters Jamie and Kelly Lee. They make a perfect family. Their fine performances, I always see in "The Vikings" or another movie. Hope they add to the family tree. And wish to see them still together in the year 2003.

A MOVIE FAN
Montreal, Canada

Can't We See Them Every Week?

I'd like to say how much I enjoyed watching the stars receive their Photoplay Gold Medal awards on the Steve Allen show, particularly Debbie Reynolds who looked so lovely and was so thoughtful when she thanked us all for believing in her. I voted for Debbie and was really pleased to see her win. Tony Curtis was great, too, and so funny. I wish they were on the show every week.

SHIRLEY SMALL
Bronx, N. Y.

Happy Birthday

I have a friend who is absolutely mad about Wayne Preston. Her birthday is

coming up, so I was wondering if you could print a picture of Mr. Preston that month in your magazine. I know that Barb would be just too thrilled. She has been collecting pictures of Wayne Preston for nearly two years.

MARILYN DURHAM
Woodbridge, Ont.

Tell Barb to turn to page 44 and she will find a picture of Wayne Preston. By the way, wish her a happy birthday from all of us at Photoplay—Ed.

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.



ACADEMY AWARDS SCORECARD

*Don't forget: Monday, April 6,
from 10:30 P.M. to 12:15 A.M.,
over NBC-TV. See How Your
Votes Compare with Oscar's.*

BEST ACTOR

- ☐ Tony Curtis, "The Defiant Ones," U.A.
- ☐ Paul Newman, "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," M-G-M
- ☐ David Niven, "Separate Tables," U.A.
- ☐ Sidney Poitier, "The Defiant Ones," U.A.
- ☐ Spencer Tracy, "The Old Man and the Sea," W.B.

BEST MOVIE

- ☐ "Auntie Mame," Warners
- ☐ "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," M-G-M
- ☐ "The Defiant Ones," U.A.
- ☐ "Gigi," M-G-M
- ☐ "Separate Tables," U.A.

BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS

- ☐ Peggy Cass, "Auntie Mame," W.B.
- ☐ Wendy Hiller, "Separate Tables," U.A.
- ☐ Martha Hyer, "Some Came Running," M-G-M
- ☐ Maureen Stapleton, "Lonelyhearts," U.A.
- ☐ Cara Williams, "The Defiant Ones," U.A.

BEST SONG

- ☐ "Almost in Your Arms," "Houseboat," Paramount
- ☐ "A Certain Smile," "A Certain Smile," 20th
- ☐ "Gigi," "Gigi," M-G-M
- ☐ "To Love and Be Loved," "Some Came Running," M-G-M
- ☐ "A Very Precious Love," "Marjorie Morningstar," W.B.

BEST ACTRESS

- ☐ Susan Hayward, "I Want to Live!" U.A.
- ☐ Deborah Kerr, "Separate Tables," U.A.
- ☐ Shirley MacLaine, "Some Came Running," M-G-M
- ☐ Roz Russell, "Auntie Mame," W. B.
- ☐ Liz Taylor, "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," M-G-M

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR

- ☐ Theodore Bikel, "The Defiant Ones," U.A.
- ☐ Lee J. Cobb, "The Brothers Karamazov," M-G-M
- ☐ Burl Ives, "The Big Country," U.A.
- ☐ Arthur Kennedy, "Some Came Running," M-G-M
- ☐ Gig Young, "Teacher's Pet," Par.

BEST DIRECTION

- ☐ "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Richard Brooks, M-G-M
- ☐ "The Defiant Ones," Stanley Kramer, U.A.
- ☐ "Gigi," Vincente Minnelli, M-G-M
- ☐ "I Want to Live!" Robert Wise, U.A.
- ☐ "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness," Robson, 20th

BEST COSTUME DESIGN

- ☐ "Bell, Book and Candle," Louis, Col.
- ☐ "The Buccaneer," Jester-Head-Jensen, Par.
- ☐ "A Certain Smile," LeMaire and Wills, 20th
- ☐ "Gigi," Cecil Beaton, M-G-M
- ☐ "Some Came Running," Plunkett, M-G-M

Save This For Your Scrapbook.



Olga
CORSETRY®

LADY LONG LEGS. Super-slims hips, thighs, legs via strong satin panels! French Secret dip frees waist, non bind legs stay put without nylons. Never rides up. Hidden garters. Nylon power net, 4 colors 10.95 bra 5.95. For store and free figure beauty booklet write Olga, Dept. PH59, 7915 Haskell, Van Nuys, Cal.

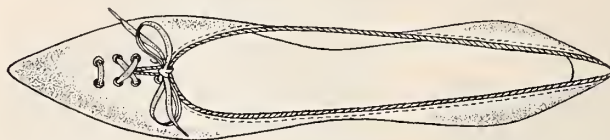
fashion memo from the editor

Hi! Lots of you have written to say that you'd like more fashion news and fads in Photoplay, so in this space every month we'll be giving you all the scoop on what's happening in fashion.

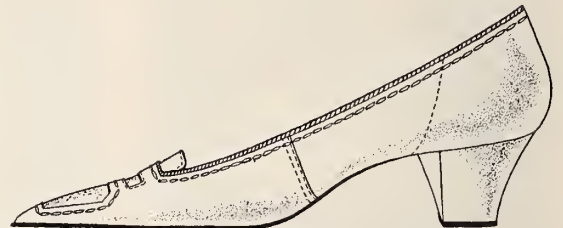
This month the big news is in SHOES—so let's heel 'n' toe into spring and summer with some of the highlights to watch for.



Big news in flats: the lightweight leathers. So soft, you can bend them double—so colorful, you can be the brightest spotlight at your Friday night party in vivid pink, bright blue, salad green. By Sandler of Boston.



Toes are tapered or pointed or squared . . . often laced and tied, sometimes bowed . . . adding up to a delicate look. By Vitality Shoes.



Heel height going down! The most popular new idea in heels is the mid-heel—whether it's called "Squash," "Spool," or "Louis" heel, it means a neat and ladylike heel height to flatter your legs. By Sandler of Boston.



Straps are here in a big way and anything goes, from the T-strap, to high-riding straps. Some are even diagonal. Remember that a horizontal line crossing your foot makes it seem smaller! This shoe by Connie.

Well, that's all for this month. I'll be back next month with another fashion flash. Meantime, be sure to write me—I'll be looking forward to hearing from you with your fashion ideas and questions. So long for now,

Pam Law



Your
fragrant
veil of
freshness...



Cashmere
Bouquet
Talc...scents and
silken every inch of you
...more lastingly...
more lovingly than
costly cologne

No cologne protects and prolongs daintiness like Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Can't evaporate. Won't dry your skin. Will leave you silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over for hours. Let Cashmere Bouquet, made of pure imported Talc, be your lasting Veil of Freshness.

Cashmere Bouquet...
The Fragrance Men Love

"I lost 25 pounds in 30 days without dieting"

says ELOISE McELHONE, TV Personality

"I took REGIMEN TABLETS, and never felt better."

"My doctor recommended that I lose weight—but I couldn't stick to a diet. Nothing helped—not expanding pills, reducing candies, not even expensive salon treatments.

"Then I discovered REGIMEN TABLETS. Without a diet or super will power I lost 25 lbs. in 30 days—*inches* disappeared. I went from a size 18 to a perfect 14 in just 4 weeks. I felt satisfied with a fraction of the calories I used to eat, and my weight came tumbling down!"

ELOISE McELHONE, New York City



A doctor's notarized report confirms the weight loss of Miss McElhone.

Now, a completely new drug combination! Available without doctor's prescription for

NO-DIET REDUCING with REGIMEN TABLETS

CAUSES YOUR BODY TO LOSE WEIGHT THE FASTEST ACTING WAY! IT'S SAFE . . . AUTOMATIC!

You pay nothing if you're not satisfied with your weight loss . . . as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 9 lbs. the first week!

No diet, no special eating, no giving up the kinds of food you like. New drug acts directly on the cause of your overweight!

It's true! If you're normally healthy, you can now lose as much as 70 lbs. *without* cruel diets, *without* giving up all your favorite foods! Doctors know that the one sure way to lose weight is *reduce caloric intake . . . to eat less*. They often prescribe drugs for this purpose . . . and now, at last, there is a safe NO-DIET REDUCING DRUG COMBINATION FOR FAT PEOPLE, called REGIMEN TABLETS! Thanks to REGIMEN TABLETS, you *must* be

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Sara Hamilton's

INSIDE STUFF

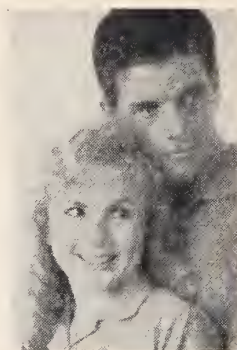


Sara

Debbie breaks out of a triangle: In a plain tailored suit, **Debbie Reynolds** sat primly in the witness chair of the Los Angeles Divorce Court and told Superior Judge Roger Alton Pfaff, "Interest in another woman broke up my home. My husband **Eddie Fisher** asked me to get a divorce." Debbie's secretary, **Camille Williams**, verified the statement and ten minutes later, without mention of **Elizabeth**

Taylor, Debbie emerged a free woman.

Shortly afterward, she was off to Spain to make "It Began With a Kiss" with **Glenn Ford**, telephoning home every day to talk to little Carrie and baby Todd and warn her parents not to spoil them too much. And reports are that, except for missing the children, Debbie has never been in better spirits. . . . In My Opinion: **Dean Stockwell**'s the best of the young dramatic actors. Wait till you see his work with **Brad Dillman** in "Compulsion." . . . Count **Carol Lynley** as the most practical, feet-on-the-ground lass among the new teen stars. Neither pretty clothes, dreamy boys nor good-time dates can distract Carol; she's the youngest student of abnormal psychology at UCLA! . . . **Sal Mineo** got so hot on drums for his **Gene Krupa** role,



Scoop: "What happened to us?" TV's handsome "Lawman" **Peter Brown** sat in our parlor and for the first time broke the silence surrounding his separation—five months after the wedding—from **Diane Jergens**.

"I dig marriage; I believe in it. At 23 I still think it's the greatest institution in the world. Then, why?"

He wandered about the room, lost in bewilderment. "Sure, we quarreled, but never bitterly. It was Diane's independent mind that won me to her in the first place. But I had to keep my own identity." Suddenly he almost shouted: "Look, every man in this town is looking for what I thought I had—to love and be loved, and still stay himself. I tried . . . and lost."

Before Peter arrived, I'd quietly phoned Diane. "Miss Hamilton, I don't know how to explain our separation," she said. "I can't find the words for it."

"Everyone in this town is looking for what I thought I had," Peter Brown



Hope Lange and Don Murray with Chris and Pat.



Lauren Bacall with Stephen and Leslie.

several big bands have tabbed him for guest shots. For me, the role's not his best. Agreed?

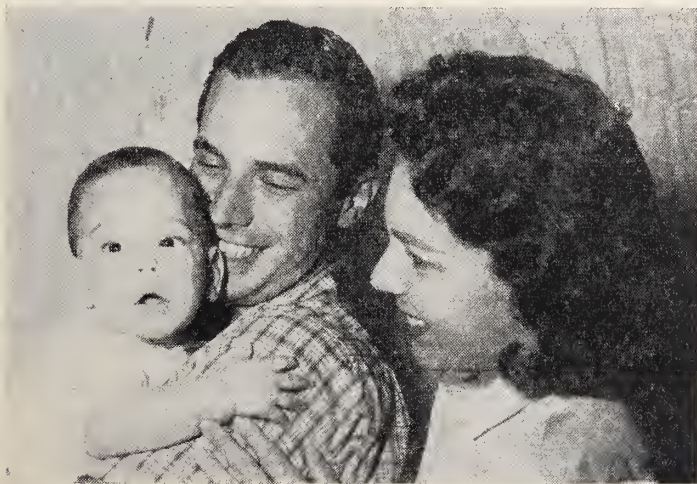
Tea with **Deborah Kerr** before her last take-off for Europe and **Peter Viertel**. "I loved this place," she said wistfully. "The garden for the children and the view far down the Pacific Ocean exactly like the Riviera. It's so peaceful." The house with the garden, ringing with children's voices, and the view, is up for sale now and I can only pray that a happy future lies ahead for Deborah. At least one hears ex-husband **Tony Bartley** is relenting a bit and Deborah may have her two daughters part of the time.

TV Jottings: Those bright young fans who tag after **Frankie Avalon** shrieking "I touched him. I touched him!" indicate the guy's on his way up among the warbling world's "touchable" greats. . . . **Richard Boone** laid down his gun and *did* travel to Broadway to play Lincoln in "The Rivalry," and a splendid job he does. . . . People often forget that western stars can be darn good actors. **James Garner**, for one, is just aching to be tapped for a Broadway play. I predict that "Maverick" could set the town on its pearl-studded ear, he's that charmin'. . . . Who's the pretty miss seen now and then in **John Payne's** "Restless Gun" series? It's John's own 18-year-old daughter Julie, making her debut with dad. . . . **Pat Boone** vows he'll be more choosy on future film commitments. "I want my movies to mean something," he told me. Pretty great words for a guy with thousands of fans eager to respond to his big handsome presence on the screen, meaning or no meaning. . . . On April 12, musical director **Buddy Bregman** wed **Anna Maria Alberghetti**, who warbles up quite a storm. Both are singing the song that never ends. Especially after mama Alberghetti, who said she disapproved and would stay away, attended the wedding reception after all. Even if Buddy's own TV show and the one he worked on for **Eddie Fisher** have bowed out, the bridegroom's undaunted. Nothing like the movies, you know, where there's always a market for musicianship like young Bregman's.

Lunch at Paramount: It's fun to sit at a center table in Paramount's huge dining room and watch the stars go by. **Danny Kaye**, weary after a long trek to Israel, lunches quietly with the studio's top designer Edith Head. . . . Mr. **Marlon Brando Sr.** holds down his son's table in the rear waiting for a tardy Junior. . . . Heads of young actors turn to stare at veteran **Edmund Lowe**, part of the "Heller With a Gun" cast, for all the world like the fans who stare at them. . . . **Ben Cooper** in a navy uniform stops by for a chat. "I'm no sooner out of the army than the Desilu TV Show plunks me in the navy," he laughs. . . . **John Derek**, back from filming in Italy, pauses to pass around pictures of his two children Sean and Russ who live with their mother in Hollywood. John and wife #2 Greta were off the following day for movies in Uruguay and Greece. Wonder if he's running away . . . from Hollywood, its disappointments, *and* himself? Greta implied she wished he'd stand still and face up to whatever is troubling him about his career.

Quite late and so very quietly, **Jerry Lewis** and his writers took a table at the far end of the room. Jerry calm! Jerry subdued! Memories of the days he and **Dean Martin** set this very room on its ear with their crazy antics flashed through my mind as I watched him obey his doctor's orders to "take it easy." . . . **Jack Mattis** who has a small dancing role in Brando's "One-Eyed Jack" stopped to tell us about Marlon as man and director. "The nicest man I ever met and the kindest to everyone from extra to star," Jack said. A bit of by-play caught our eye as **Rita Moreno**, Marlon's former flame, and **Pina Pellicar**, his leading lady in "One-Eyed Jack," came into the dining room arm in arm. Could this be a notice-me-again on Rita's part? If so, someone on that set will *really* be "One-Eyed"! . . . With sadness I noted that **Cecil B. DeMille's** table had been removed from its place against the wall. In its stead stood a replica of the Ten Commandments under a painting of the famous director. The scene may change in Hollywood but the great and the deserving are never forgotten. And so it is with DeMille, one of the last of Hollywood's great pioneers.

told me. "You've got to love and be loved. I tried . . . and I guess I lost."



Brad and Frieda Dillman and Jeffrey.



Dean Martin, his wife, with (from left) Claudia, Gail, Craig.

INSIDE STUFF

continued

It's Set Time: Sophia Loren backed into an open gas jet, Fess Parker stomped around in sock feet and Clark Gable made the prize "boo boo" of all time the day I gave the movie sets a whirl. On the "Heller With a Gun" set Sophia's ostrich feather headdress went up with a poof when the plume and an old-fashioned gas light got too cozy. Such excitement! Robert Darin grabbed the flaming mass from Sophia's astonished head while actors Tony Quinn, Steve Forrest, Eileen Heckart and Margaret O'Brien stood with their mouths hanging open. Only Indian chief Yowlachie remained stoically calm, as if it were part of the story, which concerns the adventures of a second rate traveling show troupe in the rugged west a century ago. Margaret, the troupe's "Baby," upset the chief's frozen-faced composure in a scene where she stealthily lapped up the dregs in his brandy glass. Everyone broke up, including director George Cukor. Sophia tells me she acquired her new slim figure on *Italian food* only. "Not the starches," she assured me.

"Only the proteins." Who ever heard of Italian proteins? Speaking of Italy brought to mind the troubles of Fess Parker, whose name had to be changed to "Fier" over there because "Fess" means "Dope." Still in trouble through no fault of his own, I heard director Frank order him, "Take your shoes off," as I sneaked onto "The Jayhawkers" set. "We can't get all of you on camera." Poor Fess. While Barry Coe sat on the sidelines and grinned, Fess emoted in socks and cold feet. A chat with Fess between takes proves again what an unaffected, soft-voiced, young bachelor he is. "By golly I'd like to get married if—" he confesses. The "if" is a nice, intelligent girl who would enjoy making a home, appreciate a hard working husband and love children. Any volunteers? Line forms to the right, gals!"

Briefies: Roz "Auntie Mame" Russell did it again! After her footprint-planting ceremony in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater Roz had the gapers in hysterics attempting to fit her own fair-sized tootsies first into the large prints of the late Tom Mix, then into the dainty ones of Mary Pickford. Roz' were the first "dogs" to be immortalized in the cement of this tourist mecca in over two years. . . . A simple marble bench will mark the Hollywood grave of Tyrone Power, who died before the cameras in Spain last November at the age of 45. The bench is being carved at the request of Mrs. Debbie Power, who hopes the weary in heart and soul may find it a comforting retreat. Ty would have liked that, I'm sure. . . . Closer than ever these days are Lana Turner and her Cheryl, who've chatted with me at every showing of Lana's extraordinary film, "Imitation of Life." Never has this star looked so beautiful nor performed with such depth of feeling. . . . Those Hargitays! With each body-building course they sell, Jayne and Mickey include free dumbbells—pink for girls, blue for boys.



Ever watched yourself on a home movie? Even Marilyn Monroe was surprised when she watched her latest movie, "Some Like It Hot." Husband Arthur Miller was calmer.

Once-Overs: Rick Nelson has bulls on the brain, and come the first gap in a busy schedule, he'll tango off to the Land of the Matadors and catch a glimpse of the real thing, Olé! . . . Debbie Reynolds gave Bob Wagner a raised-eyebrow look after he and Nat double-dated with Liz and Eddie. . . . A studio producer told me Diane Varsi showed up for an interview in Levis and bare feet. Sometimes it seems that, in her efforts to jump off the bandwagon, the young lady would grow a beard, if she only knew how. . . . They call May Britt "Angel on a Bicycle," after her 500-mile marathon from Stanford University (where husband Ed Gregson is studying law) to Hollywood, pedaling every single mile—really. . . . For Mickey Rooney, it's off with the old love (his fourth wife) and on with the new (Barbara Thomason); for a little man, Mickey sure takes the lion's share in love. . . . Elizabeth Taylor has rented a Las Vegas ranch in order to be near Eddie Fisher while he fills an April nightery stint, taking with her, maybe, the 27-diamond-studded birthday purse—a gift from Eddie.

—SARA HAMILTON

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Ever wonder what fellows say about you when

you're not around? Let's eavesdrop . . .

"GIRLS, YOU'RE WONDERFUL, BUT..."

Ever been at a dance or a party when all the fellows put their heads together and start gabbing away like mad? Suddenly one of the girls draws a bead on the circle and just drifts into hearing range. Then there's a lull in the chatter, and the next thing that strikes your feminine ears is idle banter about baseball, track or the movies. Soon the guys start edging away and you wonder "Just what *were* they talking about?"

I've noticed it myself on "American Bandstand." Three or four of the boys will be in a football huddle, and when a girl tries to join in it's just like the referee blowing the whistle.

The reason I noticed it? . . . Well, last weekend at one of our record hops, the matter was raised by a pert little red-head who had played the feminine role in one of these between-record dramas. She was still a mite dazed when she bumped into me. "Is it me?" She asked. I assured her, and I assure you if it ever happens to you, "No, it's just that they are talking 'Boy Talk.'"

And what do boys talk about? *Girls*.

That's the secret of these excited gatherings with the side-long looks. You might think that Joey, Bill, Paul and Tony

tell you everything, but let me guarantee that they don't. For instance, when they show up for a date they'll tell you that you look pretty. They'd never tell you if you were wearing too much makeup. Or while they might compliment you on your new plaid skirt, they'd go barefoot through the snow before they'd tell you it was too short.

Of course, tomorrow in the corridor between classes, Joe can tell Bill and Paul and Tony. But that's their little secret and it's not to be shared with girls.

This isn't any surprise, is it? I mean that boys notice those things. They do and they talk about them. Perhaps the main reason they don't talk about them in front of girls is that they don't think the girls would take advantage of this good advice, freely given. Would you?

Just for fun, suppose we take a short stroll around the dance floor. You be invisible and maybe they'll think I'm all alone.

Here's a likely looking group, and what did I tell you—they *are* talking about you. In fact, I believe they're talking about makeup (a lot of boys have very serious thoughts on that subject). That's Bill Horneff of Philadelphia saying, "A



Ed Kelly, 15, complains: "Have an argument with your date and all her friends get mad at you. It all seems stupid to me."



Tony Porrini, 16, says: "Short skirts are attractive—but the girl should be sure the length she chooses is right for her."



Ted Smith, 16, grumbles: "Girls are far too critical of other girls—and boys. But I guess we guys are no angels."

good-looking girl shouldn't have to use much makeup. In fact, some girls can overuse it to the point where it can look like their faces are chapped."

Francis Tomasetti agrees, "I don't like too much makeup, it hides a girl's beauty."

Kenneth Murphy adds, "A girl should be at least seventeen or eighteen before she goes in for real heavy makeup. When they start too young it just looks wrong on them."

James Salter, from Wheaton, Maryland, chimes in with, "That happens when a girl starts trying to act a lot older than she really is, and that's bad anyway."

Wait a second, fellows, I think Bill Roth from National Park, New Jersey, has a word he'd like to shoot out. Bill, the floor is yours: "I don't really think the fault is the makeup, it's that a lot of girls don't know how to use it."

Tim Bowers, Martinsburg, West Virginia, seconds that and comments, "Some girls just follow the crowd on this. If one girl wears a lot of makeup all the rest of the girls think they should, too."

The discussion goes on, but you sort of get the drift, don't you? Boys do notice things like makeup, and they do notice how you use it. There are other things that they notice, too.

"Those short skirts . . ." That's Tony Porrini speaking. "A girl should make sure to choose the right length." Bill Horneff pipes up, "Some girls look real great in them." But Tim Bowers points out, "Some do, but a lot of girls choose the wrong length and it just spoils their appearance when they do."

How about you? When you wear short skirts—because they *are* in style—do you first find the right "shortness"? Boys notice those things.

What was that you said, Tony Ricciardi? You don't like pony tails either? Why not? "Well, when you're out dancing

they can be pretty annoying," Tony explains. "When you're listening to that dreamy music, just gliding along, and then all of a sudden she turns her head and you get boffed by the pony tail." The murmur you hear in the background must mean that some of the other fellows know just what Tony means.

Joe Wissert has a thought on hairdos: "Most girls don't look right in those short hairdos. Instead of just cutting it and piling it up on top, I think a lot of girls should try the styles in private and then settle on the one that fits them best." And then they can go to the other extreme and that's what Bill Horneff means when he warns, "I don't like the short hairdos either, but it doesn't look right either when it's too long." Undecided? No, not these boys. They just think that if you're going to let your hair down, go ahead—but stop right around the shoulders.

And while these "gentlemen prefer blondes"—and adore brunettes, redheads and what-have-yous as well—they have some words of caution for the girls who bleach their hair. "Don't pour it on," Bob Nilsson of Massapequa, Long Island, warns, "it just makes hair look like straw."

That's a pet hate of quite a few of the fellows. The crowd agrees that a dark-haired girl can goof when trying to bleach her hair. "If she's going to bleach her hair anyway, let her go ahead," Bill Roth advises, "but be sure to make a good job of it." Tim Bowers chimes in with, "It can look okay if the girl has light hair to begin with, or is an off-blonde."

I've heard that subject warmed over at many a record hop and the chief complaint boils down to the idea that too many girls who do bleach their hair don't keep after it enough. The consensus seems to be that it's perfectly okay to bleach, "but keep a check on it." And here's a tip: The boys all get up in arms when you're blonde on top, and dark brown or black at the roots!

(continued)



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"GIRLS, YOU'RE WONDERFUL, BUT..."

Continued

While you might get the idea that the boys are a little critical of you girls when they're together, let me assure you that many of them think you're just as tough on each other. Bob Nilsson threw out the bait, "I think girls can be a bit too critical of other girls." John Curcio of Freehold, New Jersey, and Joe Thompson of Philadelphia were ready with, "Some girls are a bit too critical of boys also." Ted Smith of Philadelphia squared the circle with, "Sure girls do tear up other girls, but fellows are just as guilty."

I get the idea that at least we've found a fault we share in common, but way over on the other side of the dance floor I hear a voice whisper, "Guys never do that." Oh no?

But let's move here on this side of the dance floor and lend an ear while some of the fellows reminisce about those "little" things that can turn a date into an armed truce. Denny Dzienna, of Philadelphia, is telling a friend, "I'll never understand girls. They have the craziest dispositions. Some just seem to get mad at anything and no matter what you do you're always wrong. Sometimes they have a reason, but other times, no."

Tony Ricciardi knows just what Denny means. "For instance, you're walking along the street on a date, and you say hello to another girl. Boom! You're in trouble. Even if you know the other girl real well."

Tony Porrini thinks this is bad, but it's even worse when, as Ed Kelly agrees, "You have a misunderstanding with one girl and all of her girlfriends get mad at you." How do you get out of that one?

The system Tony Porrini uses makes sense. "The best way is just to ignore it and work it out with your girlfriend."

And girls, if you're the type who thinks she can make a big impression on her date by laughing at everything he says, forget it. "Giggling at everything you say, even when you're not trying to be funny, can ruin an evening," according to John Curcio. And John Egan thinks that's as bad as his pet hate: "You are out on a date with one girl and all of a sudden she starts talking about her other dates." Ken Murphy would add another topic, "When all they can talk about is their girlfriends."

Maybe the girl doesn't realize she's doing it, and then again it could be just a little act she's whipped up, hoping to arouse his interest. Either way, both of those subjects don't pluck the heart strings of the fellows. Frank Masciulli spoke for most the guys when he commented, "It's silly."

It might be, but Ed Brady of Hyattsville, Maryland, has a different opinion, "Some girls might just be doing it as part of an act. Perhaps," he adds, "trying to be yourself, to be more individualistic, would be the best way to get out of those ruts."

That's a point that many fellows all seemed to be agreed upon. Jimmy Searle, of Philadelphia, put it into words when he said that girls run around in crowds too much. According to my spies, you girls get mad when your best boy decides he'd like to go out with the crowd—but then he's supposed to be understanding when you want to go out with the girls. If it's news to anybody, he doesn't understand at all. I think "too possessive" would be the words you can overhear as you flit by.

But getting back to that crowd instinct, Jimmy Seale says, "it's really tough when you go to a dance with someone you don't know too well and then she spends most of her time chatting with her

friends while you're just left to wait."

"Wait till they start whispering together, though," Tim Bowers tells us. "Then you are really in trouble."

"Another thing that gets me," George Barford, of Oakford, Pennsylvania, declares, "is when you stop in afterwards for a soda, and it's been real nice up to that point. All of a sudden her girlfriends pour in, and you're out in the cold. It's a real lonesome feeling."

"I really burn though," Bill Roth adds, "when you are driving along getting advice on how to handle the car from your date. It's even worse when she doesn't have a driver's license herself."

"Sure that can be miserable." That's John Curcio speaking. "But what if you don't have a car? A lot of girls won't even give you a chance for a date."

Joe Thompson has a thought on this. "A lot of girls fifteen years old or even sixteen think it's better to go with guys eighteen or twenty because they have cars."

Most of the fellows will go along with that, and some add "and more money too." But on the general money scene I can honestly report that most of the fellows think you girls are okay when it comes to matching entertainment with their wallets. They all seem to agree that when they ask you out on a date, they pay the way, and gladly. "I wouldn't feel right if the girl paid," seems to be their motto.

The best way to start a date, though, is to keep it once you've made the engagement. A pet hate of Paul Abrams of Philadelphia is "A girl standing a fellow up at the last minute." I can hear those "me too's" fellows.

And when that date is over, how about a good-night kiss? Well if it's the first date the fellows are pretty divided on that question, too. They don't get mad if you give them a polite "No." But please make it polite. Don't get all upset and think he is the worst guy in the world—just for trying. Jim Salter speaks for many boys when he says, "We don't think any less of the girl who lets you kiss her on the first date, but we have more respect for those who don't."

And it may surprise you to know that most of the fellows feel they can tell whether you're going to say "Yes" or "No" before they even try for that one good-night kiss. But how far ahead do you make up your mind anyway? And do you ever change it?

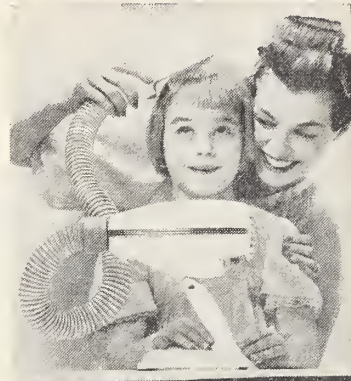
Now how about over here... oh-oh, they saw us coming. That's about all of the gab we can check on now. How about it girls? Can we bring some fellows along to listen in on your party line next time? I'm sure you have some opinions of your own that the fellows never get a chance to hear about. Let's let them in on your little secrets. Just keep those letters coming to me here at Photoplay.

See you next month—DICK
P.S. If you want to know who's tops in musicland, don't miss Photoplay's June issue. It goes on sale May 5 and it's brimming over with a Rock 'n' Roll Yearbook that'll really put you at the head of the class. I've been elected recording secretary and I'll be filling the pages with scoops on new records and hit songs, predictions on new trends in music and on the guys and gals who'll be swinging on a star this coming year.

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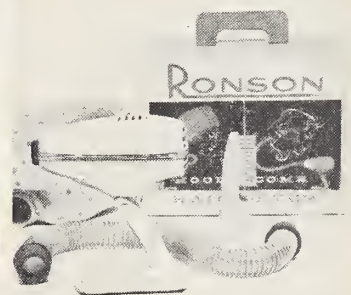
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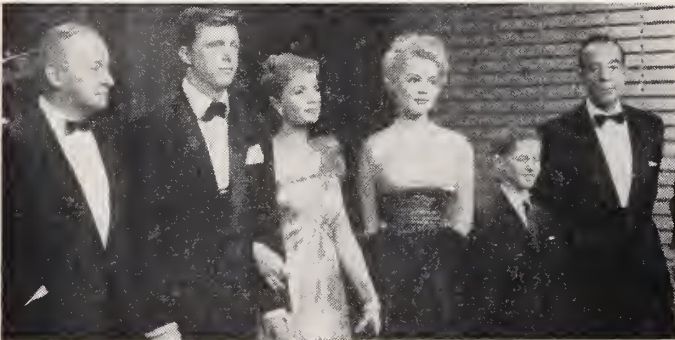
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THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I was in a huddle with Sandra Dee just before she appeared on Steve Allen's TV program to accept her Photoplay Gold Medal Award. Suddenly, Sandra got up from her chair backstage and said, "Excuse me. I have to walk around. I'm nervous." "Why?" I asked. "You're used to appearing before people." "Yes," Sandra gasped, looking to associate director Nick Vanoff for support. "but I never got a medal before." . . . Debbie Reynolds, wearing a beautiful dress and a radiant smile, looked great as she came on stage to get her "most popular actress of the year" award. Wasn't this Debbie's first TV appearance since way back when she was on Eddie's show? . . . The youngest award winner, David Ladd, 12, was the only performer who didn't read the cue cards. Explained David, "It's easier for me to remember than read." . . . Edd Byrnes, the hipster parking-lot attendant from "77 Sunset Strip," just gaped at David Ladd—who sat still just long enough to eat up an entire weekly allowance of 70¢ on candy, Cokes and cookies. . . . Dave Nelson, who was kept away by a sponsor conflict, picked up his award on his own "Ozzie and Harriet" Show. . . . After the program, there was a cocktail party for the winners, their friends, relatives, agents, Steve Allen and his gang. . . . For many, it was the first look at Debbie since. . . . Who said: "I accept the theory Rick Nelson was written by Elvis Presley." (Well, the speaker wasn't Rick!) "Eddie Fisher believes he's Frank Sinatra," Mort Sahl said. "but doesn't he know that first he must be Peter Lawford? That there's no short cut to greatness." . . . Mike Curtiz told me that it takes a genius to recognize a genius—and that's why there are so many in Hollywood. . . . I hear that Arlene Dahl rinses her hair in champagne. . . . I wonder if Louis Prima and Keely Smith sing to each other at home. . . . Although Robert Mitchum acts as if he's falling asleep, I understand he sometimes sleeps with his eyes open. . . . Starlet Googie Schwab told me: "Intuition is the private property of females. It tells girls they're right when they're wrong." . . . Rossano Brazzi said that no woman can resist him if he sets out to charm her. Well, could you? . . . I often wonder if Grace Kelly secretly wishes she were a movie queen again instead of a princess. . . . Go huy Mike Nichols' and Elaine May's Improvisations on an LP record, and if you don't laugh the joke's on me. . . . Barbara Nichols (no relation) recently asked me, "Why are all jockeys so small? Don't they think a regular size man can ride a horse?" Well, have you got an answer? . . . I like Tony Quinn's line in "Black Orchid": "If someone shouts at me, I shout back. It saves getting heartburn." . . . And That's Hollywood for You.

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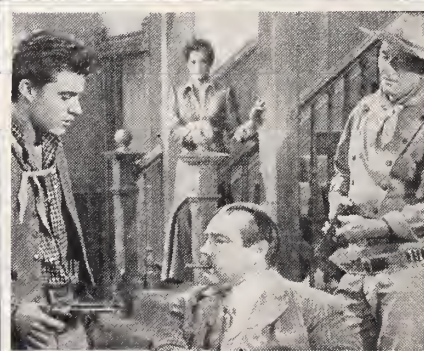
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to see the best! Look for
these new pictures
at your favorite theater**



Rio Bravo

WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ The action smashes at us hard all the way through this big, bold western. Then, time out! Rick Nelson strikes up a few chords on his guitar, and sheriff John Wayne stands by while his three deputies relax with a little music. They're a funny trio. The townspeople think Rick's just a brash kid and Dean Martin's a no-account drunk and Walter Brennan's an old fool. But we (and Wayne) know better. Let 'em sing—they've earned it. And we need a breather, too! When Rick isn't harmonizing with Dean on "My Pony, My Rifle and Me" or soloing on "Cindy," he's right in there proving he can be a fast gun—and a good actor. So is Dean, who shows his offscreen pal Sinatra that more than one singer can take you inside a man's character and make you understand him. In fact, the movie's loaded with familiar faces. Ward Bond is the trail boss, just as we know him on TV, but John "Lawman" Russell turns heavy—he's a-gonna spring his killer brother out of Wayne's jail, he swears. No, they didn't leave out the love interest. She's a saucy newcomer, Angie Dickinson (shown bottom left with Rick and John).

FAMILY

Some Like It Hot

U.A.

✓✓✓✓ All of Marilyn Monroe's imitators better take cover right now, because the original is back again. MM's really something special in this gay, fun-loving role. Marilyn *thinks* her chief pals in an all-girl dance band are fellow females, but they're really Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon, pretending to be a pair of flappers such as the crazy 'twenties never saw, teetering on high heels, patting nervously at cloche hats and boyish-bob wigs. Tony's a pretty brunette; Jack's a hearty big blonde (Top left with MM). A situation like that could get a little zany—and it does, but delightfully so—thanks to Billy Wilder's slick direction. What are the boys doing in those girlish get-ups? Running away from George Raft (who looks the way a gangster oughta look. He knows—but then why tell you the plot). Go see this rollicking comedy; in fact, go see it more than once in order to catch all the clever dialogue drowned out by audiences howling with helpless laughter.

ADULT

Imitation of Life

U-I, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Rarely does the screen see a drama so filled with intense emotion. Mark this film down as a record-setter. Every scene will play on your feelings—and it'll please (Continued)

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical", caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous", stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex".



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. Doctors say the "emotional" kind is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this perspiration. Now it's here . . . Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed. So effective, yet so gentle.



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Brenda Jo Kounovsky

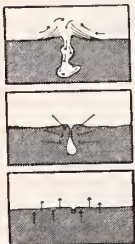
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MOVIES

(Continued)

your eyes, too. Lana Turner never looked sleeker or more beautiful; Sandra Dee's cuddly and winsome and John Gavin's not difficult to look at either. The settings are lush, and the clothes are dreamy. But you'll have to watch all these through tears if your tissue's not handy. One minute, you're with Lana while she chooses between John and a glamorous theater life with Dan O'Herlihy, a playwright. The next, you look deep into Sandra's heart and see a lonely teenager confiding her first love in Juanita Moore, her mother's housekeeper and friend. Juanita's a warm and wonderful new personality. As her daughter, Susan Kohner has the picture's most demanding role—but it's sure to be the most talked-about, and Susan gives it plenty of fire. This girl, light-skinned, wants to escape from her mother's Negro world. The end of their story is one of the most moving climaxes you've ever cried through.

ADULT

Compulsion

20TH, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ In the 1920's, America was horrified by the Leopold-Loeb case, but the powerful drama suggested by that crime is more than just a shocker. Two brilliant, rich young students (Bradford Dillman, Dean Stockwell) commit a "perfect" murder. Why did they do it? How are they caught? What will society do to them? As the movie asks and answers these questions, it probes the darkest, most hidden parts of a boy's mind. The killers are frighteningly real; sometimes you almost feel sorry for Dean, who's the weaker one, just as fellow student Diane Varsi does. Yet you want them brought to justice. What is justice? Orson Welles moves ponderously onto the scene to tackle that last question, in a stunning courtroom finale that will fill your thoughts for a long time to come.

ADULT

The Shaggy Dog

BUENA VISTA

✓✓✓ Walt Disney introduces his TV favorite Annette Funicello to movies in a happy romp that should tickle your funny-

bone but good. Annette's one of a teenaged quartet led by Tommy Kirk, a sixteen-year-old with a nice, wistful-cheerful sort of face. Tommy has a problem: He keeps turning into a dog. That's right. A large, shaggy dog. You don't believe it? Wait till you see the picture! Tommy's kid brother (Kevin Corcoran), his parents (Fred Murray, Jean Hagen) and several spies and cops also get mixed up in the fun and confusion and you can plan on an evening full of fun.

FAMILY

The Mating Game

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓ You'll love Debbie Reynolds—we predict—in this daffy, wonderful farce. Twinkling, sparkling, bouncing around with a hoyden's high spirits, she works hard to keep the laughs coming—and they do. With Paul Douglas as Pop and Una Merkel as Mom, Debbie's folks are a cross between the *Kettles* and the wacky family in "You Can't Take It With You." Income Tax? These innocent farmers never heard of it, until along comes Internal Revenue agent Tony Randall, who's a lively match for Debbie and somebody you'll want to see around a lot more. Clowning away together, these two (below left) manage to find some time to slip some romance in between the chuckles. You'll like that too.

FAMILY

Gidget

COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE, COLUMBIA COLOR

✓✓✓ Gather 'round, Sandra Dee fans. In her biggest role so far, Sandra shows what happens when a very little girl tries to out-boy the boys on the beach (James Darren and Cliff Robertson), where almost all the fun goes on. If your swimsuit isn't your best friend, how *do* you make a beau out of a pal, with loads of well-stacked competition decorating the sands? In one hilarious scene, Sandra tries chest exercises, but finally has to resort to playing Cliff against Dean, whose dreamy crooning, like the whole picture, is a surprise and a delight.

FAMILY

(continued)



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ONE FOR YOU
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FOR
ME
!



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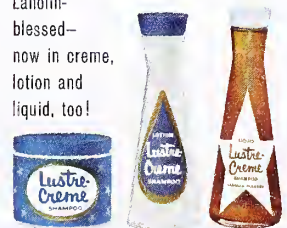
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Sleeping Beauty BULNA VISTA: TECHNIRAMA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Off we go again into Walt Disney's wonderful world of fantasy, with a cartoon version of the beloved fairy tale that's sweet, funny and scary by turns. Hits of the show are the three good fairies, who look like everybody's favorite, fussy little old maiden aunts. But the bad fairy's spells give Walt's magicians their best chance to conjure up spectacular effects—real nightmare stuff. The legend lilts to Tchaikovsky's familiar ballet music. **FAMILY**

A Cry from the Streets TUDOR

✓✓✓ A lot of lovable, touchingly real youngsters—some actors, some amateurs—highlight a nice British movie about an orphanage. Max Bygraves, popular singing comedian, switches to drama as a TV repairman who gets interested in the kids—and in pretty social worker Barbara Murray. Already heard over here, his song "You Gotta Have Rain" makes a charming interlude. The story's on the sentimental side—but there are touches of the sordid. **ADULT**

The Trap PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ This so-so suspense yarn lets several good players go to waste. Our hero (it finally turns out) is lawyer Richard Widmark, who's gotten involved with gangland. Tina Louise looks beautiful but blank as wife of neurotic Earl Holliman, Dick's kid brother. At least some excitement boils up when these three get to charging around the desert with captive mobster Lee J. Cobb. As co-producer, Widmark wished this one on himself. **FAMILY**

First Man into Space M-G-M

✓✓ You have to be really mad about all movie monsters to enjoy this not-very-scientific bit of science-fiction. The monster's a reckless rocket-jockey who comes back to earth encrusted with meteorite dust and thirsting for blood. Marshall Thompson has to chase the creature gently—because it happens to be his brother! **FAMILY**

Night of the Quarter Moon M-G-M, CINEMASCOPE

✓ In this film, inter-racial marriage is too controversial a theme for the cheaply sensationalized treatment it gets here. You can't blame the actors; they all go at their work earnestly. Julie London has some dramatic moments as the one-fourth-Negro girl who marries socialite John Drew Barrymore; Anna Kashfi and Nat "King" Cole are sympathetic as her cousins. **ADULT**

✓✓✓ EXCELLENT
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR
✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
A—ADULT F—FAMILY

NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see contents page.

✓✓✓ ANNA LUCASTA—U.A.: As a girl trying to live down her past, despite family interference, Eartha Kitt heads a talented Negro cast including Sammy Davis, Jr. Powerful but slow. (A) **February**

✓✓✓ BLACK ORCHID, THE—Paramount: Warm, sympathetic, well-acted story of courtship problems in two generations—Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, Ina Balin (as Quinn's daughter) and Mark Richman. (F) **April**

✓✓✓ HANGING TREE, THE—Warners, Technicolor: Gary Cooper at his western best tops a strong drama set in a gold-mining camp. Maria Schell, as a Swiss immigrant girl, and newcomer Ben Piazza also score. (F) **April**

✓✓✓ HORSE'S MOUTH, THE—U.A., Technicolor: Superb work by Alec Guinness as an eccentric painter raising general havoc. Delightfully nutty film with fine photography and score. (F) **February**

✓✓✓ JOURNEY, THE—M-G-M, Technicolor: Expert romantic drama reunites "The King and I" team. In the Hungarian revolt, Soviet officer Yul Brynner decides the fate of refugees including Deborah Kerr and her lover, Jason Robards, Jr. (A) **March**

✓✓ NEVER STEAL ANYTHING SMALL—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Peculiar movie mixing music with burlesque waterfront melodrama is saved by Jimmy Cagney, with an assist from Shirley Jones. (F) **April**

✓✓✓ NO NAME ON THE BULLET—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Unpretentious, entertaining western that has a sense of humor. Hired gun Audie Murphy must have come to town to kill somebody. But who? (F) **April**

✓✓✓ REMARKABLE MR. PENNYPACKER, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: A Victorian marriage romp goes too sentimental in spite of Clifton Webb, Dorothy McGuire, David Nelson. (A) **February**

✓✓✓ SEPARATE TABLES—U.A.: Deborah Kerr's a revelation as a timid spinster at a seaside hotel. Immensely able cast: David Niven, Burt Lancaster, Rita Hayworth, Wendy Hiller. (A) **January**

✓✓✓ SOUND AND THE FURY, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Emotion-filled visit with a mixed-up Southern family features splendid work by Joanne Woodward, Yul Brynner, Margaret Leighton. (A) **April**

✓✓✓ TEMPEST—Paramount; Technirama, Technicolor: Scenes of sweeping spectacle are the chief attraction in an epic of 18th Century Russia. Tough peasant Van Heflin leads a revolution; young lovers Geoffrey Horne and Silvana Mangano oppose him. (F) **April**

✓✓✓ UP PERISCOPE—Warners; WarnerScope, Technicolor: Brisk World War II thriller puts a crew of attractive guys on a Pacific sub. James Garner stands out. How come Edd Byrnes gets only a bit? (F) **April**

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

CITY OF FEAR—Columbia. Directed by Irving Lerner: Vince Ryker, Vince Edwards; Chief Jensen, Lyle Talbot; Lt. Richards, John Archer; Dr. Wallace, Steven Ritch; June, Patricia Blair; Crown, Joe Mell; Hallon, Sherwood Price; Jeanne, Cathy Browne; Sgt. Johnson, Kelly Thordson.

COMPULSION—20th. Directed by Richard Fleischer: Jonathan Wink, Orson Wells; Ruth Evans, Diane Varsi; Judd Steiner, Dean Stockwell; Artie Strans, Bradford Dillman; Horn, E. G. Marshall; Sid, Martin Milner; Max, Richard Anderson; Lt. Johnson, Robert Simon; Tom Daly, Edward Binns; Mr. Straus, Robert Burton; Mr. Steiner, Wilton Graff; Mrs. Straus, Louise Lorimer.

CRY FROM THE STREETS, A—Tudor. Directed by Lewis Gilbert: Bill Lougher, Max Bygraves; Ann Fairlee, Barbara Murray; Georgie Murray, Colin Petersen; Barbie Taylor, Dana Wilson; Mrs. Farrer, Kathleen Harrison; Don Farrer, Sean Barrett; Gloria Murray, Eleanor Summerfield.

FIRST MAN INTO SPACE—M-G-M. Directed by Robert Day: Chuck Prescott, Marshall Thompson; Tia Francesca, Marla Landi; Capt. Richards, Robert Ayres; Chief Wilson, Bill Nagy; Dan Prescott, Bill Edwards.

GIDGET—Columbia. Directed by Paul Wendkos: Francie, Sandra Dee; Moonoggie, James Darren; Kahoon, Cliff Robertson; Russell Lawrence, Arthur O'Connell; Dorothy Lawrence, Mary La Roche; Stinky, Joby Baker; Lover Boy, Tom Laughlin; B.L., Sue George; Hot Shot, Robert Ellis; Mary Lou, Jo Morrow; Nan, Yvonne Craig; Patty, Patti Kane; Waikiki, Doug McClure; Lord Byron, Burt Metcalfe.

IMITATION OF LIFE—U-I. Directed by Douglas Sirk: Lora Meredith, Lana Turner; Steve Archer, John Gavin; Susie, Sandra Dee; Sarah Jane, Susan Kohner; Annie Johnson, Juanita Moore; David Edwards, Dan O'Herlihy; Allen Loomis, Robert Alda; Mahalia Jackson, Herself; Sarah Jane (age 8), Karen Dicker; Susie (age 6), Terry Burnham.

MATING GAME, THE—M-G-M. Directed by George Marshall: Mariette, Debbie Reynolds;

Lorenzo, Tony Randall; Pop Larkin, Paul Douglas; Oliver Kelsey, Fred Clark; Ma Larkin, Una Merkel; Wendell Burnshaw, Philip Ober; Rev. Osgood, Philip Coolidge; Bigelow, Charles Lane; Chief Guthrie, Trevor Bardette; Barney, Bill Smith.

MURDER BY CONTRACT—Columbia. Directed by Irving Lerner: Claude, Vince Edwards; Marc, Phillip Pine; George, Herschel Bernardi; Billie Williams, Caprice Toriel; Moon, Michael Granger; Ex-Maid, Frances Osborne; Girl, Cathy Browne.

NIGHT OF THE QUARTER MOON—M-G-M. Directed by Hugo Haas: Ginny, Julie London; Chuck, John Drew Barrymore; Cy Robbin, Nat "King" Cole; Maria Robbin, Anna Kashfi; Lexington Nelson, Dean Jones; Cornelia Nelson, Agnes Moorehead; Singer, Cathy Crosby; Hotel Manager, Ray Anthony; Sgt. Bragan, Jackie Coogan; Neighbor, Charles Chaplin, Jr.; Asa Tully, James Edwards; Capt. O'Sullivan, Arthur Shields; Clinton Page, Edward Andrews; Judge, Robert Warwick.

RIO BRAVO—Warners. Directed by Howard Hawks: John T. Chance, John Wayne; Dude, Dean Martin; Colorado, Ricky Nelson; Feathers, Angie Dickinson; Stumpy, Walter Brennan; Pat Wheeler, Ward Bond; Nathan Burdette, John Russell; Carlos, Pedro Gonzalez-Gonzalez; Consuela, Estelita Rodriguez; Joe Burdette, Claude Akins.

SHAGGY DOG, THE—Buena Vista. Directed by Charles Barton: Wilson Daniels, Fred MacMurray; Frieda Daniels, Jean Hagen; Wilby, Tommy Kirk; Allison, Annette Funicello; Buzz, Tim Considine; Moochie, Kevin Corcoran; Prof. Plumcutt, Cecil Kellaway; Stefano, Jacques Aubuchon; Dr. Andrassy, Alexander Scourby; Francesca Andrassy, Roberta Shore.

SLEEPING BEAUTY—Buena Vista. Supervising Director, Claude Geronimi; Voices, Mary Costa, Taylor Holmes, Barbara Jo Allen, Eleanor Audley, Bill Shirley, Bill Thompson, Barbara Luddy, Verna Felton.

SOME LIKE IT HOT—U.A. Directed by Billy Wilder: Sugar, Marilyn Monroe; Joe, Tony Curtis; Jerry, Jack Lemmon; Spats, George Raft; Mulligan, Pat O'Brien; Osgood, Joe E. Brown; Bonaparte, Nehemiah Persoff; Toothpick, Jr. E. Stone; Paradise, Edward G. Robinson, Jr.

TRAP, THE—Paramount. Directed by Norman Panama: Ralph, Richard Widmark; Massonetti, Lee, J. Cobb; Linda, Tina Louise; Tippy, Earl Holliman; Anderson, Carl Benton Reid; Davis, Lorne Green.

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these
5 stars
looking at?

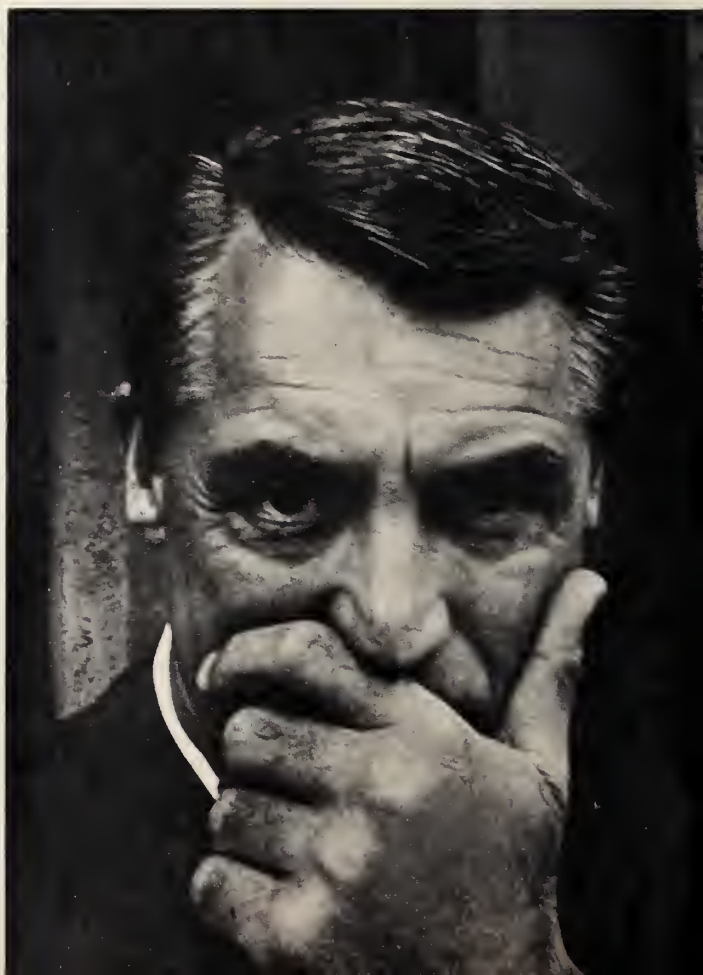


Jerry Lewis: OH, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO . . . yes?

Hurry, we told Debbie, just come as you are. She arrived wearing a bulky striped sweater and slim pants. "Let me see," she said breathlessly, "let me see." "We-e-ll," we said, "maybe you'd better sit down first. Why don't you take this chair? It's the most comfortable one." "All right," she said, looking a little puzzled. "Now can I see it?" We showed it to her—and that's why Debbie blew her top. We were kind of afraid that would happen. Jerry had flipped his wig and Cary had lost his head. Debra had shrieked and Deborah just shrank. Frankly, we didn't blame Debbie—or the others—one bit.

to raise the shade on our secret, see page 46

Cary Grant: Is it animal,
vegetable or mineral? It's smaller than
a breadbox, but what is it?



Debbie Reynolds: Eeek! Where
did you ever dig *that* up?



Debra Paget: Ugh, take it
away, puh-lease! I can't stand it.

Deborah Kerr: Ooooh, after that first
peek I don't dare look again.



8 record album gifts



For the boy in the blue suede shoes—size thirteen.



For the boy whose smooth line you keep falling for.



For the hi-fi fellow who just can't carry a tune.



For a stereo record fan—sounds of a washing machine.

for the boy who has everything



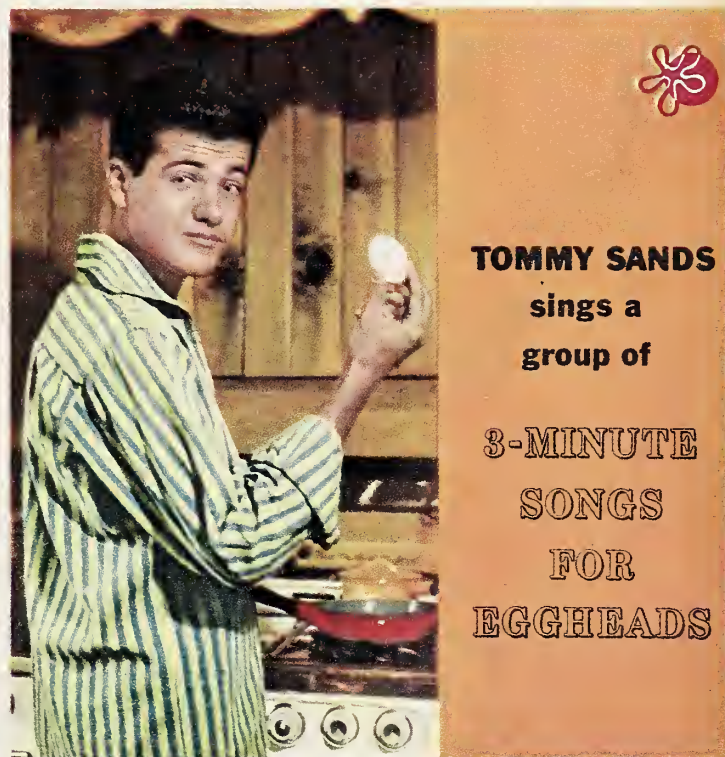
For the rebel who's sentimental but won't admit it.



For the feller who tries but just cant—SPEL.



For a dancer who's light as a feather—on your feet!



Love Songs for a boy who can't break out of his shell.

Die Walküre
APRIL 1, 1959
EXTRA EXTRA EXTRA
**ELVIS
ELOPES**



Extra police were rushed to keep crowds away when the news broke of Elvis' elopement. But teenagers, anxious to meet his bride, broke through police barricades.



Elvis Presley is married. He eloped while on a three-day pass from his camp in Germany and his bride is a twenty-year-old attractive brunette he was known to date before being drafted.

The ceremony was a quiet one, performed by the mayor of the small town three miles from the camp. Only American to attend the wedding was Hank Theobald, a close friend of Elvis, who acted as best man.

Hank told me: "Elvis and Ruth are very much in love. They had been seeing a great deal of each other until he was sent over here and ever since have been writing almost every day. They decided to get married quite a while ago but wanted to keep it secret so that they both would have a chance to find out if they were sure of themselves.

"Ruth came over to Germany just a week ago and while she was traveling Elvis was like a cat on hot bricks worrying that she was all right.

"I'm pretty sure no one else knew about their plans. Elvis was so concerned that it all be kept very quiet, so that they might spend the first few days of their married lives quietly together without being pestered by photographers.

"Ruth is a wonderful girl and I'm sure they are going to be very happy. She looked absolutely radiant at the ceremony and so pretty. She had on a cute striped blue dress with a tiny hat and was carrying a tiny white bouquet—lilies-of-the-valley, I think."

Then Hank explained, "They met each other a long while ago—even before Elvis became famous. I'm not sure if they went to high school together but I think Elvis did mention it.

"You don't know how difficult it was to keep the wedding secret," he added. "I was more flustered at times than they were. But now I'm sure everyone's thrilled that they're so happy." (*Continued on page 97*)

see next page



Elvis married? It really isn't true.

All shook up? We've been April Fooling you!

A-l-o-n-e and still a-v-a-i-l-a-b-l-e is your El.

And 'cause you're a good sport and take a joke so well—



Here's ELVIS...

Just for you





Peter Lorre: "A little lower, Mr. Brown. Ahh."



Tab Hunter: "Why wouldn't they let my horse in?"



Skolsky: "... but, I just washed my hands."



Deborah Kerr: "David, I must have signed 1,000 autographs."



Tony Curtis: "Janet, are we at the wrong party?"

man, how far-out

When I arrived at the party, I noticed a streamlined white horse parked outside. I was sure it meant I'd see James Garner at the party, but when I spotted Tab Hunter I realized that the '56 model horse was his. "Hi," he said, "I'm here with a blind date . . . Frankie Avalon set it up for me. She's kinda cute, but what a funny name—Zsa Zsa." I spotted Diane Varsi cha-cha-ing with Gary Crosby. Diane was wearing a bright red brocade sheath dress and she told me she's bought an entire glamor wardrobe, shipping her old blue jeans and torn tee shirts



You figure this one out . . . we can't.



Leslie Nielsen: "But I don't feel like dancing."



Sara Hamilton: "Did you see who Rick came with?"



Censored!

can a party be?

by SARA HAMILTON
and SYDNEY SKOLSKY

to the Actors Studio in New York. The only thing Diane couldn't part with are her favorite tennis shoes which she claims are the greatest for dancing. Be the first in your crowd to follow this new trend. . . . Rick Nelson came over to claim the next dance with Diane and confided to me that he's thinking of giving up singing to go into nuclear physics. He got the idea from the picture he just finished, "Ma and Pa Kettle Go to the Moon," with Rick as Pa and Tina Louise as Ma. . . . David Ladd was sharing a plate of imported (Continued on page 87)



Chuck Connors: "What's our sitter doing here?"



The **7** most wanted men talk about what's nearest and dearest to them—

"THE HORSE IN MY LIFE"

TY HARDIN

WADE PRESTON

Peter Brown

WILL HUTCHINS

Jim Garner

JACK KELLY

John Russell

TY HARDIN says:

"Whether he's running a country
Or in a corral—
Behind each guy who's made it
There's always a gal.
Now my one, I'll tell you
Has huge soulful eyes.
To gaze into them makes
My temperature rise.
I need her, I need her,
We can't be divorced
And when we're both old and gray
I'll still love my horse."

WADE PRESTON our hero
(Known as Christopher Colt)

Says his love for his horse
Once gave him a jolt.
"We were friends, good friends,
And we'd talk man-to-man.
Sharing our troubles
As only two guys can.
Like a huddy, he was,
Nothing too good for him—See?
But it gave me a shock
To learn that he was *she*!"

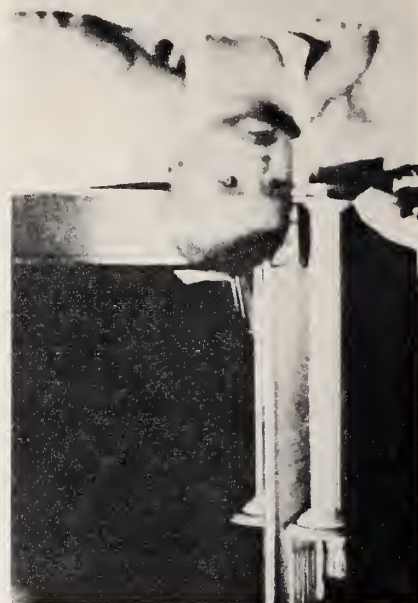
What are these 5 stars looking at?

Continued from page 35

Debbie Reynolds



Deborah Kerr



Jerry Lewis

Cary Grant



Debra Paget



surprise!
their "forgotten"
baby pictures...

...and we fooled the stars—and you—on other things too...

WE'VE BEEN
April fooling You
FOR 14 PAGES

Did you guess we were April Fooling you? We left some clues for you to follow. Like the wrong spelling on the Lemon Sisters record album . . . or the A. Prill Fuel byline on the Elvis story. How many others did you spot? And now that you're in on our secret, why not join us, too, on our special project? Resolved: To go April Fooling all month long. Let us know if you're in favor of it.



March 22, 1958...

*MIKE TODD DIES
IN PLANE CRASH*

one year later...

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO LIZ NOW?



April 4, 1958...

*CHERYL, 14,
SLAYS LANA'S BEAU*

one year later...

**HOW LANA AND CHERYL
FIND THE STRENGTH TO GO ON**

WHAT'S HAPPENING



Ducking photographers and curious crowds, Liz takes her children to a secluded section of the California shore for a day's fun on the beach. This was one of the few outings Liz made from her home in Copa De Oro Road.



TO LIZ NOW?

by RONALD J. BROOKS

THE tree-lined drive they call Copa De Oro Road extends north from Hollywood in long sinuous curves. It lies in the gently rising foothills of the exclusive Bel Air district and is a street flanked by spacious estates, each set back a hundred feet or more from the road and each protected by towering hedges and shrubs. Seas of lawns span the distances between the luxurious homes.

No one has a neighbor in Copa De Oro Road . . .

The homes are Spanish style, mostly of white stucco. But one is of rose-pink stucco and has a shingle roof different from all the others. This was the house I was visiting that early spring afternoon.

As I drove towards it I glanced down at the notepad which lay on the seat beside me. Perhaps today, I thought, looking at its crumpled cover, I would at last find the answers to all the questions I had stored inside of it since I had first marked the words "Liz Taylor" on the cover those many months ago when I'd been assigned by Photoplay to do a story on her.

I looked at my watch. It was just five minutes before

eleven o'clock, five minutes before the hour set for my very first personal interview with Elizabeth Taylor.

There was an eerie quietness all around. Not another car came into sight as I drove along, nor did I pass anyone walking. Two gardeners, working on the carefully-tended lawns of one of the homes, provided the only visible life on Copa De Oro Road.

I took a quick glance back at my notebook, then, as my eyes followed the winding road ahead, I thought about the latest notes I had taken, only a day before. They contained a detailed account of Liz Taylor's horoscope. Carefully noting the hour, the day, the month and the year in which Liz was born, the astrologer had given me a wealth of information about Liz's character and personality, explaining why she believed Liz did the things she did, and what lay ahead. And I planned to ask Liz if she thought the astrologer's points might be true. . . .

My thoughts were brought sharply back to the present as, to my left, I suddenly caught sight of a pink stucco home, which I knew belonged to Elizabeth Taylor. The moment had finally arrived.

Gently I pressed my foot (*Continued on page 80*)



After Lana Turner slipped the small card out of the surprise gift,



her eyes filled with tears as she read...

To my mother
Thanks for everything—
Cheryl

A shiny black limousine pulled up in front of the fashionable Luau Hawaiian restaurant in Beverly Hills. Seconds later the chauffeur got out and walked around the car to the curb side to open the door.

One after another, three women stepped out. The first was a well-groomed elderly lady with greying hair, the second a slender blonde, and the third a tall, dark-haired young girl.

At the door they were met by the maitre d'hotel who, with the slightest movement of his head, beckoned the young girl aside and whispered, "It's all ready, Cheryl—just as you planned." Then, his voice resuming its usual deep professional tone, he said, "This way, please—" and led the three women into the dimly-lit restaurant.

They followed him closely as he wound his way in between the small round tables until suddenly, from a dark corner, came the sound of *(Continued on page 93)*

by CHARLOTTE DINTER

Tony Curtis held little Jamie in his arms and thought—

IF ONLY MY DAD COULD HAVE LIVED TO SEE YOU



Out of the blue it came, the day they told him
would come, the day he would cry.

The April sky was starless, with the first glow of dawn, a rosepink radiance, rising out of the shadowy California foothills. A light wind carried the scent of wet earth from last night's spring rain in its trail.

Standing by the wide bedroom window with the ruffled drawback curtains, Tony Curtis, in his striped pajamas, stared blankly at the gnarled willow trees on the front lawn. He couldn't sleep. Looking over at Janet

in the big bed, her curly, spaniel-like hair framing her soft face, the shiny satin coverlet rising with her every draw of breath, Tony decided not to wake her. Much as he loved her, much as he wanted to share everything with her, he knew this was something he had to face alone, something only he could make his peace with.

He closed his eyes, and low sobs choked his throat. They were dry sobs, more like a rasping. There were no tears; yet it was crying, a man's crying. Tony, weary from sleepless tossing, dressed in a bulky wool sweater and a worn pair of khakis. In the long hallway of their new home, he passed the first nursery, and was drawn into it. There she was, round-faced and (Continued on page 95)





FRANKIE AVALON—

Sure, my name's in lights and
people make a fuss over
me, but sometimes . . .
even in the middle
of a crowd . . .

I feel sort of shy and all alone

And if it hadn't been for girls, I guess I'd still be hiding myself under a bushel. Gee, but I was scared when I was a kid—scared of meeting people, scared of going places . . . almost scared of my own shadow! Who helped me get out of myself, out of that lonesome, let-me-alone world I lived in? Girls! And dating.

Now don't misunderstand me. I'm not saying I was a dating whiz, or full of clever (*Continued on page 91*)

turn the page





by FRANKIE AVALON
as told to GEORGE CHRISTY

Sometimes, when I'm up there onstage, I wonder if somewhere out in the audience I can find a new girl to help me.

I still can't believe it's me, a shy guy from a plain family, singing with all the big stars on Alan Freed's Big Beat shows.

I don't think I'm a moody person or a sad one, but sometimes, as I walk along the busy streets, I get that old feeling.



shy and all alone

continued



Say—that little girl looking in at me through the window, she's real cute. I guess she wonders why I'm all alone.

When Mom used to have friends over I wanted to hide in my room. Not now—but I still like being alone at times.



A crowd of fans like this used to make me want to run as fast as a frightened rabbit—but I'm improving.

I used to sit alone in my room for hours just playing on that trumpet. I still do. I guess it's like a real good friend.



Far away from Mel . . . from home . . .

Audrey Hepburn lay painfully in bed, praying—

“please, God,
help me
walk again”

A shaft of Mexican sunlight suddenly squeezed its brilliance through a narrow slit in the drawn curtains, splashing light into the small bedroom. The thin, waif-like girl, lying flat on her back, smiled weakly, turning her head slowly to look at the pattern the sunlight had formed on the edge of the bedclothes.

As she turned, a stab of pain cut across her back and she gave a small cry of pain, letting her head fall swiftly back on the white pillow. She could not move.

Below, in the colorful city street—the one they called the Street of November the Twentieth—she could hear the (Continued on page 95)



This is the story
Eddie Fisher's mother
wanted published . . .
the first exclusive interview
telling "the other side"



DON'T BLAME LIZ!

by KATE STUPP, Eddie Fisher's mother

I've never been prouder of my son Eddie than I am today, and though today Eddie's future is marked by an obstacle, I have faith that he will surmount it.

"Walked out on his wife and children," are the words pronounced against him. Ugly words. Hurtful words.

Do I apologize for what he's done, or even for his divorce? No. Divorce is failure. Someone once said that marriage is a house that has to be rebuilt every day by both partners. One alone can't rebuild. If the house falls and crumbles to ruins, both partners are responsible.

Any honest person who's had to settle for divorce feels the sadness of his or her share in the failure. I myself am divorced from Joseph Fisher, the father of my four daughters and three sons. And only in my second marriage to Max Stupp have I found the meaning of happiness.

Last fall, the day Eddie moved out, away from Debbie and their two little ones, Carrie and Todd, he telephoned me long distance from the coast. He's always been faster with a phone than a pen. But there's been regular, dependable communication whether he's been in California, New York, London, Korea or (Continued on page 82)

"I've never met Liz,
except over the phone,
but she seems so warm . . .
so friendly . . ."



ANNETTE FUNICELLO: Did you ever ask yourself-

WHY DID I EVER



LET HIM TALK ME INTO



With a quick, restless movement, Annette flopped over on her back on the pale green quilted coverlet and stared at the shelves on the wall above her bed. Sharon's invitation to a party that weekend was propped up on the lower shelf, between the picture Guy Williams had given her when she did "Zorro" with him and the two throw pillows she'd gotten for her last birthday, the ones that had "Dangerous Curves Ahead" and "I-GO-4U" printed on them. "Please bring a date," the card said. But it didn't say where to get one.

Annette looked over at the white phone on the night table next to the bed. Should I call him, she wondered. We'd have so much fun . . . just like we used to . . . but what if it's like that last time . . . what if he . . . Annette frowned at the figures on her wallpaper, couples dancing two by two . . . two by two. Why doesn't someone else call? she questioned. Lots of boys used to call me. How did they ever get the idea I was someone's girl . . . taken . . . out of circulation? She burrowed (*Continued on page 88*)

by KATHRYN COY

**GOING
STEADY**

by JIM HOFFMAN

At 17, **RITCHIE VALENS** and his friends Buddy Holly, 22, and J.P. (Big Bopper) Richardson, 24, are dead. Yet in the town of Granada Hills, California, Donna Ludwig, his 16-year-old girlfriend, is listening to his latest album . . . and in nearby Pacoima, his mother, Mrs. Concepcion Valenzuela, is also listening . . . and in towns and cities throughout the United States, his friends and fans are listening . . . listening. And for them all, one song that Ritchie is singing, "We Belong Together," has a special meaning . . .

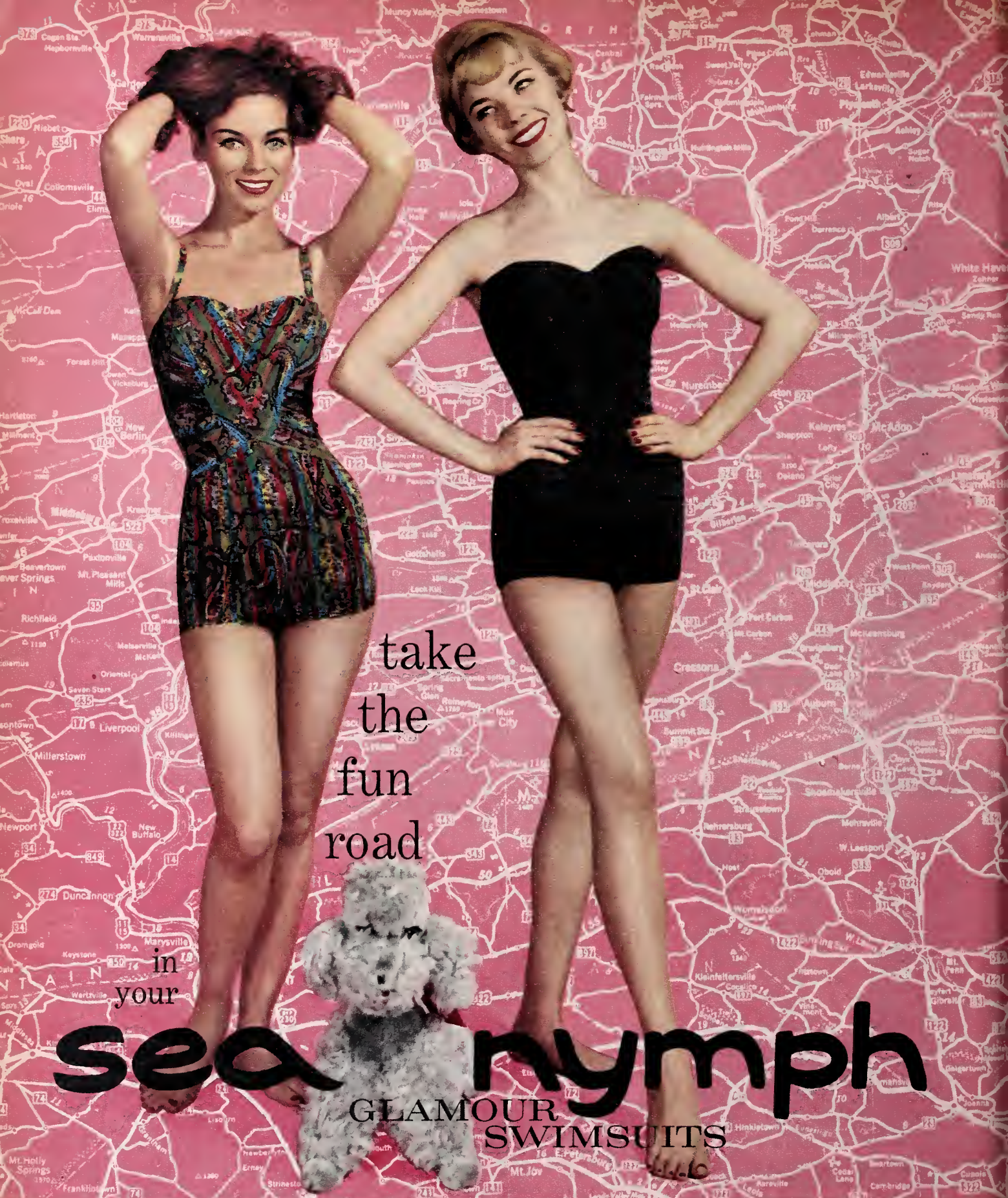
**"You're mine,
And we belong together.
Yes, we belong together
FOR ETERNITY..."**

(Continued on page 84)

From left to right: Family and friends gather around Mrs. Valenzuela as she mourns her son . . . Ritchie Valens. he had so much to live for . . . Donna Ludwig, the young girl that Ritchie left behind him.







take
the
fun
road

in
your

sea nymph

GLAMOUR SWIMSUITS

Join the Safari to the sea in this exotic Moorish paisley over-print on hand screened lastex... Junior and Misses sizes... About \$13.00

Fetchingly draped for feminine allure in solid color lastex... Black, Red, Blue, Yellow... Junior and Misses Sizes... About \$11.00

Bra: Preshaped contour uplift made of pelon, for the look of natural loveliness.

At better stores or write: Jordan Mfg. Corp., 1410 Broadway, N.Y. 18. In Canada: Sea Nymph of Canada, 425 River St., Montreal.

TRAVEL and FASHION: Tuesday Weld and Mark Damon tell you—

how to leave home...

TUESDAY TRAVELS IN A WHITE WOOL-AND-MOHAIK COAT (SIMPLICITY 2938)



10 PAGE SECTION



LAUREL CANYON



Grauman's Chinese Theater

for Hollywood...

SUNSET BLVD.

SANTA MONICA BLVD.

FAIRFAX AVE.

HIGHLAND AVE.



Left for Beverly Hills and stars' homes. (This is Debbie's house.)

MELROSE AVE.



CBS Television City

LA BREA AVE.



Farmer's Market

THIRD ST.

LA CIENEGA BLVD.

LOS FELIZ BLVD.

VERMONT AVE.

HOLLYWOOD FREEWAY

FRANKLIN AVE.

HOLLYWOOD BLVD.



Pantages Theater

GOWER ST.



Moulin Rouge



Brown Derby

CAHUENGA BLVD.

VINE ST.



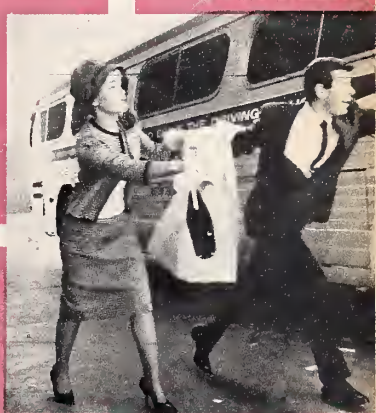
Paramount Studios

BEVERLY BLVD.

ROSSMORE AVE.

WILSHIRE BLVD.

WESTERN AVE.



...and not look like a tourist

Don't miss:

Grauman's Chinese Theater: The world famous movie house where footprints of the stars are immortalized in cement. At 6925 Hollywood Blvd.

Farmer's Market: The unique shopping center at 3rd and Fairfax, with more than 160 stalls and shops, catering to tastes for food (gifts and clothes, too) from all nations.

Disneyland: This lies several miles southeast of Los Angeles (loads of transportation, so don't worry) and is really a whole day's outing. Its Fantasy, Tomorrow and Adventurelands are so well-known there's nothing more we can say except—see it. Grownups enjoy it too.

Knott's Berry Farm and Ghost Town (just before you get to Disneyland): A fascinating relic of the Lone Ranger's day with an authentic gold mine and also a fine restaurant. Spend a whole afternoon there if you can—it's well worth it. Bring your six-shooter along...

Marineland: A must even if you're not a fish-lover. Huge and awesome creatures from the deep to delight the eye as well as incredibly lovely tiny ones. A colorful drive out there, it is located on the Pacific Ocean between Redondo Beach and San Pedro.

You might also take in the attractive grounds and buildings of **U.C.L.A.**... **Chinatown**, if you haven't seen the one in New York or San Francisco... and the **Pantages Theater** at 6233 Hollywood Boulevard where the Academy Awards are presented each year.

On the town:

Romanoff's (restaurant of the stars), at 140 So. Rodeo Dr., Beverly Hills. Expensive.

Dino's, Dean Martin's restaurant (you've seen it on "77 Sunset Strip") at Sunset Strip. Very good food.

Luau (exotic Cantonese food), at Rodeo Drive. Expensive.

Brown Derby (also meeting place of stars). On Wilshire at Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. Very high prices.

Moulin Rouge (for night-club fun) at 6230 Sunset Blvd.

Cocoanut Grove (in Ambassador hotel) for top entertainment and dance. But if your purse cannot cover these, we suggest you try some of the new coffee houses. These **Coffee Houses** are favorites of the stars.

Unicorn, on Sunset Strip, where you can play chess, checkers, and spend a whole evening over one coffee.

Chez Paulette, also on Sunset Strip: frequented by celebrities such as Marlon Brando, Mort Sahl, Tuesday Weld—the most sophisticated and most likely place to see the stars.

Via Veneto, on Sunset Strip, where in good weather they have dozens of tiny tables outside on the street (like in Paris) where you can watch the world go by.

Positano, off the beaten path, high in the mountains

above Malibu Beach (Diane Varsi loves it) where on weekends they have plays, poetry readings, discussion.

The Aware Inn on Sunset Strip falls between the two. It is a restaurant which specializes in organic foods. Open only for dinner (5 p.m.—10 p.m.). Nick Adams and Mark Damon go there.

You might like to know:

That there are many bus trips and tours. Information about these supplied by leaflets obtainable in every hotel and by any travel agent... that studio tours and tickets to TV shows are available by writing to the Guest Relations department (for tours) and Ticket Department (for tickets) of any studio or network. Best tours of film studios are conducted by the bus tours. Addresses of major TV studios are: CBS-TV, 7800 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.; ABC-TV, Prospect and Talmadge, Hollywood, Calif.; NBC-TV, Sunset and Vine, Hollywood, Calif. *Write in advance for tickets*... that detailed information about hotels, etc., can be obtained by writing to The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, Los Angeles, Calif.... that, as a reminder, no one dresses formally *at all*, so keep your clothes very casual... that you mustn't forget a camera because we guarantee, despite the skeptics, that there are always loads of stars to see.

Where to stay:

Beverly Hills Hotel (very expensive). Perhaps the most gracious of them all. Watch the stars in the lobby.

Beverly Hilton (very expensive). This ultra modern sweepingly designed hotel has everything, from pools to shopping.

The Ambassador (less expensive), further in town; is very centrally located.

The Biltmore (moderate). In downtown Los Angeles, is magnificently located in the heart of town.

The Hollywood Plaza (moderate), in the very center of Hollywood is a fine, up-to-the-minute hotel with gardens, clubs and pools. They guarantee *sundrenched* rooms!

Ben Alexander's Dream House Motel (very moderate) is also centrally located in the heart of Hollywood.

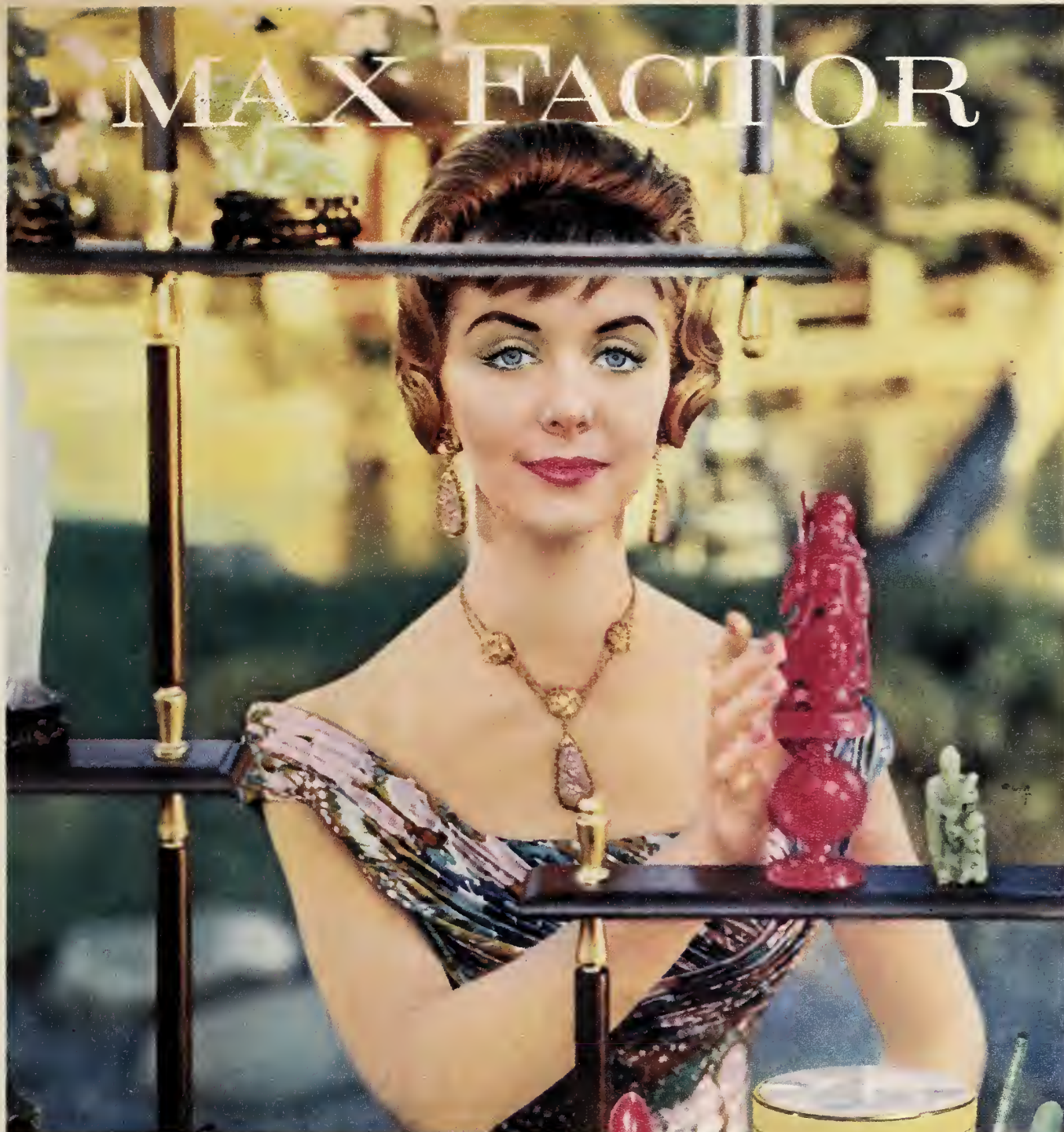
Hollywood Highlander Motor Hotel (very moderate), is one of the newest. Complimentary breakfast served by their pool.

Sunset Highland Motel (very inexpensive) is ideal for the tight budget. Right in town.

Tropicana Motor Hotel and Apartments (very moderate) is just a little way from the center of town. Ideal for groups or families. You can save on meals.

Cloud Motel (moderate) in downtown Los Angeles.

MAX FACTOR



PRINT AND DOWN DESIGNED BY ROBERT MORTON
JEWELS FROM THE COLLECTION OF ANNA MAY WONG

U.S. PAT. #2830602

Max Factor captures the
Orient's most precious color

PINK JADE



HI-SOCIETY MIRROR AND LIPSTICK CASE

Wear it like the rare and exotic jewel it is... PINK JADE...
Glorious new color from the East! Wakes up your lips as
Spring awakens your heart. Incomparable achievement in
color by Max Factor, master of make-up artistry for 50 years.



IN BOTH HI-SOCIETY AND HI-FI LIPSTICK — PINK JADE
comes in creamy-moist HI-SOCIETY or long-lasting HI-FI
Lipstick. Both fit the HI-SOCIETY oval mirror-case from 1.50*.
With Pink Jade try new Green Jade Creme Eyeshadow Stick
...1.25* and Jet Gray Mascara Wand...1.50*. *PLUS TAX



Tuesday's checked suit is of woven Arnel by Triplex worn with white over-blouse, Simplicity 2934. Her lightweight luggage is by Samsonite.

To, get the most out of your bagful of clothes, key your wardrobe to a color scheme (Tuesday's is black, white, and black-and-white) and travel in no-iron fabrics. And to get the most out of your budget, try sewing it—like this Simplicity travel wardrobe.

A. 2973—Neat black Jamaica shorts to wear with your switch-off blouses.

B. 2958—Low-backed checked dress for after-five through dancing hours.

C. 2915—High-waisted black sheath with its own little jacket for late day.

D. 2934—Repeat of suit blouse shown above; this time it matches the suit.

E. 2260—White pleated skirt can take either blouse plus your suit jacket.

F. 2954—All-purpose shirtdress to go sightseeing, lunching or shopping.

Tuesday Weld's white coat (2938) in Lebanon's wool and mohair (see page 67) goes smartly over every dress. Hats by Amy, Coro jewelry, Ingbor purse, Jacqueline shoes.

what's in the bag?



For back views, see page 90.



Wild new brilliance at your lips: stays bright longer because there's more color in it!

Nothing timid or tame about it: brilliant new Cutex Sheer Lanolin Lipstick brings more beautiful color than ever to your lips...color that *stays bright* and glowing, *keeps* its fresh just-put-on look...long after other lipsticks fade away, change color, go flat, dim, *dull*!

The secret? Exclusively Cutex. Only Cutex puts more



actual coloring into every lipstick... to put more *stay-bright* color into every shade! From the softest, palest, lightest pink to the wildest, richest, ripest red...there's nothing more exciting, more alive, more beautiful *on you* than Cutex Sheer Lanolin Lipstick. Don't do without it one minute more! Only 79c plus tax.

CUTEX® Sheer Lanolin Lipstick in the new designer's case
NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK



plan a smooth getaway

YOUR TRAVEL CHECKLIST

CLOTHES MAKE THE TRIP

- ☐ 1 suit
- ☐ 2 blouses
- ☐ 1 extra skirt
- ☐ 1 daytime dress
- ☐ 1 afternoon dress
- ☐ 1 party dress
- ☐ Bermuda shorts
- ☐ Slacks
- ☐ Bathing suit and cap
- ☐ Beach wrap
- ☐ Beach sandals (to double as bedroom slippers)
- ☐ Bulky sweater (to double as evening wrap)
- ☐ Travel coat

ACCESSORIES

- ☐ Crushable travel hat
- ☐ Pearl necklace and earrings
- ☐ Your favorite pin and bangle bracelets
- ☐ Belts
- ☐ Gloves
- ☐ Scarves
- ☐ Sightseeing shoes
- ☐ Dress shoes
- ☐ Large travel handbag
- ☐ Small evening purse

UNDERCOVER

- ☐ Extra slip
- ☐ Petticoat
- ☐ Strapless bra
- ☐ Extra daytime bra
- ☐ Extra panty girdle
- ☐ Panties
- ☐ 3 pair of stockings
- ☐ Travel robe and pajamas

BE A PRETTY SIGHT TO SEE

- ☐ Makeup foundation
- ☐ Face powder
- ☐ Lipstick (several, with at least one pale, pale color)
- ☐ Eye makeup (the works)
- ☐ Nail polish (And don't forget polish remover, emery board, nail scissors.)
- ☐ Eyebrow tweezers
- ☐ Cleansing lotion or cream
- ☐ Cleansing pads (for oily skin)

- ☐ Moisture lotion (for dry skin)
- ☐ Your favorite toilet soap
- ☐ Hand and body lotion
- ☐ Suntan lotion
- ☐ Cotton balls
- ☐ Facial tissue
- ☐ Toothpaste, mouthwash
- ☐ Deodorant
- ☐ Cream or lotion hair remover or electric shaver
- ☐ Wash cloths
- ☐ Shower cap
- ☐ Shampoo
- ☐ Bobby pins, clips, rollers
- ☐ Hair spray
- ☐ Hair dressing
- ☐ Brush and combs
- ☐ Electric hair dryer (this takes up space, maybe—but what a time-saver!)
- ☐ Perfume and toilet water

FOR STAR GAZING

- ☐ Camera, binoculars
- ☐ Lots of film (especially color)
- ☐ Autograph album
- ☐ Pen

FOR YOUR MIND

- ☐ Travel diary
- ☐ Letter paper and envelopes
- ☐ "Amy Vanderbilt's Etiquette" (paperback)
- ☐ "Ballad of the Sad Cafe" by Carson McCullers (paperback) and one other book

... AND DON'T FORGET

- ☐ Reservation confirmations
- ☐ Traveler's Checks (and a list of their numbers)
- ☐ Insurance policy list
- ☐ Identification
- ☐ Sewing kit
- ☐ Safety pins
- ☐ Sun glasses
- ☐ Address book
- ☐ Medical kit (vitamins, aspirin, motion sickness pills, band-aids)
- ☐ Umbrella
- ☐ Clothesbrush and shoebrush
- ☐ Extra set of luggage keys

How to

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plan a smooth

Making your reservations!

Write or phone the Reservations Desk at the airlines, railroad or bus terminal for tickets. Tell the clerk your destination, the day and time you want to leave, plus the type of accommodations you want. Then give your full name, address and phone number. He'll call you if there are any changes in the schedule. If you'll be using the same transportation to return home, save about 10% of your total fare by getting a round-trip ticket. You can make return reservations at this time or leave the date open. But if you don't use your reservation and forget to cancel it, you can lose your money. Be sure to ask: the exact cost of your ticket after all taxes have been added in; where and when to pick up your ticket; whether your seat is reserved; the hour you should check in for your trip; if you must *reconfirm* any portion of your ticket. When the ticket's in hand, double-check to see if you're on the right trip. If the space you want is all sold out, ask to be put on the waiting list. Play it safe by reserving for the next-best time or considering another means of transportation. You can have your trip arranged by a travel agent (preferably a member of the American Society of Travel Agents) who'll plan transportation, hotel, sightseeing and entertainment, separately or as part of a tour. Cost: a service charge for hotel and entertainment; none for transportation. On a tour, you travel with a group of people and have all arrangements planned by the travel organization. Tours also are available through airlines, railroads, bus companies, the Automobile Association of America (for members only) or, if you're the athletic type, through the American Youth Hostel.

getaway

Going by plane:

You can be airborne Tourist or First Class. You'll save loot on Tourist, but you must buy your own meals and your seat may not be reserved as on First Class. Ask Reservations about saving money on weekday excursions, family or stopover plans.

The airlines provide a limousine service to shuttle you and your guests between the airport and city terminal for a reasonable fee. Find out what time the limousine leaves the terminal to meet your particular flight and then allow yourself enough time to have your luggage (40 pound limit) taken care of. Wherever you go in the airport, you and the airlines are in touch by means of a loudspeaker which tells you of flight delays or notifies you when and where to board your plane. Report promptly to the specified gate and show your ticket. If traveling with unreserved seats, be an early bird. You can choose the best seat—an unobstructed view from a rear seat or less motion up front.

Going by train:

Coach is easiest on the budget. You get a seat and the use of the general washroom. Dining-car service is open to all. Pullman or First Class begins in price with an Upper Berth that is converted from your seat. A Lower Berth works the same way but costs a little more. Then, increasing in cost and luxury, but offering the privacy of your own room, toilet and washstand, are: Roomettes, for one person only; Single Bedrooms, for one; Double Bedrooms, for one or two; Single Compartments, for two; Double Compartments, for four or five; and, most spacious, Drawing Rooms for two or three. Don't forget to ask Reservations about off-

season rates, stopovers, scenic routes.

When you check the departure time of your train, ask how early you can board it and whether certain cars are set aside as "smokers" or "non-smokers." You can choose your seat in either. Ask Information or your porter which gate your train leaves from and have your ticket ready to show to the conductor at the entrance. The porter will carry your bags into the car, place them on the overhead rack and help you adjust your seat. The tipping rate: 25¢ for each bag. Sandwiches and beverages are sold

in the Coach and make a cheaper meal than a dining-car dinner. The dining-car waiter receives the standard restaurant tip—15% of the bill. Frequently the train stops at stations long enough for passengers to get off, but watch your time carefully. The Pullman Porter will make up your berth at night. For this and other services tip him 50¢ per night at the end of your trip. Unless you have a private room, you'll be sharing a general washroom, so don't take too much time. Wear a robe over your pa-

continued



Follow Tuesday's and Mark's travel tips for a headstart to a happy ending.

plan a smooth getaway *continued*

jamais or gown. If traveling a long distance by Coach, you'll be more at ease in a loose top and full skirt.

going by bus:

The old gray bus ain't what she used to be. She's streamlined as a jet, with foam-rubber reclining seats comfortable for sleeping; on-board restroom facilities; individual air-conditioning blowers; foot rests; lots of leg room; and wide windows.

Arrive early enough to have your ticket processed and your bags stowed away well in advance of departure time. Before boarding, find out how long till the first food stop. You may want to fortify yourself before the bus pulls out. Keep your overnight case with all the cosmetics, toilet articles, spare sweaters, slippers, durable snacks (no sticky chocolates) and books that you'll want during the trip. Your other suitcases travel in the baggage compartment. Your bus will make regularly scheduled stops for sightseeing and meals.

How to live in a hotel:

Making the Reservation: The earlier you make a hotel reservation the better your accommodations will be. Ask if they operate on the American Plan, which includes meals, or the European Plan, room only. Resorts usually ask for a deposit on reservations, and you should check this.

Hotel Etiquette: As you drive up to your hotel, a bellboy will be waiting to take your bags from the cab and show you to the Main Desk. Sign register with your full name and address. The clerk will hand your key (tagged with the room number) to the bellboy who will take you and your bags to your room. He will turn up the lights, adjust the windows, show you special features of the room and wait for a tip of 25¢ per bag.

During your stay, Room Service is your personal genie. Just call for food, valet service, a TV Set—anything. All of these services will be

charged to your bill, but tip for each as it is delivered. A quarter is adequate for any normal request. Return your room key to the Desk whenever you leave the hotel. This indicates that your room is free to be cleaned and that phone calls should go to the Desk.

It is courteous to notify the Desk at least a day in advance, if possible, that you plan to check out. Most hotels ask you to be out of your room by noon, but if you're not leaving town until later in the day, ask if you can leave your bags at the hotel.

How to dine out:

It's wise to make a reservation at the more popular expensive restaurants. When you call, ask for the headwaiter and say you would like to make a dinner or luncheon reservation, specifying the time and number of people. When you arrive and are ordering, notice if the menu is "à la carte," which means you pay for each item as listed on the menu, or "Luncheon" or "Dinner" where all courses are included in the price. Remem-

ber that lunch menus are cheaper, so eat at famous restaurants then.

Don't let an array of silver throw you. Just follow the old rule and work your way in from the outside.

In more expensive restaurants the waiter will bring your check to the table on a plate. Then just put your money and the check back on the plate and wait for the waiter to bring your change. Leave his tip (20% of the bill in really fine restaurants; 15 % in others) on the plate.

Have a happy ending

There may be a time when a boy on a train or bus asks you to join him for dinner. It isn't a regular date, so go Dutch treat. If the seat next to that handsome stranger is empty, smile sweetly and sit in it. Forget the weather as a conversation starter and try "Is this your first trip to Hollywood, too?" At the beach, you don't always have to wait to be introduced. Swim out to the float if that's where he's catching the sun. Or ask a mutual friend to introduce you at a party. At a hotel, say goodnight to your date in the lobby. Beware of wolves. You can spot 'em by their too-ness—too quick to put his arm around you, too anxious to get you to stay out too late.



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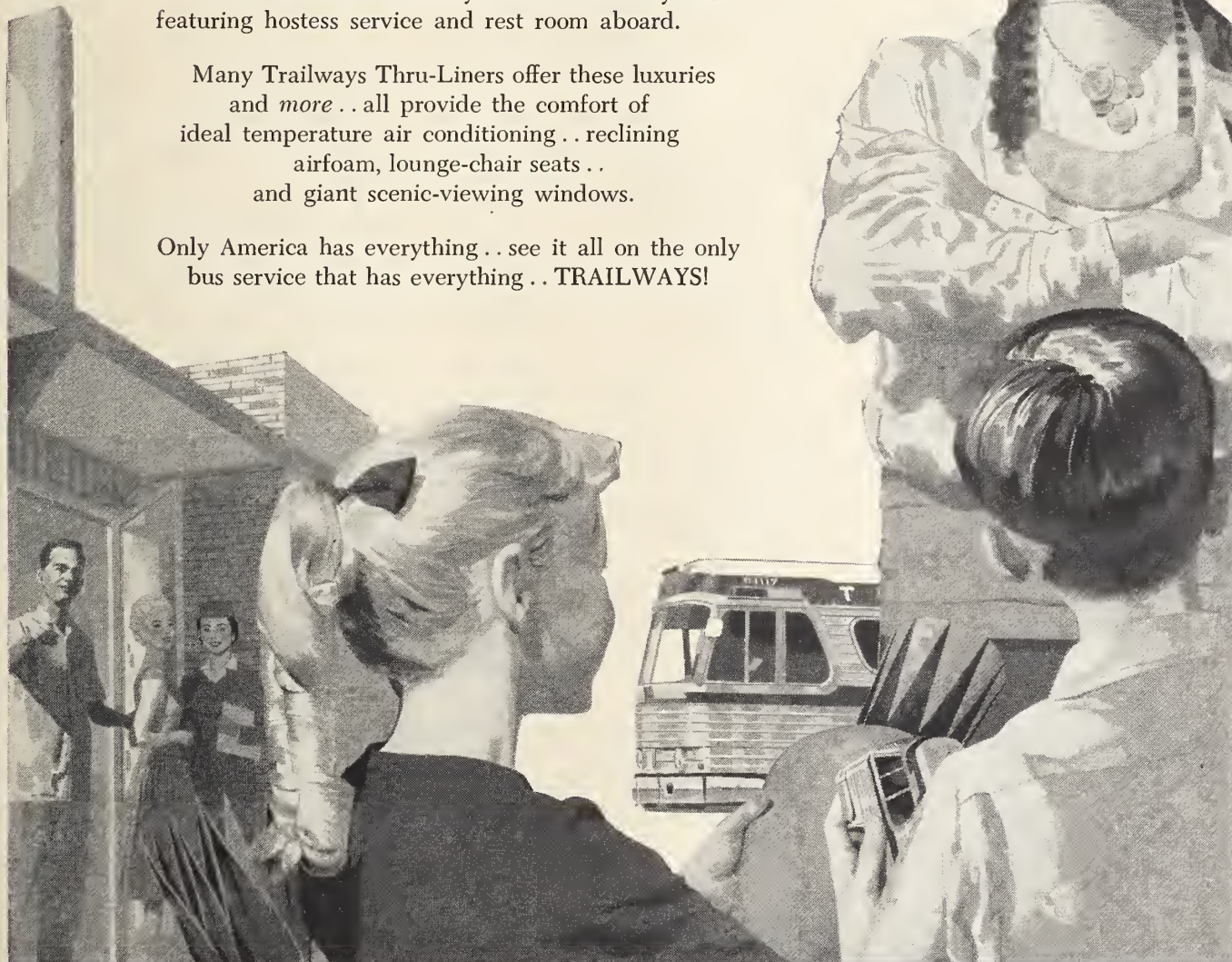
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LIZ TAYLOR

Continued from page 49

down on the brake and slowed to turn into the combed gravel drive which led up to the house.

I parked just a little to the side of the building and as I climbed out I noticed a dirt-stained Rolls Royce, probably Mike Todd's, standing in front of the garage. It had muddy puppy-paw marks smeared over the windows and body, seeming oddly out of place in that well-kept setting.

Collecting my notepad from the seat of my car and making sure I still had a pen clipped to the inside pocket of my suit jacket, I walked on towards the dark-green front door. But the quietness which surrounded the estate and the forgotten look which that Rolls had about it, made me feel very uneasy.

I pressed a finger on the bell. Above, and all around, the shuttered windows only added to my uneasiness.

Then the door opened. A middle-aged woman with a plump, matronly figure stood before me. "Yes?" she said sharply.

"I have an appointment—with Miss Taylor," I said.

"For when?"

"Now. This morning. Eleven o'clock," I answered.

"Well, wait a moment, please," she said, and, leaving the door ajar, she walked away. I could hear her footsteps echoing down the hall.

I looked around at the wrought iron grill-work on the front of the house. It was an attractive home.

I could hear the footsteps again. The door opened a second time. But the woman seemed more subdued as she said, "I'm afraid I have apologies from Miss Taylor. She is not feeling at all well this morning and asked if you could possibly leave the interview for another time."

I'm sure the woman must have seen the look of disappointment which spread across my face. "Yes . . . yes. Of course, I understand," I mumbled and turned slowly to walk back towards my car. I kicked a pebble in the driveway as I went and listened to it click-click as it hopped along a few feet and then lay still again.

As I took my car key from my pocket and opened the door, I found myself looking back, again and again, at the house. It seemed so lonely, so shut-away. And even in my disappointment I felt sad for Liz.

I started the engine and the usual low burr it makes seemed like the roar of a thousand machines in the stillness. Gently I eased the car around the sweep of the house and down into the road again. Then I stopped. It was a quiet spot, and, I decided, as ideal as anywhere to take stock of what story I did have on Elizabeth Taylor—if any. Because after being on the story now for a while, this had been the closest I had come to speaking to Liz herself, although I had watched her closely on the few occasions she had gone out, five times in all . . .

I flicked over the first page of my notepad. Through an almost disappeared pencil scribbling I read the jotting November 14, 1958. It was the first time . . .

I remembered that day, I remembered it quite clearly. It had been cold and damp and I'd arrived at the U.C.L.A. medical clinic late in the misty afternoon, just after Liz brought in her choking feverish baby. Her eyes were wide with fear.

Beside her in that scrubbed hospital corridor Eddie talked quietly to her, speaking in hushed tones. There was a soft, comforting murmur and although I could not

hear his words I knew he was helping to quiet the fear she felt twisting inside her.

A white-coated doctor approached them and from where I stood I could hear her voice rising as she spoke. He rested a hand reassuringly on her arm, then suddenly the life seemed to ebb from her and she sat limply on the long hard hospital bench behind her. She took a handkerchief from her coat pocket.

Two nurses, walking briskly side by side, passed by. And over the even sound of the tattoo of their feet on the polished floor I caught the words . . . "that poor woman . . . and her child with pneumonia." And later, when the hospital officially confirmed the diagnosis, I knew for certain that they had been talking about Liz.

She would pass quite close to me every time she came to the hospital where I came each day to look for my story. Her feet almost dragged along the corridor and the shadows were deep under her eyes.

Seventeen days later, on December 1, they carried Elizabeth Frances home. She was going to be well again.

I turned the page of my notepad. A few routine jottings took care of the weeks that followed—until the day before Christmas Eve. Then while in the middle of Christmas shopping I had heard that Liz would be at the studio to watch Eddie Fisher rehearsing and I had rushed over there.

After getting lost amid the labyrinth of offices, studios and dressing rooms, I finally came across Liz, sitting quietly and intently in a darkened control booth. The show had started and her eyes were fixed steadily on Eddie.

She wasn't bothering anyone. In fact, no one seemed to be taking any particular notice of her and she seemed to be trying to act as unobtrusively as any other outsider who might be allowed into a studio during a show.

But just behind me I heard a man whisper, "And who does she think she is?"

"Yeah," answered another. "Running after another woman's husband. Can't she leave him alone?"

Liz looked calm and even too subdued, almost a shadow of the dynamic person she is, as she left the control booth when the show ended. And she and Eddie slipped away so quietly I almost missed seeing them leave the studio.

The flickering of movement in my driving mirror cut my thoughts short and, looking over my shoulder, I saw a van drive up behind me and park. The driver got out, walked to the rear of his car and collected an armload of dresses which, staggering a little as he went, he took up the driveway to the house.

All was quickly quiet again. Maybe she has her clothes brought to her home now, I thought, maybe she is scared even to go out shopping.

I turned the pages of my notepad to yet another day . . . the day at the beginning of January when the headlines had screamed: *Liz Taylor in Menninger Clinic*.

I remember opening the newspaper that morning and being absolutely startled, with my surprise turning swiftly to shock when I learned, later in the day, that the rumor was false. All the time, while the columnists were writing and the presses pounding out the papers, Liz had been resting quietly at home at Copa De Oro Road. She had never so much as gone out to pick up the afternoon papers.

Several days later, Liz arranged a special outing with Eddie to Chasen's, the famous Hollywood restaurant, to meet the newspapermen so they could actually see she was not in the clinic.

I arrived at the restaurant early that

evening, before any other press people, and from a small table near the entrance, I could see the two of them having dinner at a corner table. Liz seemed thoughtful and preoccupied while Eddie was evidently trying to cheer her up and make her smile.

Later, when most of the news writers had arrived, we went over to their table. Liz seemed sad and the smile she wore for us seemed forced. "It's cruel and terrible to insinuate that I'm mentally disturbed," she said, speaking slowly and evenly. "As you can see, I most definitely am not in the Menninger Clinic. It was a wicked thing to say."

"I agree with Miss Taylor," said Eddie quietly.

I watched Liz as she played nervously with a spoon on the table before her, betraying the strain she would not allow her words or face to show. And I could tell by the way the newsmen asked only a few questions and hurried away quietly that they too understood her feelings.

It must have been Eddie who later that month persuaded her to take the children for a day to Disneyland. I am sure she was not sufficiently confident at that point to decide herself. And she must have known the wave of publicity that it would cause.

When the news broke that they were there riding on the carousel with Liz's small sons, Michael and Christopher, the crowds pushed in.

Liz—a smiling but unrelaxed Liz—had on a pink sweater with a matching skirt and she wore black stockings with low-heeled pumps. Around her head was a black chiffon scarf. Eddie, casually dressed, kept joking with her and the boys.

But as the carousel slowed and stopped, the smiles on the faces of both Eddie and Liz faded as a surge of tourists, many with cameras, crowded around them.

"This way—this way," I heard Eddie scream as he fought for a passage through the people. Eddie held on tight to Michael while Liz followed behind with Christopher.

And I heard Liz say, "I wanted so much for it to be a good day—for the boys' sake."

"Don't worry," Eddie said, "it will be." And they hurried on to another section of the park, each little boy hugging tightly to the colored package he had won.

The next time I had seen Liz, was at a special preview of "Some Like It Hot," the new Marilyn Monroe-Tony Curtis movie.

I was standing on the sidewalk, talking about the picture, when I noticed a couple of press agents breaking a path through the crowds. Minutes later, a car swept up and Eddie and Liz dashed out and raced for the foyer.

I heard a woman's voice scream, "There's Liz Taylor!"

"Eddie Fisher's with her," another shouted. Then, with the force of a surging shorebound wave, the mass moved in and Liz and Eddie had to fight their way over the last few yards.

"They look mad. And I'll bet the crockery's already being thrown between those two," I heard someone say.

In the theater lobby I recognized one of the men I'd interviewed, a friend of both Eddie and Liz. He waved to them and I saw Liz's face light up. Then she looked at the surging crowd and at the ring of press agents protecting her and the smile faded. She looked helplessly at Eddie and he squeezed her arm. Somehow, even in the center of all those people, there was something very alone about the two of them.

Suddenly I was brought sharply back to the present as I heard a crunching of feet

on the gravel path. It was the delivery man, returning with a smaller bundle of dresses than he had gone up with.

I rolled down the window beside me. "Hey," I shouted, "can you come over here for a minute?"

He waved back in acknowledgment, left the dresses in the back of the van, and walked towards me.

"Say," I began, offering him a cigarette, "what's it like up there? They all seem so shut off from everything."

"Thanks," he said, taking a cigarette from the packet. Then, as I offered him a light he added, "Yeah—I guess it is. She's so quiet, so serious these days . . . not at all like she used to be when she came down to the store." He looked at his watch. "I'm afraid I can't stay here talking—I'm late already," he said and hurried away.

Looking back at my pad, I'd gone through all my notes—all of them except for those from Mrs. Taussig, the astrologer.

"... Liz is born under the ninth degree of Pisces," she had said. "And this shows a character of great self-will and perseverance. But from the way her planets are arranged one would expect to find a person who might let her emotions rule her head."

"She is a highly emotional person who needs people around her all the time and she takes strength from emotion as others take strength from food." There was a gap here, then the notes went on, "I would say she gets depressed very easily and depression could have been a cause of her having put on so much weight recently."

"Liz is not a disciplined person and is probably a very untidy housekeeper. She is undoubtedly indulgent, but she is extremely strong—stronger by far than Eddie Fisher. And I would say that because of this their marriage could not be either happy or long-lasting. Mike Todd was the only man in her life whose iron character really matched her own."

"Physically, Liz is lazy; she admits this."

"She is not a practical person, especially with money; few people are who are born under signs such as hers. She is very creative, however, but quickly bored and is forever looking for new experiences."

Of the future, Mrs. Taussig says: "I see her going to even greater heights both as a very beautiful woman and as a fine actress. She will reach a peak at forty when I see her falling headlong in love again the way she did with Mike Todd. She will definitely remain in the limelight for a very long while. Her resourcefulness, plus her beauty and talent, will assure this."

But was all this true? Yes, I believe so. Being as near to Liz as I had been over the past six weeks I sensed a great deal of truth in Mrs. Taussig's words. And suddenly—suddenly I knew that I'd found out what I'd originally set out to learn: what sort of a person Liz Taylor is today.

I closed my book. All around me the street was quiet, as quiet as it had been when I'd first driven up it more than an hour ago. I looked back up at the house with its big shuttered windows seeming as final against the outside world as the moment I'd first seen them.

It was a lonely scene—that one of the shut-away home. And as I turned the key in the ignition and started off slowly down the road, I thought of it and knew that the Liz of today was as alone and cut off from the world as her house in Copa De Oro Road.

THE END

BE SURE TO CATCH LIZ IN M-G-M'S "CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF" IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY DONE SO. PRESENTLY BEFORE THE CAMERAS ARE U.A.'S "TWO FOR THE SEESAW" AND METRO'S "SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER."

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DON'T BLAME LIZ

Continued from page 60

Washington. A long-distance call means something to him. It's one of the wonderful things his success made possible.

"Mom," he said desperately, "all I can say now is that I tried. Believe me, I tried."

He talked to me about the children—dark-eyed Carrie and little Todd, who's Mike Todd's namesake. "Debbie's and my two responsibilities," he said. Responsibilities too great to be forgotten for an instant, no matter how terrible the confusion.

"Debbie loves our kids. And I love them. But what are we to do?" Eddie didn't say it in so many words but across the distance of miles I knew the anguish in his face, the expression in his eyes.

I've never forgotten the expression in his voice the night he called me to say, "Debbie's just presented me with a baby daughter!" He almost sang it. And he's never sung a more tender song.

He's proud of his children. He's never wanted anything more than he wants the best for their welfare and happiness. Eddie is a laughing, affectionate, responsible father.

During the conversation on long-distance, he mentioned Elizabeth Taylor only briefly. But after he'd said, "Good night, Mom," and hung up, I thought, *He was trying to tell me that this split-up with Debbie would have happened if Elizabeth had never been born.*

I believe Elizabeth had nothing to do with the separation. Circumstances had dragged her unkindly on stage after the finale.

These are my thoughts. For a long time I'd been worried about Eddie and Debbie but asked no questions.

Eddie has never lied. My seven children got into as much mischief as any other children but they stood up, told the truth and took their medicine.

That night last fall, when all the headlines screamed of "another broken marriage" in Hollywood, my memories whirled and mixed together . . . there was the first time I'd seen Debbie, when she and Eddie were engaged. I can see her now, sitting on the arm of the big chair in the living room of our house on Roosevelt Boulevard. It was the first time

I'd been able to welcome her into my home. And I was proud that every room was clean and shining. Eddie looked toward the dining room and his eyes settled on the silver tea set. He told her, "I gave that to Mom." He was so proud.

The moment was warm—everybody looking at the tea set and smiling. Then I heard a girl's voice say, "It's a beautiful tea set, Eddie. You're sweet to your mother and to everyone." But she added, "I hope he'll do as well by me."

He will, I thought. My son loved Debbie. He was crazy about her.

I remember their wedding at Grossinger's in September, 1955. On that day I suppose I felt my maternal share of happiness, sadness, and a bit of fear that with such a pretty wife around, Mom might be forgotten now and then.

After the ceremony I put my arms around Debbie and hugged her. She was Eddie's wife, my daughter, the right girl, the one Eddie loved and wanted. I told her what a radiant bride she was, and how proud I was. I said, "Darling, I want you to be happy with Eddie. You love each other and I love you both. I'll never interfere or bother you—I've never done it to the others, not to anyone—but if you ever need help or encouragement or a friend, you come and tell me."

She was young, a bride, and so sweet and happy. But together they were also grown up, intelligent people who knew that the definition of marriage is serious and long-term.

For a long while I was hopeful for them. That first time when Debbie had come to Philadelphia, I reasoned that it had been hard on her to meet her future in-laws all at once. "She really isn't cold," I defended. "You'd be stiff and stand-offish too if everywhere you turned, people were endlessly applauding your future husband and talking about old times before you knew him."

Eddie phoned Philadelphia from California every week. "Oh, Debbie's fine," he'd answer. I always asked. "She's right here. But tell me, how are you? How's Max? How are Nettie, Bunny, Janet, Miriam?" He'd ask about each one.

I wished and wished for Debbie to take over the phone for just a few words. Just a "Hello, Mom! Your grandchildren are in bed but they send you a hug."

To hold it against her would be a wrong on my part. Some people are just that way—as distant as the 2000 miles between those phones.

I have been asked, "Did you see the

break coming? Did you know they were having trouble?"

Yes. But until now I've kept still. It's been enough to be disturbed and worried inside about the loneliness I sensed between them.

Every time Eddie would come to New York he'd act like everything was fine. He'd call. He'd say, "Mom, come on up here. Bring Sarah." Sarah's a friend of mine who's known Eddie since he was a baby. Sarah's husband and Max, Eddie's brother, would go along with us. Eddie would arrange hotel accommodation, present us with theater tickets, and do everything to make us enjoy ourselves every minute. He took me to Carnegie Hall to hear Van Cliburn.

About a year ago, when I went to New York to see Eddie, Debbie was with him and I was anxious to see her. During my visit they strained to act happy. Debbie still looked like a little girl and I wanted to put my arms around her and talk. But first she had to want my interest and me.

"Give a little, take a little and everything will work out fine," I told her. Tears sprang to her eyes and for an instant I hoped for understanding.

"Do I blame Elizabeth Taylor?" I am asked.

No. How can I? I don't even know her. But I do I know that my son believes she is as beautiful inside as outside. He believes in her understanding, her warmth, and these qualities mean a great deal to him.

I believe in my son, his honor, his generous spirit, his decisions. I believe he honestly couldn't make a go of it with Debbie. Liz had nothing to do with this.

It doesn't happen only in Hollywood. It happens in the house next door, on the next street, in the next town. It's life. I'm not one to ever try to pass judgment on life.

Yet I believe that in the years that I have lived I have learned one truth and that is: that no man walks away from a truly happy life with his partner in marriage. No matter how beautiful and magnetic the 'other woman' in the case, he won't be tempted for long. Not if he's secure at home in his wife's understanding, her laughter, warmth, and love. I am talking about decent men who are sensitive, who love loyally. But it is so hard to really reach into the hearts of a couple, even if one partner is your own child.

New Year's eve Eddie telephoned from New York to wish us a good 1959. Elizabeth was with him. She asked to speak to me. She said, "Hello . . . How are you?" She was friendly. She wanted to know me.

Another time recently Eddie called from California. Elizabeth came on the phone again. "Hello . . . How are you?" she said. "When are you coming out? You know we're counting on seeing you in Las Vegas in March? Eddie wants you in Vegas then, and so do I. Don't disappoint us."

"I'll be there, dear. Thanks." After I'd hung up I thought she sounded not at all like gossip would have you believe but rather like any warm-hearted girl. She sounded kind, generous and considerate. And I appreciate and cherish the offer of friendship.

The last time I spoke to Eddie—a few evenings ago—he sounded more like his old self—the boy I've known thirty years. Yet there's a difference. He's older, wiser, mellowed, a richer mixture of himself. He's taken his wounds standing up and he hasn't attempted to whitewash himself by blaming anyone but himself.

That's why I've never been prouder of my son Eddie than I am today.

—AS TOLD TO MARTA ROBINET

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

I want to read stories about (list movie, TV or recording stars):

ACTOR

- (1).....
- (2).....
- (3).....
- (4).....

ACTRESS

- (1).....
- (2).....
- (3).....
- (4).....

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are:

- (1)..... (3).....
- (2)..... (4).....

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.

5-59

THE HORSE IN MY LIFE

Continued from page 45

PETER BROWN who's gained renown
As Deputy John McKay—
Says that having a horse is nice
But sometimes it doesn't pay.
"When I became an actor
The folks back home all said—
Your wife and you'll have a mansion
And sleep in a satin bed.
But though now I'm seen
from coast to coast,
Doing the best I'm able—
With a four-legged gal,
hay for pay,
I've a house that's really a stable."

WILL HUTCHINS as Sugarfoot
In the show of the same name—
Thanks his horse, thanks her lots
For adding to his fame.
"You guys who knock at horses—
Here's one thing to know—
If you didn't have
your handsome steed
How'd you get where you go?
Look at me and the horse I ride—
So close—we're almost gruesome.
Even Sara Hamilton's linked us
As Hollywood's 'steadiest' twosome."

JIM GARNER and **JACK KELLY**,
Bret and Bart Maverick—
Find out from their nags
That they always get 'a kick.'
"How they learned,
we'll never know,
But our horses read 'n' write.
Sometimes we hear them typing
In the middle of the night.
They're writing our scripts,
And they're very, very smart.
Because they've cut out
our best lines—
Taking the best part."

JOHN RUSSELL, that marshal
of Lawman fame
Loves his horse, so they say,
He gives her the best
that she could want
And sees her every day.
He loves his horse, he really does,
Even her constant neighs,
But there's one thing
he's worried about—
His contract—and here's what it says:
She can use his dressing room any time
And also the hot water,
So now she's wearing his silk shirts
Though she definitely hadn't oughta!

Ty Hardin, Wayde Preston,
Will Hutchins, Jim Garner,
Jack Kelly, Peter Brown and
John Russell group around and sing:
"Whether he's running a country
Or in a corral—
Behind each guy who's made it
There's always a gal!"

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- | | | | |
|----------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|---------------------------|
| 5. Alan Ladd | 207. Eddie Fisher | 269. James Garner | 294. Frankie Avalon |
| 9. Esther Williams | 212. Grace Kelly | 270. Everly Brothers | 295. John Gavin |
| 11. Elizabeth Taylor | 213. James Dean | 271. Erin O'Brien | 296. Lee Remick |
| 15. Frank Sinatra | 214. Sherree North | 272. Sandra Dee | 297. Diane Varsi |
| 18. Rory Calhoun | 215. Kim Novak | 273. Lili Gentile | 298. Joanne Woodward |
| 19. Peter Lawford | 219. Natalie Wood | 274. Robert Culp | 299. Teddy Randazzo |
| 22. Burt Lancaster | 220. Dewey Martin | 275. Michael Ansara | 300. Paul Anka |
| 25. Dale Evans | 221. Joan Collins | 276. Jack Kelly | 301. Peter Brown |
| 33. Gene Autry | 222. Jayne Mansfield | 277. Darlene Gillespie | 302. Edd Byrnes |
| 34. Roy Rogers | 223. Sal Mineo | 278. Annette Funicello | 303. Joni James |
| 51. Doris Day | 224. Shirley Jones | 279. David Stollery | 304. Jock Mahoney |
| 56. Perry Como | 225. Elvis Presley | 280. Tim Considine | 305. Jim Franciscus |
| 57. Bill Holden | 227. Tony Perkins | 281. Nick Todd | 306. Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. |
| 66. Gordon MacRae | 228. Clint Walker | 282. Johnny Mathis | 307. John Smith |
| 74. John Wayne | 229. Pat Boone | 283. David Nelson | 308. Lloyd Bridges |
| 78. Audie Murphy | 230. Paul Newman | 284. Shirley Temple | 309. John Russell |
| 84. Janet Leigh | 231. Don Murray | 285. Pat Conway | 310. Gene Barry |
| 86. Farley Granger | 233. Pat Wayne | 286. Bob Horton | 311. Chuck Connors |
| 92. Guy Madison | 235. Anita Ekberg | 287. John Payne | 312. Geo. Montgomery |
| 105. Vic Damone | 236. Corey Allen | 288. David Janssen | 313. Craig Stevens |
| 109. Dean Martin | 240. Patti Page | 289. Dick Clark | 314. Steve McQueen |
| 110. Jerry Lewis | 241. Lawrence Welk | 290. Yvonne Craig | 315. Conway Twitty |
| 121. Tony Curtis | 243. Larry Dean | 291. Carol Lynley | 316. Ty Hardin |
| 128. Debbie Reynolds | 244. Buddy Merrill | 292. Jimmie Rodgers | 317. Charles Bronson |
| 135. Jeff Chandler | 245. Hugh O'Brian | 293. Guy Williams | 318. Fabian |
| 136. Rock Hudson | 246. Jim Arness | | |
| 139. Debra Paget | 247. Sanford Clark | | |
| 140. Dale Robertson | 249. John Saxon | | |
| 141. Marilyn Monroe | 250. Dean Stockwell | | |
| 145. Marlon Brando | 252. Warren Berlinger | | |
| 147. Tab Hunter | 253. James MacArthur | | |
| 148. Robert Wagner | 254. Nick Adams | | |
| 149. Russ Tamblyn | 255. John Kerr | | |
| 150. Jeff Hunter | 256. Harry Belafonte | | |
| 175. Charlton Heston | 258. Luana Patten | | |
| 179. Julius La Rosa | 259. Dennis Hopper | | |
| 180. Lucille Ball | 260. Tom Tryon | | |
| 182. Jack Webb | 261. Tommy Sands | | |
| 185. Richard Egan | 262. Will Hutchins | | |
| 187. Jeff Richards | 263. James Darren | | |
| 192. Jean Simmons | 264. Ricky Nelson | | |
| 194. Audrey Hepburn | 265. Faron Young | | |
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WE BELONG TOGETHER

Continued from page 64

In her home at 10861 Paso Robles Avenue, in Granada Hills, California, sixteen-year-old Donna Ludwig sat listening to the phonograph play the last words of "We Belong Together." "Donna" had always been her favorite. It was *their* song—Ritchie's and hers. He had composed it and sang it "just for you honey." And even when the song had caught on and kids all over the nation were singing it and dancing to it, "Donna" was still *their* song, hers and Ritchie's.

But now . . . now . . . Ritchie's voice filling the living room . . . that familiar, warm, tender voice, singing only for her. Ritchie was dead, yet this living voice and the words made a pledge and a promise: "Yes, we belong together for Eternity."

Donna switched off the record-player and her eyes seemed to fill with tears. She looked at the gold-framed photograph. She had taken it to James Monroe High School in Sepulveda—in a black tote bag. They had the flag on the school grounds flown at half mast that day and a boy from the high school band had played taps. After school that day, some of the girls had gone to St. John de la Salle Catholic Church and prayed for him. They had lighted some candles for him, too.

"I'll never forget him," she said, looking at Ritchie's photograph.

She walked across the room and slumped down into a chair. She looked at the phonograph for a moment, then back at Ritchie's picture. Dressed in a simple black sweater and skirt—she had resolved to wear mourning clothes for a week—she thought, "He used to call me kitten."

She had met Ritchie two-and-a-half years ago at a party, where Ritchie was playing with a small combo. "He wasn't known then," she thought. He was somebody you could like right away. He was very nice. Everywhere he went he made friends . . .

After the party, they had their first date. And as tenth-graders at San Fernando High School, they began to go steady. There were roller-skating parties, drive-in movies, hamburgers-and-Cokes outings.

All the kids in school considered Donna and Ritchie out of circulation. They were always together, going steady, a team.

During the tenth grade she had been very serious. But when Ritchie became popular, they began to drift apart. She didn't want to go with him because the other kids would think she was clinging to a star.

But he kept saying, "Donna, are you going to wait for me?" They were always kidding about marriage. He used to say, "Please wait for me until I'm twenty-five. Then I'll have a big glass cabinet to hold all my gold records."

About a year ago they broke up . . . but not really. One night last September, Ritchie called her up on the telephone and they talked maybe an hour and a half.

"Right while we were talking he started making up this song about 'Donna,' and it was so . . . well, he began to cry. He read the words:

I had a gi-rl, and Don-na
was her na-ame,
Since she left me-e, I've never
been the sa-ame. . .

"He called me the next night and sang the song to me, and played the guitar. It was wonderful."

After "Donna" brought Ritchie fame, Donna Ludwig saw much less of Ritchie. He was always on the go, always out on tours, but his voice—on her phonograph, over the radio, and from jukeboxes—was with her all the time.

Then suddenly, as if out of nowhere, Ritchie would be back in town. He'd call Donna right away and she'd go over to his house where he'd throw a party for all his friends. The parties would be given in a small building in back of his mother's house.

"Then you couldn't find a place to park anywhere in the neighborhood," Donna said. "All the kids from the north valley would be there. And there would be Ritchie. Right in the middle. And being just Ritchie, just like he'd played at a school party before he was famous."

Or sometimes they'd just ride through the streets of San Fernando, she and Ritchie in the back seat of a friend's car, and he'd close his eyes, play his guitar, and sing.

"I suppose he was almost always happy," Donna said. "And I know he made everybody around him happy, too. He made me happy."

Donna smiled for a second, a tiny wisp

of a smile, and then she went on. "Most of all, I think, he wanted to make sure he could take care of his mother. I think that's all he really thought about. I know he didn't care for money for himself. And he never changed a bit, even after he started to make money. He was so proud that he had been able to buy a house for his mother."

The last time she had heard from Ritchie was about two weeks ago, just before he left on his last tour. He had said, "My mother is so silly—she thinks I'm going to get hurt." And then once again he said—just like he always said—"Let's get married when we're twenty-five. Will you wait for me?"

Donna straightened up in her chair and blinked her eyes. Then she went over to the phonograph, set the needle down carefully in the middle of a record, and gazed at Ritchie's picture as his voice sang:

"You're mine,
And we belong together,
Yes, we belong together
For Eternity. . ."

At the office of Bob Keene, president of Del-Fi Records, who was Ritchie's business manager as well as his publisher, there were stacks of a new album, simply called "Ritchie Valens," which was scheduled to be released that very day. Bob was also listening to "We Belong Together." He looked up and said softly, "To hear the album is to see Ritchie." Then he flipped off the turntable control.

"When I hear 'We Belong Together' or 'Donna' or any of these other songs now, it just makes me want to cry," Bob said. "But that's not what Ritchie would have wanted. No morbidity. He must be remembered, and never forgotten. But without tears."

The first time Bob had seen Ritchie had been May 13th, on Ritchie's seventeenth birthday, a day Ritchie had selected "just for luck." He came to Bob's office and, in half an hour, he put on tape everything he'd ever composed. He'd never do the same song the same way twice. His attitude was like one of the records he made eventually, "Come On, Let's Go." He wanted to "Come On, Let's Go" on everything. That record sold 250,000 copies.

Bob shook his head sadly. "He was such a great kid. . . . You know, just a couple of weeks ago Ritchie was in New York. He was staying with Carl Bloomberg at Allied Distributing. Carl had four little girls. And the girls wanted Ritchie to sing at their school.

"Ritchie had only a couple of hours before plane time. But he sent all the baggage on to the airport. And he went all the way out to their school in Hazel, New Jersey, just to sing for those kids. That's the kind of guy he was."

As Bob talked it became clear that he felt as if he had lost his own son, not just a singer he happened to have under contract. He recalled the time he had toured with Ritchie throughout the country, when Ritchie was introducing his own song, "Come On, Let's Go." "I remember how he would sit up in his bed in a hotel room, long after the show was over," Bob said. "And he'd softly strum his guitar and sing Mexican folk songs. I told him, 'Ritchie, we've got to record those songs. They're beautiful.'"

"And do you know what he told me? He said, 'Bob, I'll never record these songs. These are the songs of my people. I don't want to make money out of them.'"

Bob got up from behind his large desk and walked over to the turntable. He turned up the volume and Ritchie's voice, singing "La Bamba," filled the office. Bob looked out of the window at the crowds crossing the street at Hollywood and Vine, shook his head, and repeated softly, "He



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was such a great kid . . . such a great kid."

There was no music at the house of Ritchie's mother, Mrs. Concepcion Valenzuela, at 13428 Remington Street, in Pacoima, California, in the house that Ritchie had bought especially for her. Shades were drawn on the windows that were bordered beneath by rows of holly bushes. And although the sun was shining brightly, a shadow had fallen across the single turquoise shutter at the sheltered entrance way of the pink stucco house.

The street was choked with cars. Hundreds of youngsters lined both sides of the street, standing clustered in hushed and silent groups. As soon as one group left the house of mourning another group of a dozen or more would move quietly forward and enter.

There were students from all of the junior high schools and high schools from the northern portion of San Fernando Valley. There were others from more distant parts of Los Angeles. And there were neighbors from up and down the street and around the corner.

Inside the house was Mrs. Concepcion Valenzuela, Ritchie's mother. Her face was heavy with sorrow, but there was an immense dignity, a courage in her bearing that showed she had met and coped with death.

The young people passed before her to pay their respects.

"Lo ciento mucho."

"I was so proud of him. I am so proud of him," Ritchie's mother said.

She remembered Ritchie as a little boy. "When he was such a little boy, only four years old . . . and he had a toy guitar. He used to drag it around the floor behind him . . .

"He was always singing and playing. He

had the music in him," she went on. Then her eyes misted as if she were seeing him again, as a toddler there on a living-room floor.

Or perhaps she was remembering Joseph Valenzuela, Ritchie's father, who had died in 1951 from diabetes—but not before he had proudly told his wife and neighbors that his ten-year-old son would someday be a fine musician. For it was his father who was the first to give him music, not the insistent rhythm of rock 'n' roll, but the exciting melodies of the Latin heritage they both shared. On his guitar, Joseph Valenzuela would pluck out the bright chords of the samba and the rumba, and his round-faced, saucer-eyed, curly-haired son would sing along with him, making up his own words when he didn't know the right ones. And sometimes he'd accompany his dad on the harmonica, or on his little toy guitar.

There was the day, when Ritchie was only six, that his mother and father had come out of the dime store to find him surrounded by a big crowd. Scared half to death, they pushed through to find him playing his harmonica while his dog, Bondy, howled. This was Ritchie's first public appearance, although the dog was definitely the star!

Things were rough after Ritchie's father died. It was hard to make ends meet on the \$140-a-month pension he had left. Mrs. Valenzuela married again and then divorced. She hired out as a housekeeper to help provide for her family.

One day in January, 1957, when Ritchie should have been in Pacoima Junior High, he went to his grandfather's funeral instead. While he was away, a transport plane collided with a Navy plane and the transport plunged onto the schoolground, killing the crew and several of Ritchie's playmates, kids with whom he'd have been

fooling around if he hadn't been at the funeral.

From then on Ritchie had a fear of airplanes. His sister-in-law, Mrs. Ernestine Reyes, of 13812 Judd Street, Pacoima, had driven him to the airport two weeks before, at the start of his public appearance tour which was to end in tragedy. She had told Ritchie's mother, on her return home, that he had said he wished he didn't have to fly.

Mrs. Valenzuela brushed at a strand of hair, greying at the ends. "There hasn't been enough time," she said. "He wanted to take me on a vacation. He called me from Hawaii when he was there. He wanted me to go there with him on a vacation . . .

"No, there hasn't been enough time. We had so many places to go . . ."

Then she spoke of the school assemblies Ritchie used to play and sing at, and of his first big appearance at the Pacoima American Legion Hall—the appearance that really launched his career.

In January, 1958, the \$65 mortgage payment came due on the Valenzuela family's squat little clapboard house at 13327 Gain Street. Ritchie's mother didn't pay it; instead she called the Legion Hall, and they rented the hall to her for one night for \$57—including a cop and the janitor. . . . "He could sing so well, so beautifully," she remembered. "I wanted him to have a chance and he wanted it, too."

Well, it seemed that the people of Pacoima wanted to hear Ritchie, too. They paid \$2 a couple and \$1.25 stag to listen and dance to the music of Ritchie and his combo, "The Silhouettes," and the Valenzuela family made a profit of \$125. Ritchie's mother took tickets and their next-door neighbor, Angela Hernandez, checked coats and sold soda pop. And when Ritchie would sing—not just rock

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Perhaps you think you already know how to wash your face. But if you have pimples, blackheads, dry or excessively oily skin, such skin problems usually indicate improper cleansing.

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For normal skin use warm water and cool rinses. For dry, delicate skin use cool water only, except perhaps at bedtime when you might try the warm-then-cool routine.

To control excess oiliness, wash your face as often as possible, three or more times a day. Use hot water. Rinse with warm, then cool water.

Do the same for blemished skin, but lather gently. Avoid picking pimples and squeezing blackheads. And never try to cover them under heavy, chalky make-up. Nothing is less attractive. Instead, use softening, healing Cuticura Ointment nightly. It improves your skin as it quickly relieves pimples, blackheads and dryness.

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*plus tax

'n' roll but also the sambas and rhumbas his dad had once taught him and the Mexican folk songs his mother had sung to him when he was a boy—the couples stopped dancing and crowded around the bandstand to listen.

There were more dances—two, three, four—all successful, and the printer who printed the dance tickets—someone named Douglas . . . Mrs. Valenzuela couldn't remember his full name—suggested to her that Ritchie go see Bob Keene, of Del-Fi Records.

With his first recording, Ritchie was on the way up. Overnight, there were engagements all over California. Then came Canada, Honolulu, New York.

And a few weeks before Christmas in 1958, he made the down payment on the pretty pink stucco house on Remington Street, and the whole family—mother, Connie, 8, Irma, 6, Mario, 2, and Ritchie, moved in.

Mrs. Valenzuela's voice broke for a moment and then she went on. A few days before the crash Ritchie had called her from some place in the Midwest. "Mom," he'd said, "it's like an iceberg here. I sure wish I was back in Pacoima."

"Is there anything else I can tell you?" Ritchie's mother asked.

There was nothing else.

She turned away, walked slowly from the living room. At the door to the bedroom at the back of the house, she turned for a moment and said, "He was a praying boy. He was always a religious boy. He always used to go to the church and light candles." Then she closed the door gently behind her.

A cousin, Mrs. Vera Villafana, had prepared coffee and cakes for the friends of Ritchie who had come to comfort his mother. She said that the funeral services for Ritchie would be held at St. Ferdinand's Church in San Fernando, and that he would be buried in the cemetery of San Fernando Mission.

Outside of the house, the sun was still shining brightly. Across the street, a car radio was playing softly. A few girls and fellows were standing around the car, listening. It was playing "We Belong Together." One of the girls said, "Why did it have to happen to him? He was such a great guy?"

Why did it have to happen to Ritchie? This is what the fellows and girls were asking at the Dick Clark Show the day after Ritchie died. And Dick himself was so broken up that he could hardly talk about the tragedy. For it was on one of his shows, on October 6, 1958, that Ritchie had really clicked when he sang "Come On, Let's Go."

Why did it have to happen to Ritchie? That's what the youngsters asked each other over and over again at Alan Freed's Big Beat session on the afternoon following the tragedy. Alan himself sat in his office before he was to go on the air, just staring at the ceiling. "They were great kids," he said, "great kids. The Bopper, Buddy, and Ritchie. The best."

Then he looked at a speck of dirt on his desk blotter and ground it with his hand.

"That Buddy Holly," he said, "we toured together for forty-four days. He was a bug for flying. Ritchie hated it. The Bopper just slept and didn't care one way or the other. But Buddy—if you tied two orange crates together, put a wing on it, and said it would fly, he'd climb in and take off. He always wanted to get someplace ahead of the others."

"Crazy, isn't it, that his new hit is called 'It Doesn't Matter Any More.' I know it matters to me and to all those kids who loved him . . . and to his wife, Maria Elena. You know he's been married less than six months."

Alan went on. "That Bopper, he is something. See, I keep saying is instead of was. I can't believe he's gone. Not that happy, happy guy. I once asked him why he left his safe, sane job as a deejay in Texas to go on tour, and he answered, 'Cause it's a ball. 'Cause I'm getting to see the country. I'm a traveling salesman. I'm selling "Chantilly Lace." A marvelous, mad guy."

He got up, walked slowly around his desk, and then sat down again. He took out a handkerchief and wiped the smudged dirt off his hand.

"The Bopper wasn't very religious—in fact I never knew his religion—but I know that he once went to church with Ritchie Valens. It happened last Christmas. The Bopper and Ritchie were both on my Loew's State Christmas show in New York. Ritchie had just bought his mother a house and he hated being away from her at Christmas. Sure, he found New York exciting. But he was also homesick. He'd walk around and stare at the buildings and then come running back to his hotel. It was too much for him."

"Well, on the day before Christmas he kept talking about his mother and how much he missed her. And he said he was going to Midnight Mass to say a special prayer for her. He asked the Bopper if he wanted to go along. And I never saw anyone so pleased as the Bopper was. I guess the Bopper was homesick himself. Anyway, off they went to the church."

A page stuck his head in the office. "You're on, Mr. Freed," he said.

When Alan walked into the television studio, the boys and girls flocked over to the man who had known Buddy, Ritchie, and the Bopper so well. Some of them were crying and he talked quietly, soothingly to them.

On the show itself, Alan didn't play any of their records. "This isn't the time for that," he said. But he asked for a minute of silent prayer in memory of the three boys. And then Roy Hamilton, in a tribute to Buddy, the Bopper, and Ritchie sang "You'll Never Walk Alone." And then the show was over.

Back in his office, Alan answered the telephone. He talked for a few minutes and then put it down. "It's crazy," he said. "I just learned they took that plane instead of the bus in order to save some time. For what? Buddy wanted to get a suit cleaned. Ritchie wanted a haircut. And the Bopper just wanted to get some sleep. Said he never could really sleep on a bus. And Ritchie . . . Ritchie flipped a coin with someone else to see who would get the fourth seat on the chartered plane. Ritchie called 'Heads' and it came up heads. And he said, 'What do you know? This is the first time I've ever won.'"

The phone rang again and Alan answered. "That was my daughter," he said after he hung up, "my daughter, Alana. She's thirteen. She can't stop crying. Just before our Christmas show—the one I told you about, the one the Bopper and Ritchie were both on—she broke her arm. And Ritchie signed her cast. She's kept it ever since. She can hardly talk. I understand."

"I guess I got to know Ritchie best when we made our movie on the coast, 'Go, Johnny, Go.' His only comment when he saw the screening was 'I'm not much good but I hope my mother will like me.' That's the sort of fellow he was."

Alan went over to the record player and clicked a switch. He pulled an album out of the pile on the floor, slipped out a record, and put it on. The voice of Ritchie Valens—strong, young, alive—sang out:

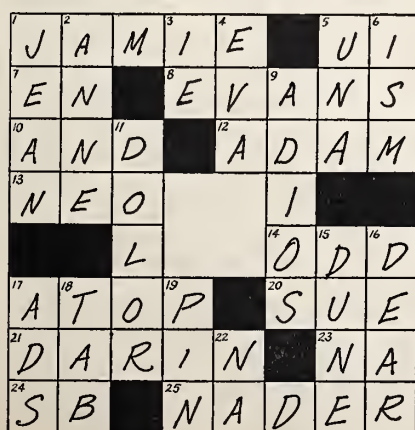
"You're mine,
And we belong together,
Yes, we belong together
For Eternity . . ."

THE END

FAR-OUT PARTY

Continued from page 43

peanut butter canapes with Tuesday Weld. David's only twelve and Tuesday's fifteen but he told me that he thinks he looks more like fourteen and that she looks younger than she really is. He doesn't care if she is an "older woman," he's going to be doing some serious thinking about her just as soon as his father, Alan Ladd, ups his twenty-five cent weekly allowance to a more substantial sum. . . . Pat Boone, who's in town for a lecture he's giving at Hollywood High on "How To Keep White Bucks Clean," was chatting with Conway Twitty, who told me that he's tired of the flip comments about his name. He's thinking of changing it next month—to F. Conway Twitty. . . . Doris Day finally admitted that those famous freckles of hers aren't for real! She puts 'em on every morning with an eyebrow pencil. I'd never have known, even though I was sitting close up to her. . . . Shirley MacLaine had been signed to play Yul Brynner's identical twin in what's sure to be an Academy Award contender. The studio's big problem on the picture is: Should Yul grow hair or should Shirley get a bald cut? What do you think? . . . And speaking of topknots, you'll positively flip when you see Kim Novak's latest shade. She's kept only a slender center part of lavender and the rest . . . well, you'll just have to see it for yourself. . . . I was on my way to join John Saxon, who simply refuses to shave the beard he grew for "The Big Fisherman," when I tripped over Russ Tamblyn. Know what? The star of "Tom Thumb" really is five inches tall. . . . Dennis Hopper and Dean Stockwell are feuding over who is really the king of the beatniks. The whole town is divided into Hopperites—who wear black leather jackets and knee-length hip boots engraved with a profile of Dennis—and Stockwellites—who wear white shirts with canary yellow stripes and tattoo pictures of Dean on their wrists. They invited me to a duel at dawn in front of the Positano coffee shop. It'll be old Marlon Brando scripts at twenty paces. . . . Jill St. John told me she and Lance Reventlow are switching careers. She'll race a twin-engine Scarab next weekend in the local Hollywood drag races and Lance will act. . . . Sophia Loren finally confessed that she was really born in Brooklyn and Fabian told me that he's from Transylvania, not Pennsylvania. . . . Frankie Avalon in town for the lead role in a new musical version of "Oedipus Rex," whispered to me that I hadn't fooled him one inch. He knew all along I was just April Fooling. Did you? THE END



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ANNETTE FUNICELLO

Continued from page 63

her head into the quiet, dark little niche made by her folded arms. She had to think. Soon thoughts became memories, lifting her out of the sun filled room with all the stuffed animals that were mementos of her appearances on the "Mickey Mouse Club" and took her back more than six months to Doreen's swimming party . . .

Annette stood, straight and bright in her red bathing suit, at the tip end of the diving board. She was poised, just ready to jump when—Wham! Something hit her from behind and she fell into the water with a loud splash. Dazed, she came to the top and began swimming slowly toward the side of the pool. Just then a brown crewcut popped out of the water beside her. The eyes that went with the crewcut were blue, dark blue, and they were edged with thick lashes. Right now those eyes looked very worried.

"Gee, I'm sorry! I never meant to push you! Honest! The guys were just horsing around with me and, before we knew it, we were fooling on the board."

"I'm okay," she laughed, taking a big breath and shaking her head a little. "You just knocked the wind out of me." He had jumped out of the pool and held out a strong looking tan hand. "Thanks," she said. And then she didn't know what *else* to say. The boy just stood there, staring at her. She felt her cheeks grow warm with embarrassment and she lowered her eyes. Finally she said, "I . . . I don't think we met. Doreen didn't really have a chance to . . ."

"Oh," he said quickly, helping her out, "I'm Sandy Howland. But I know who you are," he continued, "You're Annette Funicello. I see you on the Disney show all the time. In fact . . . you know what . . . I thought you were just terrific in 'Spin and Marty.' I wanted to meet you an awful lot! So I'm glad this happened . . . since you didn't get hurt, I mean. Well," he finished, suddenly shy again, "I'll see you later, I guess." And he walked away.

Annette's eyes followed him as he went back toward the others. He left in such a hurry, she thought, almost as though he wanted to get away from her. It was a pity because there was something so nice about him, a kind of naturalness or honesty. Yes, she liked him, she decided,

snatching off her bathing cap and fluffing her feathercut out around her happy face. "I'll have to freshen up my lipstick," she reminded herself.

One hour passed—and then another. But Sandy did not talk to her again. She danced with the other boys and, as she whirled around, she searched for him, letting her black eyes inspect the little groups sitting around the edge of the patio. Once in a while she saw him, not dancing, not even talking to other girls, just standing around with two or three boys, their hands shoved inside the pockets of their fresh khakis. It was nearly time to go home before she felt someone tap her lightly on the shoulder.

"Sure you're not mad about getting knocked into the water that way?"

"Sandy!" Annette's tiny hand flew to her face in surprise. "Of course I'm not mad. It wasn't your fault." Just then Doreen put on the record for the last dance. Sandy threw his weight to the outside of his feet and rocked back and forth on the edges of his white bucks.

"I'm a lousy dancer," he began, "that's why I didn't ask you before. But if you'll be patient with me, maybe we could give this a try."

"What makes you think you're a bad dancer?" she asked after they had taken a few graceful turns around the patio. "You seem fine to me."

"Gee . . . the truth is . . . I never danced this well before. You're so light . . . almost like a little doll."

She laughed. "It's funny that you'd say that. My father calls me Dolly 'cause I was always lots smaller than the other kids my age."

"You know," Sandy began after a few minutes of comfortable silence, "this probably sounds pretty silly. But . . . did you ever go steady with anyone?"

"No. I know lots of the kids do, but going steady never made much sense to me. There're so many interesting people to know . . ."

"Maybe you're right. But," he argued, sounding puzzled, almost disappointed, "I still think it's wonderful for two people to really get to know each other and share everything they do."

"It is wonderful," she answered, "but I think that can happen even when two people *aren't* going steady."

Sandy grinned at her, a big grin that seemed to say thank you, thank you for agreeing with me, even just a little.

"Do you think I could call you sometime?" he asked just as the last notes of the record died away. And inside Annette, something seemed to collapse for relief,

relief and happiness. Sandy *did* want to see her again.

On their first date, they laughed together at Jerry Lewis in "The Geisha Boy." Other dates—horseback riding, tennis, a barbecue. Soon Sandy began dropping in at the Funicello household almost every Saturday afternoon.

"Dolly," Mr. Funicello said, one Saturday, coming into the kitchen where Annette and her mother were polishing silverware, "there are four young men outside who look like they might tear the house apart if you don't get out there and quiet them down."

"Is one of them Sandy?"

"Sandy—hum. Does he have a crewcut?" her father teased. "I might as well admit it; one of them's Sandy."

"At least wipe the silver polish off your nose first," her mother called after Annette.

"Hi!—all of you," Annette shouted to the four boys who were standing on the porch. "What're you doing over here? I thought this was the day of the big game. Ouch!" She bent over to examine her bare foot. "Darn it! I've got a splinter. Be right back."

Instantly, Sandy's face turned white. "You guys wait a minute . . . okay? Annette! Is it bad?" He dashed into the house after her. "Let me do it, Mrs. Funicello," Sandy urged, his voice faint and tense. "I'm a first rate splinter surgeon. Honest!"

Surprised, Mrs. Funicello exchanged a quick glance with Annette's father. But she moved back good-naturedly and handed a needle to Sandy.

"Here!" In a few seconds, he had it. He held up the tiny piece of wood, grinning proudly at the patient.

"Well, that emergency's over," Annette announced with a laugh. She and Sandy went out to the yard where the other boys were playing "keep away" with Annette's younger brother, Joey.

With each date, Annette felt more and more sure that Sandy was somebody very special. He had a sweetness, an air of wanting to really be with her. Even when he had to overcome shyness, he seemed honest about his feelings. And he began asking her for two or three dates a week. "You know," she confided one day to her friend Doreen, "Sandy asks me out so often I don't seem to have time to see anyone else."

"Before you know it, you'll be going steady," Doreen predicted.

"Oh, no, Doreen. You know how I feel about that. See you at my party on Saturday!" she called over her shoulder as she left Doreen at the soda fountain.

For months Annette's friends had been looking forward to her sixteenth birthday party. At about six o'clock, they began to gather, filling the Funicellos' yard with cheerful laughter. "How about some croquet?" someone called. And soon there was a game going at the end of the yard.

"Gee, Sandy never takes his eyes off you!" Annette's friend, Sharon, said to her with a sigh that was almost envious.

Annette nodded proudly. She glanced toward the end of the yard where Sandy was playing croquet with the other boys. It was true. He kept watching her, his dark blue eyes tracing her steps as she went back and forth from the house to the patio with trays of hamburgers and rolls. "You're prettier than any picture I ever saw," he whispered after he came to help her with the heavy trays. A slow, sweet smile was her answer. And it was the only one he needed.

After they had eaten, the hayracks arrived, big lumbering wagons piled high with sweet-smelling hay and drawn by gentle old horses. "I want the front! I want the front!" someone yelled.

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"But the back's better!" was the answer. Yelling and shouting, they climbed up onto the hay, scrambling, stumbling over each other while they looked for their friends in the dark. Annette and Sandy curled up in the back of the wagon near their special friends, Doreen and Sharon and their dates, and Sandy's friend, Terry Ralston. Annette and Sandy exchanged a long look of contentment. She smiled to herself as the hayrack swung slowly down the road. It rocked with a peaceful motion almost like a cradle.

"You know, Sandy . . ." It was Paul Carlson, Doreen's date. He was always full of jokes. "I never have been able to figure out what you did to deserve Annette. She looks pretty special to me."

It was not so dark that Annette couldn't see Sandy's face. For a brief, terrible second, he looked absolutely foolish. He took Paul's teasing seriously—and there was no answer. Annette glanced at both of them quickly and then—"It's because Sandy's pretty special himself!" she shot back. "But thank you anyway."

Just then the hayrack jolted to a stop beside a wooded area over which the full moon seemed to grin like a jolly man. "How'll this do for a fire?" the driver called. They all agreed that it was perfect. Sandy jumped down and took the marshmallows out from under the driver's seat while the other boys went off to pick up firewood. The girls shook the hay out of their hair and freshened up their lipstick with the help of pocket mirrors and flashlights.

Watching Sandy show the boys how to build the fire made Annette feel proud. She hadn't been wrong; Sandy was special, very, very special. And he didn't have to tell her how much he appreciated what she said to Paul Carlson. Each time his eyes met hers across the firelight, they seemed to say thank you, thank you and perhaps much more.

Soon, the fire was blazing, sending up curling tongues of flame that lit the faces of the couples who formed a circle around it. "Let's sing," someone suggested. "How about 'Mandolins in the Moonlight?'" Their voices joined and rose in one song after another until, finally, only four or five people were left singing. A peaceful quiet fell over the group as the fire gradually crackled and shrunk away into nothing more than a few glowing coals.

"I guess it's time to go," Annette said finally. She pulled herself reluctantly to her feet.

"Aw, gee! So soon!" several voices murmured. But they got up anyway, making rustling sounds as they walked back to where the hayracks waited at the side of the road.

When they got to Annette's house and the others had gone home, Sandy asked if he could stay for a few minutes.

"Of course. Here, let's sit on the swing," Annette suggested. "Wasn't it a beautiful party, Sandy?"

"It sure was." He was staring into the distance, hardly aware that he was pushing the swing slowly back and forth with his foot. "I want to ask you something," he said. Seeing her nod as if to say "go ahead," he began: "This is pretty important to me, Annette. I've been doing a lot of thinking and . . . well . . ." He faltered and began pushing the swing a little faster. "Well . . . I'd like to go steady with you."

"Oh, Sandy!" she answered, laying her head back against the swing and taking a long breath, "I don't know what to say." She looked at him. "You know I like you very much. Well . . . more than I ever liked anyone else." For a few seconds, the only sound was the creaking of the comfortable, old swing. "But—" She shook her

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curly head slowly from side to side. "I just can't decide." She waited—but Sandy didn't seem to know what to say. "Maybe," she suggested, "I could tell you later—next week—at the prom?"

"It'll be a rough week for me," he said, standing up. "At the end of it, I'll either be the happiest guy in Studio City or the most disappointed one."

And they said goodnight—softly. Annette watched him go down the walk and get into the car. She liked Sandy so much . . . and yet, she didn't really want to go steady. How could she decide?

The dress Annette got for the prom was green, mint green linen—and the tiny, yellow rosebuds Sandy brought her were perfect. "What happened to my Dolly with bare feet and mussed up hair?" her father asked when she came down the stairs carefully, ever so carefully on high heeled pumps. As for Sandy, he could only say "Wow!"

As they were leaving, there was a phone call for Annette. She took it in her room and was back in a few seconds. "Ready?" she asked, thinking how handsome Sandy looked in his white dinner jacket.

Sandy nodded. But when they got outside the house, he stopped and turned his tense, white face toward her. "Who was that on the phone? What did they want?" he demanded. She thought he sounded timid—as though he thought he shouldn't ask but couldn't help himself.

"Who was it?" she echoed. "Well, if you really think it's important, I'll tell you." "I'm sorry," he said. "Let's forget it."

They both tried to forget about the phone call. "It's going to be a beautiful night!" Annette whispered as they entered the gym. The room was aglow with frothy paper lanterns. Strips and strips of gay crepe paper looked like clouds above them, while a whole constellation of stars twinkled down from the ceiling. Annette hadn't been so excited since she was fourteen and went to the Foreign Press Awards in the Cocoanut Grove. "My first prom!" she murmured as they swung around the glossy dancefloor. "And I'm so glad I'm here with you!"

"You're glad! Annette, you're the prettiest, the liveliest, the most wonderful girl here! I keep pinching myself to make sure you're real." And he gave her a proud, tender look that made her feel like singing.

But as the evening went on, Annette found she couldn't get the phone call out of her mind. Would going steady be like that? she wondered. Would she have to tell Sandy everything she did? Of course, she had always known he was jealous—but that was one of the things she had liked most about him in the beginning.

She could see the other dancing couples, some of them trading partners, getting to know lots of people. I want to do that, too, she realized as she watched them.

"Hey, wake up!" Sandy gave her hand a little shake. "It's intermission." Hand in hand, they wove their way through the little groups of laughing couples still standing on the dance floor. Annette could almost see Sandy's chest swell with pride when he introduced her to some boys who had graduated a couple of years ahead of him. One, Tom Morris, was a tall blonde boy with clear grey eyes and a teasing smile. He looked a little like Tab Hunter, Annette thought, mischievous, but serious too. She liked him. And when he asked her to dance, she said "yes." It wasn't until later that she thought of Sandy!

"Have you ever grown up since you were twelve and I first saw you on the 'Mickey Mouse Club'?" Tom exclaimed. "Tell me about making 'The Shaggy Dog.' You must have quite a schedule to keep

up with." Tom's interested manner, his quick smile made him very likable. Annette was sorry when the dance was over and he took her back to where Sandy was standing alone, watching them. He suggested going home right away.

They made the long drive in complete, painful silence. What hurt Annette most was that Sandy, he who had always been so frank and open, would not even look at her. Her hands began to tremble. How was she going to tell him she could not go steady with him? And she felt stiff, almost numb. Already, a kind of loneliness caught her up, swept her into an imaginary corner where she would have to sit alone.

It seemed like a week before they reached her house. Sandy parked the car, as carefully as ever, and just sat there, without a word, waiting for her to begin. She took a long breath. "I guess you won't be surprised—" She heard her own voice as if from very far away. It was faint and weak behind the gathering pressure of unshed tears. "Well, Sandy, my answer to what you asked me last week . . . it's no." Of course, he would not look at her. But she had to make him understand! "Sandy," she added softly, "as far as I'm concerned it doesn't mean we can't see each other anymore."

"Yes it does," he murmured, turning his unhappy face even more sharply away from her. "If you really liked me, you'd want to go steady with me."

There was no answer.

"If I didn't like you very much," she began, suddenly feeling tired from the effort of trying to make him understand, "If I didn't like you very, very much, Sandy, I wouldn't go out with you at all." But her words were useless. She couldn't break through his terrible, hurt silence.

In a flash, she felt a new understanding of Sandy. "You can't force people to love you!" she explained, her voice rising. "You can't get people to like you by cutting them off from the rest of the world." But he could not understand what she meant. She gave up, got out of the car, closing the door gently, and ran up the steps into the house.

And that was how it ended, Annette remembered, as she still lay, face downwards on the bed in her room. Lying there, she thought, thought and realized that . . . no . . . she couldn't take the chance that it might happen again.

She sat up and brushed back a curl that had fallen across her forehead. After all . . . it wasn't so surprising the other boys had stopped calling. Sandy had asked her out so often; she was usually busy when they tried to date her anyway.

Her eye fell on the small, white card inviting her to Sharon's party. "Please bring a date." Was it really a choice between asking Sandy or staying home? Hadn't Sharon said something about her boyfriend's cousin not having a date? Why not? Annette stood up and straightened her red capri pants with a decisive gesture. She caught sight of her own face in the mirror. It surprised her. For the first time in weeks, she looked almost happy. She walked over to the white telephone and dialed Sharon's number.

"Hello . . . Remember what you said the other day about Terry's cousin—from San Francisco? . . . Oh, good! . . . I might not like him a lot, but that isn't the point . . . Gee, thanks, Sharon . . . It makes a big difference to me . . . You know what? . . . I just realized something; it takes time to get back into circulation." It takes courage, too, she said to herself as she hung up the phone.

THE END

BE SURE TO SEE ANNETTE IN WALT DISNEY'S "THE SHAGGY DOG," AND LISTEN TO HER DISNEYLAND RECORD RELEASE, "TALL PAUL."

(Continued from page 54)

Outside, on the street, the kids were all in their bathing suits and splashing each other with the water from the fire plug.

Shortly after that I started playing the trumpet. At first I couldn't make a sound, not even a flat noise, when I blew it. My sister was better than I was, so I would watch the way she put her lips up to the mouthpiece and I'd imitate her until one



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day, finally, there was a funny purrrrrr, and I jumped up and down and yelled, "I can play it! I can play it!"

I locked myself in my room that afternoon and practiced for five hours until I learned how to blow "Put Another Nickel in, in the Nickelodeon"

Studying the trumpet and keeping up with all my school work in St. Edmund's School wasn't easy. Mr. Rosenfeld, my trumpet teacher, who was with the Philadelphia Orchestra, kept encouraging me so I didn't want to neglect it. And that was around the time I saw "Young Man With a Horn" with Kirk Douglas. Harry James played the trumpet, and he was out of this world. I saw that movie three times, and I made up my mind to be a musician. I played with a couple of local neighborhood bands—three or four piece combinations. And at home we'd all play together. We're a musical family. My father plays the piano, and my sister can make mighty sweet music with an accordion, and my mom—well, she sings whenever she's in the mood or she claps time to whatever we play. Last summer, when anybody visited our house, they'd have to listen to our rendition of "Volare!" Man did we go wild for it!

Well, when I was almost eleven, I won a prize—a refrigerator on the Paul Whiteman show. I just couldn't believe my trumpet playing could actually win anything. About a year later, I went on the Jackie Gleason show, and Jackie asked me to do a little tap dance. I didn't mind that, but I began to grow more and more shy because everyone made such a fuss over me.

But when I met Sandy, she gave me a boost. I was twelve or thirteen, and

Sandy lived a couple of blocks away from me. Her girlfriend, Phyllis, came up to me one day after school and said, "Frankie, can I let you in on a secret?"

"Sure," I told her.

"Promise not to tell?"

"I promise."

"Sandy . . . she likes you!" Phyllis blurted and then she turned around and ran down the street without looking back.

Now what was I to do? I liked Sandy, too. She had blue eyes and long brown hair and a slow smile. I don't like flashy smiles, the kind that are so big the person's teeth look like headlights.

I started hanging around the street more often. I was too old for Giant Steps or Go-Stop. But I'd sit on the front porch steps and listen to a dance program on someone's portable radio or else talk about records and rock 'n' roll. Sandy was a part of the "talking" gang, and she had a way of making me feel comfortable if she asked a question. She never pointed a question directly at me. She'd say, "Hey, I wonder what Frankie thinks . . ." and she'd get me to speak up.

We began seeing each other pretty often that way; and somehow—I don't know how these things happen—word got around the gang that we were going steady. But we never dated, not even once. Not that I minded. She was so easy to get along with.

One day I asked her if it bothered her that people were saying we were going together, and she said no. So I got up my courage and bought her a friendship ring to make the rumors true.

We started going to the movies every Saturday afternoon, and sometimes I'd put my arm around her. All the other fellows did with their dates. Some of the fellows even kissed their girls. But I never kissed Sandy.

We saw each other every day that spring, even if it was for just a little while. We'd have Cokes or grape rickeys at Humphrey's (now it's called Chez Joey)

or we'd eat a pizza at Tessie's Pizza Parlor. In May her parents decided to spend the summer in Wildwood-by-the-sea; and by midsummer Sandy wrote her girlfriend Phyllis that she had found a new boyfriend. When Phyllis told me the news, I didn't see any of the gang for two weeks. My mother scolded me for being so moody, but I couldn't help it. I didn't want to talk to a soul. I holed up in my room most of the time, trying to study my music but I just couldn't concentrate. My heart felt as if it was going to burst. All I had to do was just think of Sandy, and I'd hear my heartbeats getting louder and louder and louder.

When Sandy returned from Wildwood, she came over to say hello. We were sitting on the front steps of my house. It was a hot, sunny afternoon in late August.

She tried to tell me she still liked me, but I couldn't believe her. I felt cheated. But she did look very cute with her sun-tan. She kept asking me what was wrong, why was I so quiet, and finally I blurted out, "Gee, Sandy, why don't you level with a guy!" And I ran inside. I just didn't want to talk with her anymore.

I went to all the school hops that year in Vare Junior High in South Philly. I wanted to get over being shy, and I made myself dance with different girls. The girls would tell me it was a fellow's personality that counted. If he was fun to be with, that's what a girl cared about. So I tried to forget Sandy, and I started dating Annette Cella who went to St. Monica's an all girl's school.

How did we meet? Well, St. Monica's always let the students out earlier than Vare Junior High, and every time Annette passed our school on her way home, she'd look in the window of our English class and wave. She waved every day until finally I got enough courage and I waved back. My owl-faced English teacher yelled at me, but I didn't care. I wanted Annette to know I noticed her.

One day the girl who sat behind me gave me Annette's picture. She said she was a friend of Annette's, and Annette had asked her to give me the snapshot.

I liked Annette's looks. She was exotic with tumbly dark hair and high cheekbones. She was slim as a whistle, and I liked that, too. I don't like it if girls let themselves go and lose their figures. I know it's not easy to say no when I see a plate of spaghetti or a piece of chocolate cake. But I've learned. If you want a normal weight, you have to say no.

Annette's girlfriend, the one who gave me the picture, finally introduced us, and we dated. We got along at first, but after a while she became bossy and I began feeling shy.

And there was something else that bothered me. . . . She was on a new kick, some silly starvation diet, and she got too skinny. No fellow likes a girl to look as if she's missed a month's meals. When Annette came over to the house one night to talk with Sis, I told her how I felt. We were in the kitchen having a snack. Mom made hero sandwiches (you take a loaf of Italian bread, slice it in half and fill it full of cheese, ham, salami, tomatoes, and cut it up into two or three sections), and we sat around the table, eating and talking about opera.

I was telling them I don't always understand what an opera means, but there's so much "feeling" in them . . . that's why I love them, especially anything by Puccini. Soon we got to talking about Frank Sinatra who I think's the greatest, especially his "Only the Lonely" album. He sings from his heart. I had just finished my first recording of "Cupid" around that time, and I told Annette and Mom and

Sis how awful I thought of her was.

Annette told me to come off it, to quit knocking myself.

And I said, "You know something? I wish you'd stop dieting and eat some of this hero sandwich. You're skinnier than a toothpick!"

Boy, did she get mad! She got up and started to chase me around the kitchen. Finally she grabbed a flyswatter and slapped me with it.

But, just the same, telling her did the trick. She got my message and went off that stupid diet. And she never acted bossy again. Sure, she was mad at me for a couple of days, but then we made up and went together. One thing about Annette: She understood my silences. When we'd sit and listen to records, she was never cross or angry with me for not talking. And if I wanted to play the progressive jazz of Gerry Mulligan and Shorty Rogers, she was willing to listen even if it wasn't quite up her alley.

We had a good time doing simple things—like going over to her house to dance. The bop, stroll and calypso are my favorites. Once when she mussed my hair, I told her to never do that again. That's one thing I hate. And she never did. Although she threatened to . . . !

We'd go swimming when the weather was good; and the two of us flipped for Marlon Brando, Tony Curtis and Susan Hayward movies! Both of us were bug-eyed over "The Man With the Golden Arm" with Frank Sinatra, and that's when I decided Frankie was my favorite actor as well as singer. We loved the Looney Tunes and Donald Duck cartoons; and one day, after the movies, I found a stray collie dog I took home with me. Annette named him Stumpy, and he followed us everywhere. Now I have another collie, almost a year old, and I call her De De after my first hit record, "De De Dinah."

Then, one night that summer, she told me the news that almost broke my heart. "We're going to move," she said. Her father had a new job in Atlantic City.

Before I knew it, it was goodbye-time, and I was seeing her off on the bus.

We said we'd keep in touch, but the way things turned out, we couldn't. I started to make personal appearances everywhere, and then I heard Annette had another boyfriend—someone with carrot red hair!

Always my luck, I thought. Soon as a girl moves away, she finds another guy!

So I've been running here and running there ever since, singing at rock 'n' roll places just about every week, hopping planes to California for TV appearances, visiting Dick Clark on his American Bandstand and on his Saturday show.

And I've had my eyes peeled for a girl that's going to give me another boost, someone who's going to help me climb another step on my shy-guy ladder. I say it's the girls who help a guy the most. Girls give a guy a chance; they don't rush things.

Lately I've been seeing Angela Curcio, who's got bright blue eyes and light brown hair like Stephen Foster's Jeanie. I met her on a picnic a few summers ago, and we've been good friends—that's all.

But mostly when I have time to myself I go driving in my new, bright-red sports car. I drive along the sidestreets of South Philly and sometimes I think about the girls who gave me confidence, the girls who liked me for what I was—a shy guy from a plain Italian family in Pennsylvania.

And all I can say is—gee, how can a guy ever get along without girls, huh?

THE END

DIG FRANKIE ON CHANCELLOR RECORDS.

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING

Continued from page 51

hush-toned voices singing, "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday dear Lana, happy. . ."

The woman fell back a step. She put a hand up to her blonde hair. "Oh, no," she whispered, ". . . for me?" She began to laugh. Her arms went around Cheryl, standing just in front, and hugging her very tightly she said, "Oh—honey, oh. . ."

"I wanted to surprise you, Mother," Cheryl said softly, guiding Lana towards the table. And as they peered through the dimness, they saw the laughing faces of some of Lana's oldest friends—there was Del Armstrong, the producer; and by his side Glenn Rose, her long-time press agent; Helen Young, her hairdresser; Wilma Dunne, the well-known Beverly Hills dress designer who had created Lana's dresses for many years; and, sitting at the back stirring a long drink vigorously with cocktail stick, was Fred May, one of Lana's dearest friends.

"Well, darling, are you happy?" the elderly woman asked Lana as the three of them joined the group already at the table.

"Oh yes—Mother!" answered Lana, smiling. "And I'll bet you were part of this too," she added jokingly.

Cheryl showed her mother to the head of the table, slipped off her coat, and sat quietly and poised by Lana's side while the other guests joked and laughed over the surprise. And as she listened she looked down at her smartly-styled dark blue silk dress, smiling as she remembered the remark she had overheard just a moment ago—"Cheryl's so gracious. . . and she's grown into such a beautiful young woman." One of the guests had said it to her grandmother.

"I see you're on time this evening Lana," joked Del Armstrong as the waiters began serving the hors d'oeuvres of shrimp, egg roll and Balmiki, a type of marinated beef.

Thanks to Cheryl—she's the punctual one of the family," joked back Lana, smiling proudly at her daughter.

Cheryl had been particularly punctual that first day back at school. . . her first since that frightening dark April night when she stabbed Johnny Stompanato. The school was a new one for Cheryl, Beverly Hill High, and was just around the corner from her grandmother's home where she was living.

It had been a lonely walk to school. Her mother couldn't be with her. After the trial the court had made Cheryl its ward, saying Lana could only see her once a week. Cheryl sighed. Her mother and father were still fighting over her, fighting as they had been ever since she was a baby.

She turned into the huge grounds which surround the two-and-three story brick building of the school itself. She felt lost. . . and terribly alone.

Then Cheryl noticed a group of girls whispering and pointing from a corner as she walked through the main hall. Though embarrassed and feeling strange, she went up to them. "Could you tell me where I might find the principal?" She asked.

They giggled. Then one said, "You're Cheryl Crane, aren't you?"

"Yes, that's right," she answered, wide-eyed.

They laughed again. Then the tallest one said, "Go to the end of corridor and turn right." This sent them off into peals of

laughter but followed her down the hall.

When Cheryl found that the principal's office wasn't at the end of the hallway, she knew the reason why.

"I often used to see her wandering around all alone," a tenth-grader said, several weeks later. "She was like a lost ghost. Sometimes I thought I'd go over and ask her if I could direct her somewhere but I kind of didn't want to be seen talking to her. There was that sort of feeling around—you know."

Most of the girls felt that way. Some had been warned off by their mothers. Some felt embarrassed at the idea of talking to a girl "who'd killed a guy." And the only people who spoke to her were the teachers. She ate lunch and studied quite alone.

But now, as Cheryl looked around the happy birthday group, it all seemed so far in the past.

. . . "I can see Cheryl knows what I like to eat," Lana's voice could be heard over the chatter of the party, as the waiters served the next course of specially prepared chicken with peas and chestnuts and pressed duck. Lana turned to Cheryl. "Must have been all those Chinese meals we used to have on Sundays," she whispered.

But those meals had been very different.

There had been the time they had gone together to one particular Chinese restaurant—the one where Cheryl had learned first about her mother's favorite dishes.

But instead of laughter and relaxation there was tension and strained conversation.

"Are you sure you're well?" Lana had asked for practically the hundredth time that day.

"Yes, Mother." Cheryl looked down at her plate, breaking the awkwardness by eating almost continuously. . . first a little of the egg roll, then shrimp, then some fried rice. "How's the movie going?" she asked at length.

"Fine, honey. And everyone's been so kind. But I get so tired, although I wouldn't want to be without the working. I don't do much else these days, Cheryl, except think and worry about you. . ."

Cheryl dug her fork deep into the rest of the egg roll. What could she say? Could she tell her mother that she loved and worried about her too? And could she tell her about school and the loneliness. . . ?

"How is school?"

"A little better, Mother. . . really."

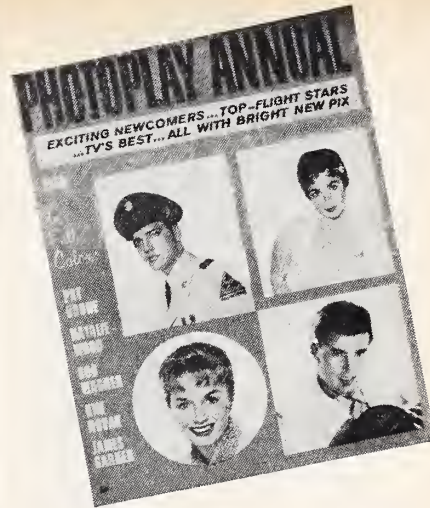
But school wasn't fun like it was for the other kids. Cheryl always sensed them staring at her, and pretty often, she was right. They were also talking about her.

One day a group of girls paused in front of the mirrors in the girls' locker room to talk. One of them told the latest joke about Cheryl.

Even before they laughed, they heard the gasp behind them. Cheryl, early for gym class, had been standing not ten feet away. At the sight of her face, the laughter disappeared.

"I never felt so low in my life," one girl said later. "Until I saw how she looked, I'd sort of figured—well, that she didn't care. Like she didn't have any feelings. You know, after all that happened to her, here she was going to school every day—you get the feeling nothing bothered her. But when she turned around and ran out of that room, well, I just wanted to go down on my knees and say, 'Gee, I'm sorry. I was wrong.' After that—well, the bunch of us had to make it up to her somehow. And we figured the nicest thing we could do was just kind of make her feel at home."

It began like that. A couple of girls catching up to Cheryl as she ran down the lawn away from the gym, not apologizing,



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not knowing what to say—but suddenly there, beside her, handing her a notebook she had dropped, starting to talk, a little breathlessly, about nothing at all.

And Cheryl, staring at them with hurt, frightened eyes—and then, slowly, beginning at last to understand.

When they left her, they had promised to save her a seat at lunch. For the first time that day, she ate her sandwich and drank her glass of milk as part of a crowd. And the curious eyes that focused on her were met, for once, not by her own shy ones, but by those of the girls around her—defiant and unafraid.

All it took was that. Within a month she knew half the girls in school. They walked her home, they traded notes with her, borrowed her clothes, and found to their surprise that they didn't have to think of Cheryl as a charity case—she had a lot to offer in friendship, a good sense of humor, a tremendous amount of generosity, a sympathetic ear. It got to the point where one teenage boy complained to a reporter, "Cheryl? Why, she's the most popular girl in school. If you say anything bad about Cheryl, you can't get a date with any girl in the place."

And as facts began to replace fiction, the stories, the jokes died down. What was there to say about Cheryl really? That she was a quiet girl who usually sat in the last row of class. That she was, despite her new friends, still shy, still withdrawn. That, as the boy said, once the girls took her in charge, they looked out for her just fine.

Cheryl had never had friends of this sort before. These were not the girls who had gone to private school with her, girls a little too rich, a little too spoiled, a little too homesick for real friendship. These were not the girls she had met in the few weeks of school she had gotten in the dozens of cities, the foreign countries she had visited with her mother—girls who knew that Lana Turner's daughter was staying for just a few weeks, who regarded her as an object of curiosity to be pumped for information about Gregory Peck and then dropped for more permanent pleasures. These were girls who were used to living in one place, to going home at night to their parents and families, who were not overly impressed with movie stars because the town was full of them even if their kids seldom went to the same schools. These were normal, average girls, interested in normal average things. Slowly, Cheryl began to imitate them, to dress like them, laugh like them. Her tongue became accustomed to the give and take of their chatter. She stopped stooping to hide her height. Her gestures became less awkward because she no longer felt stared at whenever she moved.

And the bad dreams began to disappear.

Lana, seeing it happen, told her mother that the weight was beginning to lift from her heart. She almost burst with happiness the day Cheryl told her she had been invited on a picnic one Sunday. "But of course I turned it down. I told them, 'That's my day with my mother.'"

Steve Crane, watching this closeness grow, called off his suit for Cheryl's custody. "She seems to be doing so well," he told friends. "As long as she's happy, it's all right with me." And Cheryl no longer felt that her parents were tearing her to pieces in their battle for her custody; she no longer had to feel disloyal to each by loving the other.

She even began to date. She had been a little too tall, a little gawky at the time of the tragedy. Now, with her sleep less troubled, she was beginning to fill out in all the right places, to grow up, to know how to wear clothes. Some of her dates were arranged by her girlfriends in school,

but more and more boys were becoming automatically attracted to Cheryl, to her dark good-looks, her graceful walk.

In December she went to New York with her father to meet his new fiancée, Helen DeMaree. Lana, who, a few months before, had viewed Steve's announcement that he was going to marry again with real fear—afraid it might be part of a plan to convince the court he could provide a real home for Cheryl—no longer protested against her going. She helped her choose new clothes. She even met Helen when she brought Cheryl home, and thanked her for "being so good to my little girl."

Then, after they drove to Cheryl's grandmother's house Lana took time to admire the scrapbook of clippings Cheryl had made from the trip; the photographs and menus. And they laughed together over the gossip column items that hinted Steve Crane was so attentive to his daughter that his fiancée was probably jealous. For the first time in nearly a year, she and Cheryl were able to be together without strain, without guilt, with a return of the wonderful closeness they used to share. For Lana, work and quiet and old friends had healed her own heart—but seeing that her daughter was happy, too, was beginning to bring back real joy to her life.

Then, that day, when Cheryl called Lana to suggest that she go to dinner with Grandmother and herself at the Luau, Lana didn't even hesitate. The Luau belonged to Steve Crane—a few months ago she would have starved to death before eating in there. There were usually reporters around on the lookout for celebrities—a few months ago she would have avoided being seen by them, would have protested violently against publicity for Cheryl. But now—"Sure," she told her daughter cheerfully. "You want to pick me up or shall I come by for you. . . ?"

But Lana had expected a quiet dinner for three—not this wonderful surprise.

The waiters handed round rum drinks, served in hollowed out pineapples, and brought a glass of milk for Cheryl. And as they were being served one waiter slipped a large box, wrapped in colorful palm-tree patterned paper, under Cheryl's chair. Then, just as Fred May was about to stand and make a toast, Cheryl whipped the box from under the chair and placed it in front of her mother. Lana gasped.

"It's for you—Mother. Open it."

"Quiet, everyone," called Fred.

And they all watched Lana unwrap the paper, unclasp the box and draw out an Hawaiian hat, gaily decorated with brilliant tropical flowers. "Oh . . . Cheryl . . . honey . . . !" she cried.

"There's a note too, Mother," said Cheryl, peering into the box. Lana found it tucked in a corner of the hat, and after she had slipped the small card out of the surprise gift, her eyes filled with tears as she read: "To my mother . . . Thank you for everything—Cheryl."

Fred lifted his drink. "To Lana," he said, holding it high. "And our charming hostess," he added, turning to Cheryl.

"To Lana and Cheryl," chanted the others. And they drank.

The dishes were taken away, the deserts arrived, and the coffee. And then Lana noticed her daughter looking at her watch and heard someone remark, "Curfew time, huh, Cheryl?"

And she saw her daughter nod. "I have school tomorrow, you know," Cheryl said. This time there was pride in her voice as she said it. The pride of a girl who had found the place where she belongs at last.

Down the table, Lana's eyes met Cheryl's, and the look they exchanged was one of love and understanding. THE END

LOOK FOR LANA IN U-I'S "IMITATION OF LIFE."

TONY CURTIS

Continued from page 52

chubby, their first daughter, Kelly, all huddled in a heap on the bed. In the dawn shadows, he could see a sleepy smile of contentment on her face.

The sobs choked him again, but he walked into the second nursery where Jamie lay curled up in a white, rosebud-trimmed crib. Jamie . . . all pink and beautiful, only five months old, born during the week of Thanksgiving, seven days after his father had died so suddenly.

In his throat a dry, throbbing lump made it hard for him to swallow, and he went downstairs for some orange juice. But he didn't drink it. He didn't want anything; yet he wanted something . . . some comfort, some understanding from God. What would silence the weeping in his heart?

I must go off all alone, he told himself, to the little place Janet and I found, the hideaway in the hills only a few miles away, the quiet glen with the tall trees and the big boulder rocks. I'll sit there, Tony told himself. And cry . . . and try with all my heart . . . to talk with God.

Tony wrote Janet a note in the kitchen. *Going for a drive. Be back soon.*

Sobbing, he went to his car, asking God to help him, asking God "Why? Why did my father have to die?"

But in his heart, deep down, Tony knew death wasn't easy for anyone. Death, with all its finality, was the hardest thing in the world for anyone to understand.

Sitting there in the chilly glen, Tony drew deeply from his cigarette.

There was no one here. He was alone. Blackbirds rustled through the treetops, their forlorn calls like echoes in the April wind. Sitting there on the cold rock, with the heavy ache of death tight in his throat, Tony peered up through the dark branches of the trees—their thin, spidery twigs looking like pencil strokes across the morning sky, and he asked the Lord for help, for comfort. What was he to do? For four months now his father had been dead; and all the wishing and hoping and praying couldn't bring him back. He was dead, buried in this red-brown California earth, entombed in the blackness of a narrow coffin—no longer breathing, no longer able to smile and say, "My boy, take it easy. Don't take everything so hard. Give yourself time!"

He had been a short, dark-haired man with warm brown eyes, a thick nose and a kind, patient smile. Never demanding. Never harsh. Yet he'd always managed to make himself firmly understood.

There was a day, a lazy afternoon during a summer of long ago, when Tony—he was Bernie Schwartz then—was bored and hankering for a piece of candy. That was the day he stole a licorice stick from the corner candy store in New York. How old was he? Nine or ten. Tony remembered that the old, bent storekeeper hadn't been looking; he had been busy frying frankfurters on the grill. Tony's mouth watered for some licorice, but he didn't have a penny. So, making sure the old man wasn't looking, he snatched a stick from the counter.

Those were the poor, starving days of the depression, the days when Tony and his mom and dad and brother would move from apartment to apartment because they couldn't pay the rent. Then, that year, they moved into a condemned building, all boarded up with wooden planks scribbled with swear words. No one was really allowed to live there. But his father fixed up the front for his tailor work, and Tony's mom fixed up the back into a com-

fortable room for all of them to live in. That day, when Tony went home to their condemned rooms chewing his licorice stick, his father was sitting in the front room, sewing a pair of trousers, a yellow tape measure hanging around his neck. Tony stood in the doorway, looking at his father working with his patterns, a needle and scissors. His father glanced up, smiled, then continued with his work.

Greedy, Tony took another bite from his licorice stick and chewed it loudly.

"What tastes so good, my boy?" his father asked, not looking up.

"Licorice," Tony mumbled between chews.

"Candy?" his father asked softly.

"Uh-huh," Tony said.

"Where'd you get it?"

"Over . . . over . . ." Tony said, a little wary, "over at the candy store."

"At the candy store?" his father repeated. Then, he stopped working and looked up. "But who gave you the money. . . ?"

Tony shivered. "I . . . I . . ." Tony couldn't answer him.

"Tell me," his father said gently but emphatically. "How did you get it?"

"I . . . I . . . I found it on the street," Tony said, turning away from his father's staring eyes.

"My son," his father said. "Look me in the eyes and tell me that."

Then Tony, frightened and nervous, blurted out, "I . . . I stole it. I wanted it so much!"

"Who taught you to steal?" his father asked.

"Nobody," Tony said. "I just took it. I was hungry, and I wanted a licorice stick."

"Then why didn't you come and ask me for a penny?" his father said.

"Because you don't have it. You never give me any money. You can't. I know you can't because we're poor!" Tony yelled.

His father looked Tony directly in the eyes, then said, "Come. Come with me." He took Tony to the candy store and told the candy store man his son had stolen a licorice stick. "Here is the penny for it," he said, and Tony's father placed a tarnished coin on the marble counter.

"If ever," Tony's father told the white-haired storekeeper, "my son steals anything again, I want you to let me know!"

They started walking home in the waning light of the afternoon, and Tony was embarrassed, ashamed of himself. "Why . . . why did you bring me back like that . . . ?" Tony said. "You made me feel so funny."

"Because I wanted to disgrace you," his father said softly. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself for stealing." Then, outside their home, his father took him by the shoulder and said, "Our name is Schwartz. It's our family name, and I don't want it ruined by you or your brother. We may be poor, but we're honest. And the next time you do this I won't be so easy with you. The next time, my son . . ." but he never finished his sentence.

They walked into the back room where his mother had prepared a dinner of boiled potatoes and salami. His father never mentioned the incident again—never told his mother or anyone.

And Tony never stole again.

Tony rubbed his cigarette butt in the moist earth and flicked it past a tall tree trunk. The sun rose in the white April sky, a strange, cold ghost of a sun. God, Tony's heart cried out, help me . . . help me understand this mystery of life and death.

Sobbing spasmodically, Tony recalled the day when he came home from school, his nose bleeding, his stomach hurting



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from the fight he'd had with the new boy who came to town. The blond kid was tall, heavily built, and he talked out of the side of his mouth.

After school, Tony had been speaking with a couple of his friends about playing a game of volley ball in the gym. The new boy had been standing in the hallway listening to them taunt Tony about volley ball being a sissy's game. Then, pointing to Tony, he said, "You. You over there. Is it true you're a Jew boy?"

Tony didn't answer him.

"What's the matter?" the new kid continued in a surly voice. "Where I come from those are fighting words! Or are you yellow? Maybe the little Jew boy's afraid to fight!"

"I'm an American," Tony said. "I was born here. In this city. So go pick a fight elsewhere!"

"Don't tell me what to do," he screamed. And he swung out at Tony, hitting him on the jaw. Tony was stunned. The new kid hit out again.

"Come on, Tony," the other fellows yelled, egging him on. "Don't let him get away with it. Fight him!"

Tony lunged at the new kid with tight, trembling fists.

"He called me a Jew," Tony told his dad that night. "He said I was a sissy Jew."

Tony's mother washed his face with a damp washcloth. She said soothingly, "Don't let someone like that scare you! He's so stupid he's not worth fighting with!"

"But I had to fight him," Tony said. "He said all these terrible things. He had it in for me. And the other guys rooted for me. They wanted me to win. But I lost."

Tony's dad sat across the oilcloth-covered kitchen table from Tony. "You are a Jew," he said, "and you have *nothing* to be ashamed of. Your heritage has deep roots. We are good, God-fearing people. We—our ancestors—have given the world the Bible. We believe in the word of God. Why should we throw away something that has given us a way of life rich in beauty and love for our fellow man? Look at Moses and David and Solomon! Aren't you proud of them? Their blood has come down into you!"

"But what is a Jew?" Tony asked, leaning across the table and looking into his father's tired, lined face.

"A Jew is like any man," he said. "He is a human being with a heart, someone with feelings, someone who wants to love and be loved—just like anyone else. A Jew's no different than a Greek or an Italian or the Polish man who runs the butcher's shop across the street. And yet each man is different for what he is. Wouldn't it be a dull world if everybody was the same?"

His mother, standing beside his father, cried. Dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief, she said, "Manny . . . oh, Manny . . . that was beautiful!"

Then she lighted a fire under the kettle on the big iron stove, and they all sat around the covered table in the warm kitchen and drank tea.

Tony, after he had had his tea, went over to his father and put his arm around him and said, "Dad . . . I . . . I love you," and he hugged him. Then, he ran into the bedroom, a little ashamed for being so full of love, for being so proud of his father who, even if he were only a tailor, seemed to know so much . . .

This is what I must teach my children, Tony told himself as he sat on the wide rock in the shadowy glen. They must never be afraid of what they are . . . or ashamed of it. And they must know I am not ashamed, that I am proud to be my father's first born in America. . . .

Tony lighted another cigarette, inhaling

its heat, and he remembered the day of his Bar Mitzvah, his formal coming of age when he was in his early teens. After a Jewish boy is Bar Mitzvahed, he is considered a man. His father made him a green checked suit to wear on this eventful day, and Tony memorized long solemn prayers. He recited them at the Temple on his Bar Mitzvah day.

"My boy," his father said afterward, kissing him on the cheek, "you are now a man!" And all the apple-cheeked aunts and dark-eyed uncles came to visit and feast on chicken and dumplings, briny pickles and black olives. They gave him gifts—fountain pens and neckties and a pigskin football which he wanted more than anything in the world.

Later his father took him aside and said, "See how beautiful this is. This is what makes me happy, all of us being together as a family, all of us holding on to our customs and loving each other. This is all I ask from life. To see us together."

"Maybe you don't understand this now," his father said, "but the day will come when you will, when you have a family of your own. Tonight, my son," he added, "we will say our prayers together. Tonight you are a man!"

This richness of life, this love of family . . . his father had given it to him. Didn't he and Janet celebrate birthdays and anniversaries and holy days? This was living . . . and loving together until the end of life.

Now the end had come. It had come for Emanuel Schwartz, buried deep in dark cemetery soil.

Sitting on the cold stone in the quiet glen, Tony put his hands up to his face and prayed silently to God. He thanked Him for these moments, these memories of tenderness, of understanding, of love.

Yes, God, I must teach these things to my children. I must teach them gentleness and patience, a kindness for strangers, and the beauty in family ritual. Rising, Tony looked up to the ghostly morning sky, and the sobs quickened in his throat. Tony, hoping tears would come—all the tears he had held in his heart through all these months, stepped into his car and drove to the cemetery where Emmanuel Schwartz was buried. He walked to the new grave, the dapple of white sunlight gilding the spaded mounds of earth.

As long as his spirit lives on in me, Tony told himself, he can never die. And I will pass on his spirit into the hearts of my loved ones, and they in turn will pass it on.

Oh, Father, Tony's heart cried out, if only, if only you could have lived to see our baby Jamie . . . !

Finally, the tears that had been held back for days, the tears that ached for months to be released, the tears that gripped his heart from the moment he heard of his father's unexpected heart attack welled up in him, and he began to cry softly, whimpering at first like an animal. The hot tears streamed down his cheeks, and Tony closed his eyes and he knew that for a moment, fleeting and rending, he had made a peace with death. Like a sudden falling star, a flash, pinprick in the sky, there was a burst of light within his heart, a divine radiance from God.

Crying, Tony bowed his head and whispered a soft prayer over his father's grave, the prayer he remembered from the days of his Bar Mitzvah. Then, with the burning tears falling down his cheeks, he stepped into his car and drove home.

—EVAN MICHAELS

JANET AND TONY ARE IN U-I'S "THE PERFECT FURLOUGH." TONY'S LATEST ARE U-I'S "OPERATION PETTICOAT" AND U-A'S "SOME LIKE IT HOT."

Okay! We April Fooled you, on page 38.

Now here's a true story about Elvis.

He was one of the nicest guys I ever knew,
but El was always getting in trouble . . .

ELVIS WAS MY BUDDY IN THE ARMY

by MARV SCHNUR,

formerly of the Second Armored Division

I guess we were all pretty curious to find out what it would be like having Elvis on base—whether he'd have a private room, whether he'd arrive in a chauffeur-driven Cadillac, whether he'd be greeted by the divisional commander and have special privileges. And I guess if we'd been told the President himself were arriving, it couldn't have created a greater stir among the fellas.

Oh—sure, to have these sort of privileges did seem far-fetched, but we'd all heard so many outlandish stories about what happened to celebrities when they became soldiers that we were expecting just about anything.

And in many ways we weren't disappointed

I remember the day he arrived. I'd been working in one of the offices when suddenly I heard a lot of screaming and shouting. I looked out of the window and sure enough, there was Elvis. At that point I couldn't actually see him, but by the hollering of the teenagers who were jumping up and down by the bus as it rolled past them into the base, I knew it could hardly be anyone else—and we all knew to expect him that day.

There were cameras, radio and TV announcers, newsreels, and I guess all of us would have liked to have stood around watching if we hadn't felt it was rather stupid to stare awestruck at a guy who, after all, was just another trooper.

No Cadillac, that was evident, or an official reception, but we were all curious to know what his duties would be and some fellas, who hadn't been too lucky themselves when they first arrived, took a sour grapes attitude even in the fun. "He won't get KP," said one. "Doubt if they'll even let him get his uniform dirty in case Uncle Sam's army won't look neat and tidy," grumbled another.

"Cut it out," I told them. "At least give him a chance."

Elvis looked a little bewildered as he got down from the bus and was ushered past us with the rest of his company. He was in the Second Armored Division, like me, and I'd been told he was going to be a truck driver with us. He seemed a nice enough guy and certainly not out to make a show of himself, you could tell that by watching him even for a few minutes. When he got down from that bus he could have easily taken advantage of the situation to draw attention, but instead, he fell into line like the rest.

Those first few weeks I didn't see much of Elvis as he'd been assigned to another part of base and was out on exercises most

of the time. Yes, they were letting him make full use of his Uncle Sam suit.

Then one day, I'm pretty sure it was a Sunday morning, I'd gone to the snack bar to get some coffee when I noticed a large line-up at one of the tables—almost halfway across the room, in fact. I didn't know at first who it was and then a buddy of mine said, "Say—isn't that Elvis?"

But the boys at our table weren't really taking much notice of him. They'd been the ones who'd taken the stand that he was just another GI like anyone else.

We must have sat around laughing and joking until almost eleven o'clock—it had been about nine-thirty when we'd first come in—and all that time Elvis was writing out autographs on napkins and pieces of paper guys were handing him, writing without a break. I think they were asking out of curiosity more than anything else.

I must admit I was curious to meet Elvis and had been admiring his patience through all the fuss. I had a niece back home who'd been asking me for weeks to get Elvis' autograph for her so I figured this was as good a moment as any—though I felt pretty stupid asking for it.

I fumbled in my pockets and found a calling card which seemed pretty suitable and, stubbing out a cigarette, I got up from the table and walked across the room towards Elvis. He had his head bent over and was writing away a mile a minute. I said, "Gee—you've a lot of patience," and he grinned and said, "It's something for their sisters back home. If it makes them happy, why not?"

I put my calling card on the table. "Like me to say anything special on it?" he asked.

"No—just write your name. I think that's all she wants," I said. Then I thought for a moment and added, "Oh—you might just say 'To Linda.'" "OK," he said and flourished his signature across the card.

As I walked over to my table I looked back and noticed that he was writing so fast that the ink from his ballpoint pen kept drying up and he had to keep shaking it to keep the ink going. From time to time, he would stop and stretch his arm and then continue with the autographs.

"I don't envy a guy who spends his Sundays that way," I told the boys when I got back to the table.

"Well—it's better than shining boots," quipped one whose boots never seemed clean no matter how many times he polished them.

And we all got up and left Elvis alone.

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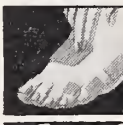
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I was on guard duty, a few days later, when I next saw Elvis. I happened to be talking with the officer of the day, who'd come up to give me some orders, when we heard a lot of commotion.

We turned to look along the road. A battalion was returning from training exercises, and at the back of the long file of men we could hear screaming and shouting.

"Must be Elvis," I said to the officer. We'd already all become quite used to the fuss caused anytime Elvis was around—particularly outside of camp where the teenagers could get near to him.

Sure enough, up the road, looking hot and dusty from a day in the fields, came a tired, dishevelled Elvis.

Kids were screaming, "There's Elvis with a rifle!" And others, "There's Elvis with a pack!" If I'd been Elvis I think I might have been a little mad. Because you feel kinda grouchy after a tough day.

But he marched coolly along in line, hardly even turning his head. Then, as he passed us by, I heard him say to one of the M.P.'s walking by his side, "Gee—I'm glad to be back in base."

"You know," the officer of the day remarked to me as Elvis disappeared into the barracks, "he's really a good soldier. I was out with him on rifle practice the other day and he sure was a good marksman—better than average I'd say. And I sure was surprised to hear a barracks buddy of his say he acted 'just like a man who'd inherited a million' when they gave him his 'Hell on Wheels' insignia. Seemed kind of strange coming from a celebrity."

"Maybe he's afraid they might resent him," I suggested. "So he tries to be especially humble."

"Maybe . . ." the officer looked thoughtfully out into the dusk, shrugged his shoulders, gave me a friendly slap on the back, and then walked off.

There was an odd mixture of resentment and real sincere gratitude when the word got around that Elvis was giving several thousand dollars for the re-furnishing of the day room. The day room is the company's recreation room where they can relax, maybe play a game of pool or watch TV.

I was pleased—particularly because I'd heard that among the new furniture was going to be a twenty-one-inch TV set. And the old set was always going wrong at just the worst moments!

Well, when the day finally arrived for its completion, I think we were all delighted. There was a new coat of paint, re-upholstered sofas and comfortable armchairs; a new pool and ping-pong table and—yes, the twenty-one-inch TV.

"How can you get mad with a fella who does a thing like that?" I remember remarking to one of my buddies.

"Yeah—and he certainly does bring some new life to the camp," he admitted.

But the real excitement was still to come . . . the time when we all went into town and Elvis got caught speeding on the way back . . . and then the time when he had the new NCO's club in an uproar.

That time in town, Elvis, myself, and a few other fellows, had gotten passes and Elvis had his new, brilliant red Lincoln convertible with him. We got separated, however, when we reached the town as I and another guy decided to stop for a soda while Elvis and two of his buddies drove on to somewhere else.

Well, from what I gathered from Elvis and the others the next day, it all happened when they decided to return to base. In great spirits they had tumbled into the car and gotten into a race with another auto. Elvis had put his foot down on the gas and really drove, until they all heard the sound of sirens.

That meant two Saturdays of driving school for Elvis. Driving school was the regulation base punishment for anyone who had a driving violation, whether on or off duty. And I guess it wasn't a too good a thing to happen to someone whose actual job it was to drive for the Army.

Anyway, Elvis went along to the school and had his lessons. But I wondered if they'd had any effect, because I remember something red flashing past me at very high speed on the road out of our camp some weeks later—and it looked very much like a Lincoln convertible.

The trouble at the NCO's club was around the same time. Everyone wanted to get in there and I was fortunate because my rank was a Specialist Four and that entitled me to belong.

But Elvis was still a private. Anyway, one particular Saturday we'd all heard that a band was coming down to play and that Elvis used to sing with them. He was very eager to see the boys in the band and somehow we managed to get the permission for him to get into the club that night. On Saturdays there was usually a dance for the officers and their wives or girlfriends, and each week we hired a different band.

I was already in the club—long before Elvis arrived. I was sitting in the dining room section, just near the door, having a bite to eat with a few buddies. Then suddenly the door swung open and Elvis came in. He was with some other friends and we all said "Hi" and then they went through into the bar where the band was playing. He told us he was anxious to speak with the boys of the band as it had been a long time since they'd met.

We went on eating. Then about five minutes later we heard some screaming. It didn't seem like the usual laughing or joking that comes from the bar. We got up and went through to the next room.

Well, I don't know which one of us was more surprised. It was as though the place had been raided. Chairs and tables were upside down, people were on the floor. The women were yelling and some were even crying.

Someone pushed me to one side. I looked around. It was the head of the club room—and he was hanging onto Elvis' arm, dragging him out, screaming, "Get out of the way!" I noticed Elvis' tie had been knocked to one side, that his sleeve was torn, and his usual calm expression had changed to one of fury.

Then someone else tapped me on the arm. I turned around. It was one of Elvis' buddies.

"What happened?" I yelled, above the noise.

"It's the girls," he screamed back. "When they found out Elvis was here they made straight for him, practically tearing off his clothes trying to get his autograph. The manager had to ask him to leave—but he couldn't get away and in the end they had to escort him out."

Well, after that, there was only one topic of conversation in the bar that night . . .

I guess, though, in the main, we were all pleased to have him on base. I know it made my last weeks there far more interesting. And as I packed my bags and said goodbye to my buddies, I couldn't help thinking about Elvis—about how I'd miss all the fun I'd had being at the same camp with him. And as I passed his bright red convertible on the way to collect my own car from the lot, I couldn't resist stopping to give one of the wheels a friendly kick before driving off for the last time. I kinda missed having him around when I got to my new base.

THE END

IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN ELVIS ROCK IN M-G-M'S "JAILHOUSE ROCK" YET, YOU MAY BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO CATCH IT IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD.

AUDREY HEPBURN

Continued from page 58

excited cries of the street vendors in the market opposite, the angry tones of two men arguing hotly in Spanish over the impatient honk of a car trying to get by.

They're busy people . . . happy people. And they can . . . walk. Her mind had to fight to form the word and as it did so her body tensed itself until she was crippled again with an agonizing pain.

Then, as she lay there, she heard the sound of creaking as the door by her side opened very very slowly.

"Entre . . . no esta dormiendo," whispered a woman's voice, as two men, both dark-haired and sallow-skinned, walked softly into the room. One was clean-shaven while the other wore a heavy beard.

"Audrey, are you feeling better?" asked the clean-shaven one in a pleasing Spanish tone, as he walked over to her bed. He lifted her hand to feel her pulse-beat.

"Am I going to be able to move, doctor?" she asked.

"Very soon, we hope," he said, patting her hand as he placed it gently back down on the blanket. Then he walked towards the window where the other man stood reading a chart, and they began speaking in low tones that she could not make out.

I've seen him somewhere before, she thought to herself, as she watched the bearded one, and she smiled as she noticed him gesticulating with his hands the way many Mexicans do as they speak. Isn't that Macaco, Dr. Hernandez's assistant? Isn't he the one who drove me here in the station wagon?

" . . . muy mal . . . la espalda . . . permanente . . ." She could only understand a few words and yet . . . *permanente!* Surely it could only mean one thing. For a second a look of fright came into her eyes and her mind began forming horrifying images. Then she relaxed again as the doctor turned and came back to her bedside while Macaco slipped outside carrying stretcher equipment which had been stacked in a corner.

She watched him as he crossed the room and kept saying to herself, "You must be brave. Don't let him see you're afraid. Ask him now—ask him what's really wrong." Tiny beads of sweat started forming on her forehead.

"Doctor," she began slowly, "I want you to tell . . ."

He interrupted softly, "You must not talk. You must rest and then you will be better more quickly. Try to sleep and soon your husband will be here." He smiled.

"He said he'd be here by now . . ." she murmured.

"Don't worry," he assured her, speaking softly. "He'll be here, just as soon as he can." The doctor patted her hand again, reassuringly. He hadn't wanted to worry her with the news that Mel's plane had been grounded in the north of Mexico after running out of gas. Mel had only just called to tell him, saying that he would be sure to be there by early morning—and not to let Audrey know he'd had trouble.

The doctor looked down at Audrey as she lay still. Gently he slipped a thermometer in her mouth and a few seconds later took it out, looked at it, nodded his head and shook the instrument. Then quietly he left the room, shutting the door softly behind him as he went.

It was too painful to move, but Audrey found that just by the slightest tilting of her head she could see almost all the way around the room. And from that uncomfortable, horizontal position, she first

rested her gaze on the ceiling—the smooth, white-glazed ceiling, then on the brightly-colored flower-patterned wallpaper opposite and finally on the little rose-buds which decorated the long-sleeved flannel nightgown they had insisted she wear against the bitter night cold which swept into Durango, the city where she lay, even after the hottest summer days. For they were high in the mountains.

She tried to move again. She felt too warm. Her fingers searched for the tiny electric bell which had been placed near her right hand. But as she was about to press it she changed her mind. There's obviously nothing they can do, she thought.

She turned her head from side to side, feeling as though she had been lying there for an eternity. Even the sun had disappeared. She thought back over the hours to the early afternoon. And then the morning . . .

Was it only this morning, merely a matter of hours ago, that she had awakened early, gotten out of bed, in this very room, to dress and be ready in time for the station wagon to pick her up to go out to the set? The same routine as every day for the past three weeks, ever since the company had come down to Durango on location.

At six o'clock the driver had called for her at the small modern two-story home the studio had rented for Audrey. As she climbed into the station wagon she had said hello to Audie Murphy, sitting huddled in a corner, who opened one eye sleepily in acknowledgement, then closed it tightly shut again.

The driver turned and went on to the Casablanca Hotel, about two blocks away, to pick up one of the main technicians before going on to the Mexico Courts Hotel to call for Lillian Gish, Charles Bickford and Johnny Saxon.

The location was about an hour's drive from Durango and they bumped along the road that morning at high speed—late, as usual. Packed tight inside the station wagon they had been a gay crowd, laughing as Johnny Saxon mimicked two small Mexican boys who had been hanging around the set day after day insisting they be put into the movie. Even Audie Murphy woke up at this point to join in the fun.

"Look!" cried Lillian Gish as they passed wild geese flapping through the air.

"Say—here comes your favorite village, Audrey," said Johnny, a moment later, as the car sped downhill to a remote Mexican-Indian settlement. Some Mexican women by the roadside waved and they all waved back.

On up the hill climbed the car to a chapel which had been built where an electric storm had left a cleavage in the rock of the mountain that had taken on the silhouette of the Virgin Mary. "It gets lovelier every day," Audrey said softly to Lillian Gish, and she nodded in complete agreement.

Then suddenly they were out again in more dry open land until there in front of them stood the multitude of boxes, huts, wires and cameras which made up the set.

"Your favorite village," quipped Audrey to Johnny.

The car pulled up by a mountain, a man-made one of steel which scenic men had covered with sod and earth and the inside of which had been wired as a miniature Hollywood stage to use for interiors such as the pioneer home where many scenes were set. They were shooting a movie of the early west, and had chosen Mexico for location, because Texas is now covered with telegraph poles and railroads which would have ruined the outdoor shots.

"Journey's end. Return trip at six this evening," joked the driver as one by one they tumbled out of the car. It promised



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to be like any other day, a day of work.

And all through the morning it was. Scenes were shot, scenes were re-taken and tempers frayed just a little towards midday as they often did when the sharp Mexican sun beat down upon them from a cloudless sky.

But even under the heat of the noon sun Audrey went out at lunch time, in her long-skirted Indian girl costume, to practice riding bareback on her tall, white stallion they called Upa. She was determined to ride every scene in the film herself, insisting she did not need a stand-in. And not having ridden a horse at all before, she needed all the practice she could get. So out on the corral, just off the set, she rode around and around, for more than an hour.

Then the director, John Huston, called for the start of the afternoon's shooting and after being quickly made-up in one of the huts, Audrey re-mounted her horse and rode out to a spot by the bank of a river where she was to wait until the cameras were all set. She was alone and riding without saddle or bridle.

Audrey guided her horse into the "ready" position and sat waiting for her cue. But she puckered her brow questioningly when she noticed an unusual amount of confusion and running back and forth away over where the directors and cameramen stood. Suddenly, out from the group, a horseman came galloping directly towards her. Upa became tense. The other horse neared. Then suddenly Upa whinnied and tossed his head violently down towards the ground.

Audrey screamed. She had nothing to hold onto and slid helplessly forward, over his head and down onto the hard crusty earth.

She lay still, unconscious.

Away back by the cameras, Huston, with Burt Lancaster by his side, and almost the entire company around them, watched in stunned silence. Then Huston and Burt rushed forward with three wranglers who knew the horses well, shouting to the others to keep back.

"Call the doctor," screamed Huston as he ran. And a few minutes later up rushed Dr. Hernandez, a Mexican physician assigned to the set.

The doctor knelt down beside her. She opened her eyes and tried to move but yelled out as a knife-like pain lashed out across her back.

"Lay still," he said gently, and turning to a man standing behind him, said sharply, "A stretcher—quick!" There was an urgent tone in his voice.

"... Mel ... please don't tell Mel," she murmured. "Don't tell anyone ... I want to tell Mel. He worries ... he worries so much ... And as she spoke three men arrived with a stretcher and gently they lifted her onto it.

"Don't worry," Harry Hecht, the producer, assured her. "No one will know until you have spoken to your husband. That I promise."

"... and everyone, what's going to happen to you all. How long will it be, doctor, before I'm well again?" She looked up at him.

"It is your back that seems to be hurt," he said. "And your ankle. But you will be up and about again soon, I hope. First we must examine the injury and then I can tell you."

"... and tell Mel. I must tell Mel," she murmured again.

They carried her to the station wagon and placed the stretcher in the back. Then Dr. Hernandez made a brief examination.

"Nothing's wrong, doctor," she said, trying to hide her pain.

"We'll see about that," he answered, opening his black bag.

Over Audrey's head and through the window Dr. Hernandez could see John Huston, Burt Lancaster and Audie Murphy talking earnestly together.

"He was telling me he believes a vertebra may be fractured," Huston was telling them. "She must be in terrible pain."

"Then she's being darn plucky," commented Audie. "And she shouldn't keep worrying about putting everyone out of work for a few weeks." He took a packet of cigarettes out of his pocket and passed them around.

"I hope it will be only a few weeks," said Burt, taking one. "I'd hate to see her become another Susan Peters." They had all heard of Susan Peters—the young actress who, more than twelve years ago, was injured in a hunting accident and never walked again.

Audie gave Burt a friendly pat on the back. "Cheer up," he said. "She'll be okay. Come on, let's go over and say hello before they drive her away." And the three of them walked towards the station wagon.

"Hello," Audrey smiled as they peeped inside. "I'm taking a vacation. Want to join me?" They laughed.

"Say, that's a great idea," joked back Audie Murphy. "What about a place called

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Cowboys color by Wornecke & Schoenboechler; Elvis color by Tolmein (Globe); Debbie cover by Gene Trindl (Topix); Eddie Fisher and Mother by Dick Honley (FPG); Curtis Family by UPI; Tony Curtis & baby by Dick Miller (Globe); Frankie Avalon by Gene Cook; Mel Ferrer and Audrey Hepburn by Wide World; Lono Turner and Cheryl by Wide World; Ritchie Valens plane crash by UPI; stars looking at baby pix by Bill Avery.

Durango. Heard the weather's great over there."

Audrey laughed. "Ow!" she screamed a second later. "Don't make me laugh—it hurts." Then minutes later the laugh turned to a yawn as the sedative the doctor had given her began to take effect.

Sleep ... lying in her bed Audrey sighed. Sleep then but not now. She looked over at the window. It was already quite dark out. Soon Juanita would be back with the bowl of soup and tell her to try to sleep ... sleep. But it was so hard to sleep, so very hard. Mel, Mel would come soon. But soon seemed so far away when all you could do was to lie on your back and look at the ceiling.

It had been wonderful, though, speaking to him, and hearing his deep voice at the other end of the line. They had just brought her back to the house and set her in this hospital bed which went up and down like a seesaw, just by pulling a lever at the side, when the telephone by the bed rang and she had been told that her call to Los Angeles was coming through.

"... Hello, hello darling ... " He seemed so far away, a faint shadow of a voice in between the crackling on the line.

"Hello, Mel?"

"They tell me you're sick and in pain, darling. Be brave and rest quietly and I'll be right there. We're taking a plane out tonight and I'm bringing a doctor, so ... " but his voice drowned under the whistling and crackling until only the words ... "I'll be there ... " came through clearly.

"Don't worry about me, darling," she cried. "I'm all right." But as she spoke tears began running down her cheeks. And gently the doctor took the receiver from her trembling hand.

"He's coming here ... soon ... " she told him. And a wonderful smile spread across her tear-stained face.

"That's good. That's very nice," said the

doctor, taking the opportunity of insisting she lie as still as possible and rest until Mel arrived. Then he collected his bag and instruments and quietly left the room.

... But that had been hours ago now. Hours to lie and think. Hours broken only when he came in to peep and see if she was all right and when Juanita brought her something to eat or drink. Hours to worry, hours that ticked by so slowly she wanted to get up from her bed and move the hands of the moon-faced clock that smiled sleepily at her from the table at the end of her bed.

She closed her eyes. The pillow seemed so warm, there wasn't a cool spot left. Think about something pleasant, that's what she had to do. Or count sheep ... yes, didn't her mother always tell her when she was a small girl in Holland to count sheep when she couldn't sleep?

One sheep, two sheep, three, four, five. ... Again the door opened. It was Juanita with a cup of soup.

"Un poco?" She said, bringing the cup over to the bedside.

Audrey lifted her head slightly and drank some. What kind of soup is it? She thought. It's salty, but I wonder ... And for a moment she took her thoughts away from her pain.

Then Juanita left the room and she was all alone again and in the dark. She looked up at the ceiling. The moon had begun to make silhouettes across the beams and shapes darted about like tiny elves.

One elf, two elves, three, four, five, six, seven ... Gradually Audrey dropped slowly, drowsily to sleep. ...

There was a noise downstairs! Men's voices ... American voices! Mel! It must be Mel!

The door opened slowly. She turned her head. "Mel!" she screamed. And he came running over to the bed and kissed her very, very gently. She forgot about the pain, forgot about her fears. Mel was here!

"You do look funny tucked tight in bed like a Christmas package," he joked.

"Oh, Mel. It's not funny at all," she scolded. "The doctor said ... "

"I know, darling. I know what he said." She looked at him questioningly. "He said," Mel went on, "that it's not too serious and that the injury hasn't touched the nerves ... so you should be up and walking ... "

"But when? In a year, maybe."

"No, silly. In a few weeks—four at the most."

"Is that what he said?"

"Sure, darling. You know I speak Spanish so even if his English wasn't so good, I'd have understood him anyway. And from the conference he has been having downstairs with the doctor I brought with me, they seem to be in perfect agreement. But my fellow is going to examine you thoroughly anyway."

And suddenly she found herself laughing, almost uncontrollably, until the sharp pain in her back made her stop. Mel was laughing too ... she was going to be all right.

Mel took her hand. "And darling," he added, "I've got a wonderful surprise. I was going to keep it until later but, well ... it's this. I'm flying you with me back to Los Angeles—home. And I'll be able to be with you all the time there and you'll have all your old friends around you while you're getting well, and ... "

"Oh ... Mel," she whispered, clutching his hand very tightly. "Everyone's being so good ... so good to me."

—ANITA ALLEN

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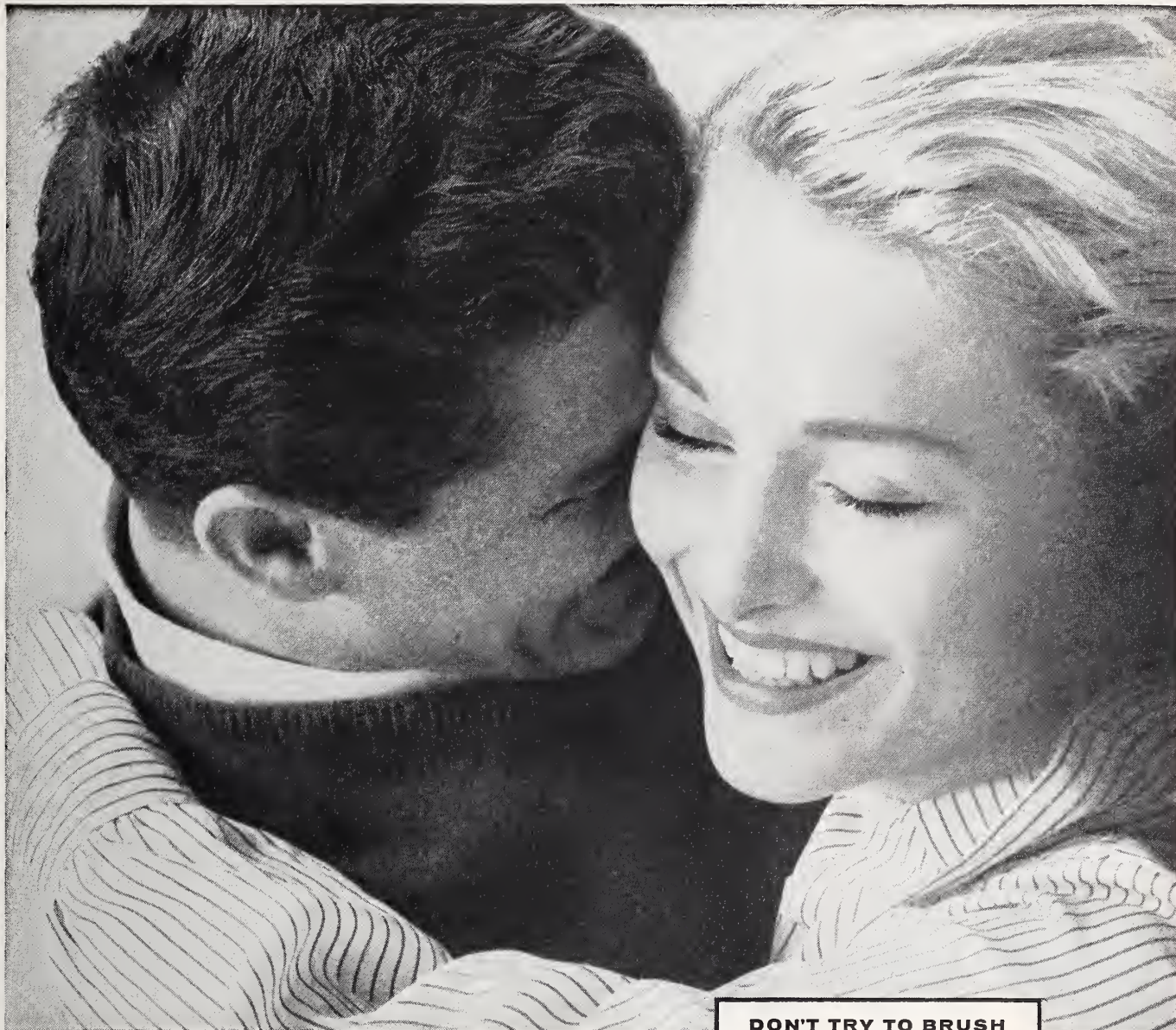
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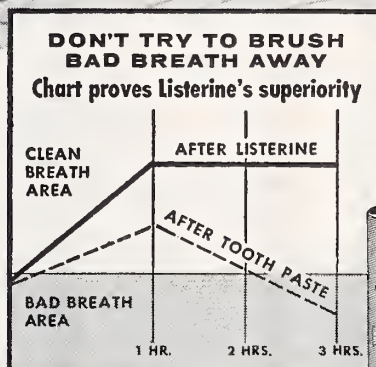
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Your July issue will be on sale at your newsstand on June 4th



Photoplay is Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York, N. Y. Executive, Advertising and Editorial Offices at 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editorial branch office, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif. Irving S. Manheimer, President; Lee Andrews, Vice-President; S. N. Himmelman, Vice-President; Meyer Dworkin, Secretary and Treasurer. Advertising offices also in Chicago and San Francisco.

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Directed by **RANALD MacDOUGALL** • Produced by **GEORGE ENGLUND**



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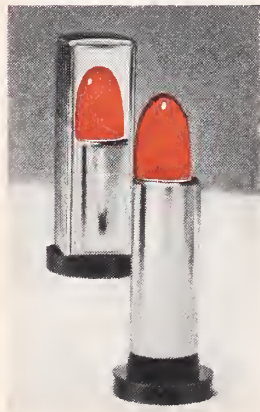
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NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month see contents page.

✓✓✓ BLACK ORCHID, THE—Paramount: Warm, sympathetic, well-acted story of courtship problems in two generations—Sophia Loren and Anthony Quinn, Ina Balin (as Quinn's daughter) and Mark Richman. (F) April

✓✓✓ COMPULSION—20th, CinemaScope: Powerful movie suggested by the Leopold-Loeb case, with Bradford Dillman and Dean Stockwell as the young killers, Orson Welles as their defense attorney. (A) May

✓✓✓ GIDGET—Columbia; CinemaScope, Columbia Color: Recommended for all Sandra Dee fans! Sandra's a tomboy who thinks boys are just pals—till she meets James Darren (who does his first movie songs). (F) May

✓✓✓ IMITATION OF LIFE—U-I; Eastman Color: In a drama full of intense feeling, Lana Turner faces problems of love (with John Gavin) and motherhood (with Sandra Dee). Juanita Hall knows the heartbreak of a Negro mother whose light-skinned daughter (Susan Kohner) wants to "pass." (A) May

✓✓✓ MATING GAME, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Debbie Reynolds is a delight in a daffy farce, romancing with Tony Randall while her dad (Paul Douglas) struggles with income-tax woes. (F) May

✓✓✓ RIO BRAVO—Warners; Technicolor: Big, bold western puts sheriff John Wayne in a tough spot but gives him three likable deputies—Rick Nelson, Dean Martin (yep, they sing!) and Walter Brennan. (F) May

✓✓✓ SEPARATE TABLES—U.A.: Deborah Kerr's a revelation as a timid spinster at a seaside hotel. Immensely able cast: David Niven, Burt Lancaster, Rita Hayworth, Wendy Hiller and Gladys Cooper. (A) January

✓✓✓ SHAGGY DOG, THE—Buena Vista: What a happy romp's going on in the house next door to Annette Funicello's! Teenager Tommy Kirk keeps turning into a dog. That's right—a large, shaggy dog. (F) May

✓✓✓ SLEEPING BEAUTY—Buena Vista; Technirama, Technicolor: Disney does the beloved fairytale in magical animation—sweet, funny, scary and tuneful. (F) May

✓✓✓ SOME LIKE IT HOT—U.A.: Marilyn Monroe's really something special in this rollicking comedy of the crazy 'twenties. So are Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon, hilariously disguised as a couple of flappers. (A) May

✓✓✓ SOUND AND THE FURY, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Emotion-filled visit with a mixed-up Southern family features splendid work by Joanne Woodward, Yul Brynner, Margaret Leighton. (A) April

✓✓✓ TEMPEST—Paramount; Technirama, Technicolor: Scenes of sweeping spectacle are the chief attraction in an epic of 18th Century Russia. Tough peasant Van Heflin leads a revolution: young lovers Geoffrey Horne and Silvana Mangano oppose him. (F) April

✓✓✓ YOUNG LAND, THE—Columbia, Technicolor: Finally released, this forceful western proves worth waiting for. Pat Wayne's every inch the lawman. (F) August '58

*Who
and why
and what
the hell
am I?
he fumed...*

AND WHEN
THE ANSWERS
DIDN'T COME
THERE WAS ALWAYS
ONE PLACE HE
COULD GO...

Paul Newman *as one of today's angry young moderns
breathing hot for a claw-hold in the world!*

"The Young Philadelphians"

WITH ALL THE BOLDNESS OF THE SMASHING BEST SELLER!



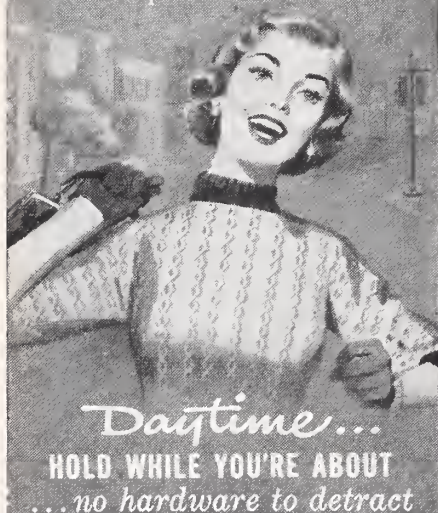
CO-STARRING

BARBARA RUSH • ALEXIS SMITH
BRIAN KEITH • DIANE BREWSTER
BILLIE BURKE • JOHN WILLIAMS



SCREENPLAY BY JAMES GUNN • FROM THE NOVEL BY RICHARD POWELL • DIRECTED BY VINCENT SHERMAN • PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

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Bandstand with
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fashion memo from the editor

"It's funny,"—Carol Lynley looked up at me shyly over luncheon on Twentieth's "Holiday for Lovers" set—"but nobody believes me when I say I have to think up new ways of stretching my wardrobe, even if I *am* in the movies."

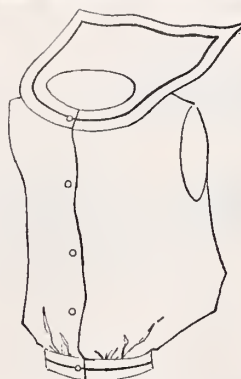
"Well I believe you." I reassured her. "Got a favorite trick?"

"Always have had: shirts, shirts and more shirts. I even used to steal my brother's; now," she grinned, "I'm on my own!"—Pam Law



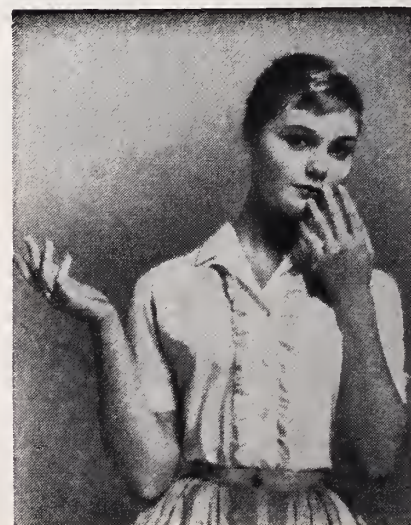
Above: A sweet-as-honey cotton broadcloth shirt covered with bumblebees. Monocle, \$3.98.

Left: Here's Carol in a roll-up sleeve pullover of subtly striped cotton. White Stag, \$4.95.



Above: A midly for a perfectly sporting summer. Drip-dry cotton broadcloth. Macshore, \$2.98.

Right: Blouse idea that's feminine-not-fussy, in Dacron and cotton. Ship 'N' Shore, \$3.98.



Creating a home together, you choose the possessions you'll cherish for a lifetime. You choose your silver . . . you want the finest right from the start, and even the finest is now so inexpensive to own. As modern as your life today, as timeless as beauty itself . . . your pattern is SILVER FLOWER.*

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YOUR WORLD...
EXPRESSED IN
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Remember the first time you had "special" guests for dinner? They noticed the pride you took in your home. No "make-do" tableware for you...you'd begun with the best, knowing it would give you a lifetime of carefree beauty. Enchanting, feminine (like *you*), your pattern is WHITE ORCHID.*



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DIFFERENT SETTINGS"**

Send 10¢ in coin to Box T-14, Oneida Ltd., Oneida, N.Y., for your copy of this full-color booklet. Here are many wonderful ideas to help you set beautiful, interesting tables.

Friends love to come to your house . . . they like the individuality they see in your home . . . the striking design of your silver . . . the care-free way you entertain. You know your silver can be carefree, too. That's why you use it, love it . . . every day, at every meal. Your pattern is SOUTH SEAS.*

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Betty's BLUE



PERIODIC PAIN

Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water . . . that's all. Midol brings faster and more complete relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

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a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't B-69, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



this page is yours

I decided one gloomy afternoon at the orphanage in Nottingham, England, that I would one day go to America and meet Doris Day.

You see, when you grow up in an orphanage you grow up making believe. You make up stories about your parents, who they are and why you're there. That way you can be anybody.

That dreary afternoon my friend Sister Frances salvaged Photoplay from a Christmas charity package and gave it to me. From the time I opened it and saw the smile of Doris Day, I was incorrigible. I went truant to see her films, even taught "My Secret Love" to the tots in the nursery, where I was a student governess.

As soon as I qualified for employment. I went to London and joined the Doris Day fan club. There I met Betty Grimes, newly arrived from Ireland. We began a savings account.

Three long years later, we were ready to fly to New York, and after months of scrimping in the East, we had our bus-fare to Los Angeles.

Once checked into the "Y," we pored over phone directories until we saw "Mrs. Alma Day." Could she be Doris' mother? She was! (And dur-

ing our visit I pretended she was *my* mother—an old orphanage knack!)

Somehow we managed to find work, and I watched for Doris everywhere.

Finally one day I was called to the telephone. "This is Doris Day Melcher. After what Mother tells me, I'd like very much to see you. Can you have tea with me at the Beverly Hills Hotel tomorrow? . . . Fine. See you!"

Radiant in a blue suit, she came toward us. "Shall we go find the patio?" she said, taking the lead and chatting away to help cover our embarrassment. For that I adored her.

In no time we were asking questions, about her life . . . Terry, Marty, their home . . . hobbies, opinions . . .

Suddenly she asked, "How would you like to see a preview of my new movie? Can you get off from work? But how are you going to get there?"

"But Doris," I exclaimed, "we've already managed to come 6,000 miles to see you!" We laughed, but then I added glumly: "But who'll believe it?"

Doris took a postcard from her handbag. "Hello from Hollywood, California," she began to write. "I'm having tea with Joan Dawson—and it's been such fun meeting her—"

by JOAN DAWSON



The tea wasn't English, but Doris made Betty and me (left) feel right at home.

NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

Now you can shampoo...
Set with plain water...and have
lively, natural looking curls!



New Rich,
Rich Liquid!
Lanolin-
Blessed!



Sandra Dee

co-starring in
"IMITATION
OF LIFE"
Universal-
International
Picture
In Color

SANDRA DEE, one of Hollywood's loveliest young stars, uses Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her new hair-style shiny and easy-to-manage. Why don't *You* try it, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme. Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water!

An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

Lustre-Creme —
never dries —
it beautifies —
now in liquid,
lotion or cream!



4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!

The Monthly Record

Weather:
Spoonin' under a full
May moon
Could mean wedding
bells in June

By GEORGE

Vol. 1, No. 4

MAY, 1959

4 Non

NO SECOND DATE



Four things really bug Jimmy Clanton on a date. For instance, if a girl's flirty, it makes Jimmy nervous. He likes her interested in him.

Jimmy Clanton Tells Why He Won't Call "Her" Again

"I'll tell you four things that really bug me when it comes to a date," blue-eyed Jimmy Clanton, sporting an overgrown crewcut, confided in my corner closet at the Photoplay offices where the two of us were discussing my favorite subject: girls.

"First," Jimmy said, "I get nervous if a girl's real flirty. After all, it's me that's taking her out—not all the other guys she's so busy flirting with. I'd like to know she's paying attention to me and interested in what I've got to say."

Next, Jimmy said, a girl's appearance is important. "I like a girl to look neat and nice, but one thing is definitely out: over-sexy clothes. They're just plain embarrassing, for my taste."

Third, Jimmy pointed out he doesn't go for a girl who talks too much. He likes a gal to soft-pedal the conversation. "Now that doesn't mean," Jimmy added, "that I don't like a girl to talk. I do. But I don't like her to go on and on and on about every little thing that's ever happened to her. Let's face one fact: Lots of things we do are just plain boring—and should never be mentioned in company."

Last, but not least, Jimmy said, he likes for a girl to be on time. "If you set a date for eight o'clock and a guy breaks his neck to get there, then a gal should show a little consideration and be ready. Because it's just plain frustrating for a fellow to sit and wait after he's broken a speed limit to get to her on time. Of course, I think this goes for both parties. If a fellow can't make it, then he ought to call and tell her he'll be a few minutes late!"

TURNTABLE VOX POX

ALBUM OF THE MONTH:

✓✓✓✓ "Swingin' Pretty" features with pixie-pretty Keely Smith whose smoky, hushabye voice will send anybody's heart up a few notches on the thermometer. Keely sings her classic "It's Magic," "The Man I Love" and others in her latest in-love-with-love Capitol album.

✓✓✓✓ "The Keys and I" with Eddie Heywood is out-of-this-world piano music. Eddie's crafty fingers play "All the Way" and "St. Louis Blues" in this RCA roundup of tinkly tunes.

✓✓✓✓ "Rock 'N' Roll Record Hop" features Frankie Lyman, The Cletones, The Playmates and others singing "Lover Boy," "Why Do Fools Fall in Love" and "The Woo Woo Train." This Roulette album is just about perfect for Friday-night dance parties.

✓✓✓✓ "Pop Stoppers" with the Boston Pops Orchestra. These are show stoppers, of course—eight much-applauded compositions! You'll love "The Skaters' Waltz," "Ritual Fire Dance" and the pulsing tango, "Jalousie." RCA.

✓✓✓✓ "Eydie Gorme: Love Is a Season." Eydie's always in season—whether you're in or out of love— (continued)

PONI TALES

Pretty La Verne Novak of the Poni Tails Trio wrote us from Cleveland about polishing up her acting technique.

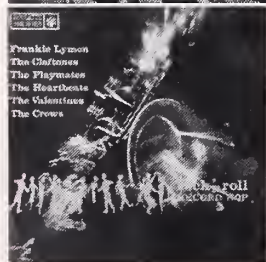
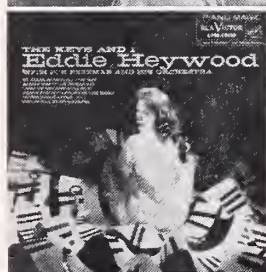
"Where does a person go," she queried, "to study dramatics?"

I asked a number of stars, and all of them suggested it's best to start on a local level.

"Get in with a Little Theater group and try out for a part," Tab Hunter told me when I visited him during the "Meet Me in St. Louis" TV rehearsals. "Or study with a local teacher. If there isn't one in your home town, then try a bigger city nearby."

Tab added, "Too many guys and gals make a break from home without realizing how much money it'll cost them, and before you know it, they run out of dough. Living in New York and Hollywood can be mighty expensive—even on the tightest budget.

"If I had it all to do over, I'd study dramatics in a college not far from where I lived. Or a school of dramatic arts. Then, if the bug bites, try the Big Time!"



BIG WHEELS

May is Bike Month, which means you can coast to the nearest bike repair shop and have your two-wheeler inspected for free. Pat Boone's chairman of the month and Annette Funicello is bike "Queen."



8 grooming aids in a pretty, purse size

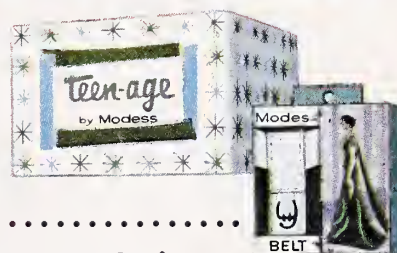
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for only

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TEEN-AGE
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Packed with Tek Traveler Toothbrush, Pepsodent Toothpaste, comb, plastic bottle, Wash 'n Dri Towelette, 2 emery boards and an orange stick.

Your choice of two gay prints. Pink cupids and sky blue hearts on white, or round-the-world scenes in pink and gold on white.

Try Teen-Age today—send for your kit right away. Dainty, pastel blue Teen-Age is the *only* napkin created just for you. It's slimmer contoured, yet extra-absorbent—for protection you can trust.

P. S. Your Freshen-up Date Kit is just the right size to carry a folded Teen-Age napkin.

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Name _____
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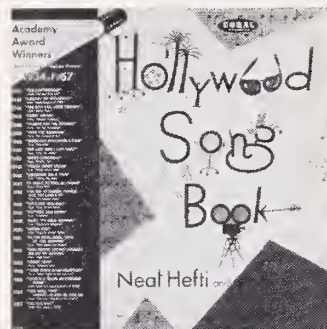
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TURNTABLE VOX POX

continued



with her great selections on this ABC-Paramount album. Some of her love-a-dove songs: "June in January," "September Song," and "I'll Remember April."

✓✓✓ "Hollywood Song Book" with Neat Hefti and his orchestra. Here are Academy Award winners from 1934-1957 in a Coral album every movie fan will cherish on a keepsake shelf. Know something? Most of the tunes have become classics!

✓✓✓ "Bobby Scott Sings the Best of Lerner and Loewe." This good-looking guy, just twenty-one, whose "Chain Gang" single skyrocketed a few years back, sings some of the songs written by the "My Fair Lady" team in a style that puts him in the front ranks of today's balladeers. Verve.

✓✓✓ "Bobby Darin: That's All." Bobby's latest Atco album prompted Sammy Davis to cable: "You're so good I hate you!" Sammy was teasing, natch. But he was right about Bobby being pretty topnotch. Here's a new Bobby, singing "Mack the Knife" and "It Ain't Necessarily So"—and, to my ear, he's mighty groovy.

NOT MARRIED

When a columnist ran an item saying "Popular Singer Bobby Darin stitched to Jo Ann Campbell"—we got on the phone to Bobby.

"It's not true," he said. "I don't know how that kind of item ever gets printed.

"Jo Ann and I did date all last year," Bobby went on, "and she's such a cute little doll I was growing real fond of her. I guess it was Jo Jo who first realized that if we both wanted careers—and we both do—then it wasn't going to work out for us. We talked it over and we switched from dates to being just good friends. That happened about a week before the gossip item made its splash splash."

Bobby's very anxious to have everybody know he's still a bachelor. "Maybe then," he said, "all those gals who've been looking so strange when I ask for a date will begin to say yes."

PAT BOONE'S JAM SESSION

"Jam Today" is the club based on a quote from "Through the Looking Glass." Pat Boone mentions this in his popular book, "Twixt Twelve and Twenty." "The White Queen," Pat says, "tells Alice she can have some jam tomorrow and some jam yesterday—but never jam today.

"But I've always believed," Pat adds, "that today is all we have. Tomorrow will be only another today when it arrives. So why shouldn't we enjoy today to the fullest?"

Pat's words inspired the students at the Hayestown Avenue School in Danbury, Connecticut, to draw up a set of rules for a "Jam Today" club which they organized.

Some of the rules:

1. I pray every day in my own way.

2. I respect others' ideas even though I don't agree with them.

3. I do all my work with a pleasant attitude, never with bitterness.

4. I help our home to be a "Happy Home Corporation" by discussing all my problems with my parents and getting their advice.

5. I always try to make new friends and keep the ones I have.

6. I have a home duty which I perform every day the best way I can.

7. I always ask myself about anything I do:

Will it be against my conscience?

Will it have a bad effect on others?

Will it have a good effect on others?

Readers—what do you say?

FAD ALLEY

"She walks across the street like ten guys." Sandy Frazier writes from Pennsylvania that that's senior slang for "You just can't help but notice her!"

Don't go into hiding if a New England crewcut says, "Gee, you look so green and wrinkled." It's just his way of saying you're as nice as a million bucks.

Latest New York news is to use "cha-cha" instead of "hey"—so reports Maggie O'Day. Samples: "How about a walk, cha-cha?" or "You want to go swimming, cha-cha?"

"My morgue" is the expression used by midwestern gals for that special section of their wallet reserved for ex-steadies!

From deep in the heart of Texas Geri Wood writes, "Here we count boys instead of sheep if we're searching for a little shut-eye."

In Atlantic City some school-girls buy a pair of earrings together, end up wearing a single to show they've just become friends.

In Florida, sweaters and shorts at a party mean it's a "slop hop."

KIM TELLS SECRET

"No sooner did I get the role of Betty Priesser," Kim told me between shots in her latest movie, "The Middle of the Night," "than I went browsing through the record shops to find the music that suited her best."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well," Kim explained, "they say every actor's got a secret when it comes to developing a new character, and I guess that's mine. I like to find the right music. Then I sit and study the shooting script for hours while the music plays. It helps me get

into the mood of the character."

For the role of Betty in "The Middle of the Night," Kim said she selected "The Rites of Spring" by Igor Stravinsky. "It's so fresh, so young, so right for a girl in love."

For "Bell, Book and Candle" Kim listened to two albums: "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" for the witch side of Gilian Holroyd—and Frank Sinatra's "Swinging Lovers" for Gilian's love-personality.

For her dual roles in "Vertigo," Kim dug Gleason's mood music.



Kim Novak's got an acting "method" all her own. It's music, with a different record to put her in the mood for each of her roles.

if
you
care
how
you
feel



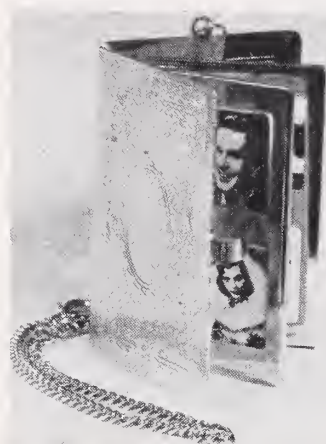
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if you need a small build-up for glamour and poise and complete confidence in yourself, you'll find the answer in "curvallure", the bra with Jantzen genius-type foam rubber insert that fills you out above the top of the bra, itself, boosts your bosom in a naturally lovely way, makes you feel divine. Only Jantzen makes it ... in nylon lace and sheer Dacron ... bandeau with three-way detachable straps (639) in white, blue, red, pink, black 5.95 ... "daytime curvallure" (619) 3.95

16 DREAMBOATS—CHAINED!

BOOK NOOK



Here are eight dreamboats. Clip 'em—they're just enough to fill half the spaces in your "My Diary Locket."

Yes, that's right—all sixteen of them locked near your heart. When fellow columnist Dick Clark and I bumped heads in the hallway, we caught up on some small talk and I told him about this sweetheart of a gold locket I got in the mail from an admirer who said: "If you have sixteen different poses, please return—pronto!"

Sure, a guy's flattered. But after I inspected this intricate piece of space-age design, I decided to give you readers a high-sign on it. It looks great to me; and I don't think of it only in terms of dreamboats for you mamselles. Seems to me like it might be a lot of fun to include a relative or two.

Still, I asked Vamp, my trench-coated, ladylike spy, to give the Photoplay files the once-over and to pick half the sixteen dreamboats you gals would love most to include in this Coro "My Diary Locket."

Dick, by the way, flipped over the locket, too. Have you seen it on his show?

All of which leads me to my roundup survey on fashion. Remember the feature in Photoplay, a few months ago, with the "Mardi Gras" guys (Tommy Sands, Pat Boone, Gary Crosby and Dick Sargent) all sounding off about fashion gripes?

Well, I went a step further and interviewed a gang of seniors at the New Rochelle High School, and here's what they had to say:

Kurt Schmidt: "More sweaters, please. I like the neater fits—not

the messy, sloppy ones."

D. Lee: "I like girls who wear hats."

Frank S. Wilson: "I dig the long, colored stockings with shorter skirts—and I love girls who wear bright colors."

Oliver Davis: "I go for the long blue or red socks, too. And I like plaid skirts with them."

William Thomas: "Only thing that bothers me are those doggone t-strap shoes. They look like they belong to the dark ages."

Please-Don't-Mention-My-Name (#1): "Gals look too much alike. I wish they wouldn't dress the

same way everybody else in their crowd does."

Please-Don't-Mention-My-Name (#2): "I like a girl to look clean—and that's all. A guy doesn't really notice fashions that much if a girl's got a nice personality. And if she's got a great smile, well, that's it. I'm sold!"

Please-Don't-Mention-My-Name (#3): "I can't stand seeing snow (dandruff) on girls' shoulders. You even see it on bleached noggins, and with all the new products, there's just no excuse."

Girls—your beefs?

THE MONTHLY RECORD CHECKLIST

"A" YOU'RE ADORABLE. *Gerry Granahan* (Sunbeam) O.K.
 I WANNA BE LOVED BY YOU. *Marilyn Monroe*
 (United Artists) Ummm
 TURN ME LOOSE. *Fabian* (Chancellor) Help!
 FORGIVE THEM. *Donna Hightower* (Capitol) Nice
 THE WANG DANG TAFFY-APPLE TANGO. *Pat Boone*
 (Dot) Yummy
 LOVE ME IN THE DAYTIME. *Doris Day*
 (Columbia) Any day, doll
 THE FOX. *Joe and Eddie* (Capitol) Racy
 MY LOVE IS STRONG. *Jimmy Clanton* (Ace) .. Good Boy!
 MY CUTIE'S DUE AT TWO TO TWO TODAY.
Ja Da Quartette (Warner Bros.) Kookie
 DOES YOUR CHEWING GUM LOSE ITS FLAVOR ON
 THE BEDPOST OVERNIGHT? *Lonnie Donegan* (Dot) Yes

Did you know that some stars are too beautiful? They wear clothes so well they overpower the story, and the movie experts have to downplay their beauty!

I learned this from a new book, "The Dress Doctor," by Paramount's fashion designer Edith Head.

"Loretta Young," Edith says, "is such a beauty we have to be careful her clothes don't take too much stage." Clothes, she adds, are Loretta's passion. "Her elegance on the screen merely reflects her elegance at home!"

"We have Clothes Clinics at Loretta's house. We sit in her dressing room and go over an entire wardrobe for a year."

One section I flipped for was "The Masculine Point of View." Yul Brynner says women's clothes are sometimes too self-conscious, too important. And a number of famous directors air their views. All of them, however, come to one conclusion: in selecting clothes, women should keep one thing in mind—MEN!

And, while we're on the subject of fashion, there's a new booklet out with the gayest, fe



malest summer fashions bound to appeal to the men in your life. The catalogue is free if you write to: The French Boot Shop, Dept. 69, New Rochelle, New York.

Have you ever stumbletoed on the dance floor with a tricky mambo or a sugar push or a pendulum step? Well, here's the book for you—"How to Become a Good Dancer" by Arthur Murray (and it includes Kathryn Murray's dance secrets). There are plenty of simple instructions, breakdowns and diagrams to help you learn to dance in the privacy of your home—without a teacher!

JOHN SAXON, STAR OF UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL'S "THE RESTLESS YEARS"



"You can always tell a Halo Girl...you can tell by the shine of her hair"

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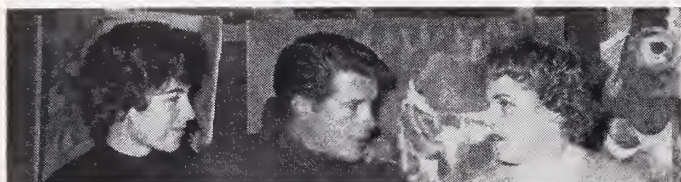
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new!
smart,
modern beauty
bottle



Dig this beatnik party. Shown from top to bottom: Bob Horton and John Smith; Horton and his harem; Mark Damon and date Tuesday Weld; Marcia Henderson, John Smith, Dorothy Provine, Peter Breck and, at piano, Carleton Carpenter. All in orbit.



THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I know that Bob Wagner and Natalie Wood are trying to act like movie stars offscreen. They recently rented the only house in Beverly Hills that has a swimming pool with salt water. . . . When you're listing the great letter-writers, put down the name of Elvis. Almost every good-looking doll I meet tells me she just received a personal letter from Presley. . . . Jack Palance has a voice like black coffee without sugar. . . . Frank Sinatra sings "I Could Have Danced All Night" so great that he makes it sound like a new song. . . . Quotable Quote from Tony Randall: "I've got the kind of face that looks as if I've already been waited on." . . . I'm sorry that Edward R. Murrow quit doing "Person to Person." I was going to watch him until he visited the wrong house. . . . The hip young man Mort Sahl is usually put down by girls and love. "Girls tell me I analyze too much. Why don't I follow my feelings? That's ridiculous. If I followed my feelings I'd be an outlaw."

I miss Lauren Bacall. . . . Sir Laurence Olivier is puzzled by our music and all the jazz that goes with it. "I can't understand a country where when their music is real hot it's cool." . . . Barrie Chase is an unfinished person who is as intriguing as an unfinished crossword puzzle. . . . I've had it with books and plays and articles about F. Scott Fitzgerald. He would have had it, too! . . . Tommy Sands is trying to be like Pat Boone, who is trying to get away from being like Pat Boone. . . . Quotable Quote from Doris Day: "Have you ever torn up a snapshot of yourself you didn't like? Can you imagine looking at yourself on the screen and feeling that way? I have." . . . 1959's Oscar derby will be exciting. In the winter book we have such entries as "The Diary of Anne Frank," "The Nun's Story," "Ben Hur," "Porgy and Bess," "Spartacus" and "The Last Angry Man," to mention just a few. . . . And Kim Novak had a niche built into her new home for an Oscar. . . . Now that Pamela Mason is on so many TV panel shows, I'm able to understand James Mason's behavior. . . . Starlet Googie Schwab told me why she's getting a divorce. "My husband is too changeable. A month ago I adored him. Today I hate the sight of him."

Sandra Dee and her young mother could go out on a double date. And they do! . . . Marlon Brando wasn't discovered by Lee Strasberg. It was Strasberg who was discovered by Brando. . . . Marilyn Monroe can afford to be late as long as customers hurry to the box office to see her. . . . I'd like to stroll around M-G-M with Norma Shearer if she'd comment while on the tour. . . . Yul Brynner is unique. He looks younger with no hair than he does with hair. . . . Quotable Quote from Susan Hayward: "Marriage should be made more difficult and divorce much easier." . . . Rock Hudson could give Emily Post lessons in politeness. . . . Efrem Zimbalist Jr. says he is pleased that the studio didn't try to change his name, . . . Zsa Zsa and Eva Gabor usually spend Sundays doing laundry—their diamonds! That's Hollywood For You!



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**go out to a
 movie**

What's on tonight?

**You've got to go out
 to see the best! Look for
 these new pictures
 at your favorite theater**



The Diary of Anne Frank

20TH, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓✓ Snow flakes drift through a broken skylight onto Millie Perkins' face as she looks at young Richard Beymer, and you see in her eyes all the sweet, puzzled yearning of first love. For the moment, she appears to be facing the world of every teenager. Then suddenly she isn't. She's Anne Frank, the girl whose tragic story won the sympathy of people all over the world. And the film becomes a drama of overwhelming emotion, calling on a person's deepest feelings: love of a sweetheart, love of family, love of life. The closeness of death sharpens these feelings, as Anne and her people are Jews, hidden from the Germans by Dutch friends in a factory loft in Amsterdam. Outside, they can hear the horns of Nazi trucks, the tramp of Nazi feet, the blasts of bombs. But inside life has to go on as usual. Anne's parents, Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber (top left with Millie), might be your own; Shelley Winters, your foolish next-door neighbor; Ed Wynn, the fussy old bachelor down the street. These aren't heroes and heroines out of fiction; they're warm, real, sometimes even funny people. And George Stevens' splendid direction shows in them the human dignity that is one of the most precious things in life and makes this a film to be remembered—especially at Academy Award time. **FAMILY**

Pork Chop Hill

U.A.

✓✓✓✓ Most of us know men who fought in Korea, and probably they don't talk much about it. This movie tells us what it was like, and the scenes are strong and convincing. Gregory Peck plays a hard-talking lieutenant, leading his men in an attack against an enemy-held bastion on Pork Chop Hill. But the men want to know why they have to fight, because at this very minute, peace negotiations are going on at Panmunjom, and this scarred, stony chunk of earth is hardly of any strategic value. Why should they die for it? And gradually we get to know the personalities of each one of them, as if they were our own boyfriends or brothers. It all happened just yesterday—but it could happen again tomorrow. Don't miss this! It's one of the most realistic war pictures ever made. **FAMILY**

Warlock

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Give yourself a treat with the best western that's come your way this year. It's loaded with stardom. Everybody knows the marshal (Henry Fonda) is mighty fast with his gold-handled guns. But his deputy sheriff (Richard Widmark) is stubbornly ready to bring in some real legal law. And where does Anthony Quinn line up? Well . . . better keep an eye on him. For a change, there's excitement in the kissin' as well as the shootin'. Dolores Michaels is a lady, yet Dorothy Malone is no better than she should be, but each gal loves the excitement of a guy who's likely to get gunned down any minute. **FAMILY**

Green Mansions

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓ Who's for romance? Come along with Tony Perkins on a jungle journey into a green wilderness where the strangest and loveliest wild creature is a sprite named Audrey Hepburn (bottom left with Tony). Tony plunges into the tropical wilderness, thirsty for revenge and hungry for gold—until he sees Audrey. Then the story turns into a tingling blend of love and mystery, with old-timer Lee J. Cobb guarding a guilty secret about the girl. And the background's as pretty as a romantic postcard from Florida. **FAMILY**

(continued)

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New! lather fragrance color wrapper

MOVIES *continued*

Room at the Top

CONTINENTAL

✓✓✓ This is a fascinating and extraordinary British film with Laurence Harvey and young Heather Sears (who gave such a fine performance as the deaf, dumb and blind girl in "The Story of Esther Costello"). Harvey does a searching job as a penniless young man on the make, selfishly determined to marry into money and social standing in an industrial town of northern England. Is Heather Sears, as the wealthy industrialist's highly-polished daughter, a bit of a bore? Oh well, she's pretty and rich—and useful. And Laurence can always amuse himself with a mature Frenchwoman (Simone Signoret), who's conveniently set herself up in the town. But his own emotions nearly double-cross him. A provocative movie with power and sensitivity, it's worth seeing twice. **ADULT**

Wild Strawberries

JANUS

✓✓✓ Sweden gives us the pleasure of a movie that is pure poetry, mingling past and present, youth and old age in the story of a one-day car trip. We meet Victor Sjöström, an elderly man for whom memory and reality have become somewhat confused. He begins to remember his own boyhood sweetheart when he's joined on his car trip by a saucy hitchhiker (Bibi Andersson) and her two quarreling boy-friends. At the heart of the film is the tragedy of emotional coldness. But there's nothing chilly about Bibi, a lively blonde who'd be right at home in Hollywood. **ADULT**

Al Capone

A.A.

✓✓✓ The bad old days when the gangs ruled Chicago come roaring back to life in this fast, tough, true-life thriller about the gangster who's become a legend. Rod Steiger gives us a Capone who is not a monster but a man, though he's a pretty sorry specimen of humanity. Except for love interludes with Fay Spain (who has some most compelling scenes), it sticks strictly to truth and to business—the business of crime. All in all, a rogues' gallery of expert performances. **ADULT**

Alias Jesse James

U.A., DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓ Bob Hope says, "Are you a horse and over 21? Then you should go for this 'adult Western.'" It's Hope kidding the bluejeans off of every cowboy in the West. And if you're wondering how come a timid life-insurance salesman (Bob) ever came to be running around with Jesse James (Wendell Corey), you'll just have to see this wacky comedy to find out. Listen for Bob and luscious Rhonda Fleming harmonizing on "Ain't A-Hankerin'!" I think they've a hit in this fine and funny follow-up to Bob's Oscar-winning "Buttons and Bows." Wait'll Bing hears it! **FAMILY**

Crime and Punishment, U.S.A.

A.A.

✓✓✓ Catch this imaginative suspense movie and be among the first to spot a bright new talent—George Hamilton. He's tall and dark, young and handsome, but he isn't leaning on his good looks. A lot more is demanded of him here. Transferred to a California seacoast town, the Dostoevski classic seems as up-to-the-minute as the beat of the jazz score. And George gives you terrifying insight into the clouded mind of the college student who murders a mean female pawnbroker. It's a complicated story, but it pulls you along every step of the path to the inevitable finish, while George is trailed by a patient police lieutenant (Frank Silvera) and a mocking fellow killer (John Harding). Only person the boy can trust is a pretty, sympathetic girl (Mary Murphy) whose way of life isn't so pretty. There's extra excitement in the picture because it proves that you don't need big names to do a fresh, vigorous job of movie-making.

ADULT

The Eighth Day of the Week

CONTINENTAL

✓✓✓ Young people fall in love on the wrong side of the Iron Curtain, too. So says an affecting Polish movie about life in present-day Warsaw, where the scars of wartime bombings still show and the housing problem looms large. For poor people almost anywhere, privacy is a luxury out of reach. That's the dream of two young lovers, who only want a place to be alone together. As we follow them in their search, from the countryside to city ruins to a big department store at night, we get a pretty good look at another sort of beat generation. (Though the picture was actually shot in Poland, the dialogue is in German, with titles in English. It's explained that the government got last-minute jitters and wouldn't let the Polish-language version out of the country.)

ADULT

The Naked Maja

U.S.; TECH-
NIRAMA, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Lots of other kinds of color besides Techni- are crowded into this tempestuous story of Spain 150 years ago. We get Tony Franciosa seething intensely, Ava Gardner looking wickedly beautiful, Goya's paintings splashed across the screen, costumes swirling in a carnival, gunfire crackling as Napoleon's soldiers march in to take over. All the ingredients for exhilarating entertainment are on hand, but the mixture obeys the historical-epic formula, and that often tastes slightly dusty. You can't (*continued*)

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MOVIES *continued*

blame it on the stars. They both give it a good try, Tony as Goya, Ava as the high-spirited duchess who allegedly posed for the nude painting referred to in the title. According to the script, there's a blazing love affair between these two. But the film is in no danger of getting scorched. **ADULT**

The World, the Flesh and the Devil

M-G-M, CINEMASCOPE

✓✓✓ Hey! Where is everybody? Wandering through the streets of Manhattan, Harry Belafonte has no traffic problem. His problem is—no people. World War III has come and gone, and it looks as if practically everybody has been disintegrated—except Harry. A scared blonde is seen dodging into a doorway; Inger Stevens shows up to double the cast. Then Mel Ferrer sails up the East River in a battered boat and makes it three. A crowd. The idea is fascinating: three people (Harry, Mel and Inger, shown below left) alive among all the riches of a dead city. And explosive questions are raised: What happens to the color bar in so small a society? What to do when male outnumbers female two to one? It's exciting to watch, and it'll give you plenty to argue about afterwards. Science-fiction readers, however, will find the idea long familiar and the execution unrealistic. For the legion of Belafonte fans, there are songs worked smoothly and appealingly into the action. **ADULT**

The Wild and the Innocent

CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

✓✓✓ Push away a mop of shaggy flaxen hair, dig away several layers of dirt—and there's Sandra Dee, sweet and pert as ever. She's teamed with Audie Murphy (below right) in a fun-filled ramble that gets a little distance away from the routine west-

ern. Audie's been brought up in the backwoods by an old fur-trapper; Sandra's been roaming the roads with her shiftless paw and maw and a whole passel of other young-uns. What happens when the pair hits a tough frontier town? That'd be telling, but we can say that sheriff Gilbert Roland and dance-hall gal Joanne Dru are in on the answer. **FAMILY**

Watusi

M-G-M, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Good news for lovers of African adventure: Big game still jams the jungle and the veldt; the natives are still restless; and nobody's pried the treasure out of "King Solomon's Mines" yet. If you remember the movie of that name, starring Stewart Granger, you'll be interested in this sequel, with George Montgomery as the son of the earlier explorer, still looking for the legendary riches. Taina Elg supplies the romance on the safari, though there's a complication: She's German, and George hates Germans. In a story that's never stingy with its thrills, African-movie buffs will be pleased to meet up again with the Watusi, the rangy tribe that looks on a six-footer as practically a midget. **FAMILY**

Hey Boy! Hey Girl!

COLUMBIA

✓✓ How can she keep her face so straight? That's what Keely Smith's fans wonder. So it's a delight to find that Keely can relax from that comic pose and come across as a warm personality, as nice and frank and friendly a girl as you'd want to meet. While Louis Prima plays himself in their co-starring picture, she carries a fiction role, as an orphan who is second mother to her kid brother (Kim Charney). Louis offers her a singing career and his heart, but little brother gets jealous. It's a modest and winning story, with generous helpings of chuckles and music. The title tune's a





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It's true! If you're normally healthy, you can now lose as much as 70 lbs. *without* cruel diets, *without* giving up all your favorite foods! Doctors know that the one sure way to lose weight is *reduce caloric intake . . . to eat less*. They often prescribe drugs for this purpose . . . and now, at last, there is a safe NO-DIET REDUCING DRUG COMBINATION FOR FAT PEOPLE, called REGIMEN TABLETS! Thanks to REGIMEN TABLETS, you *must* be

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MOVIES *continued*

honey! Probably you've already heard it, but it's twice as much fun to watch Keely and Louis do it up in style.

FAMILY

Count Your Blessings

M-G-M;
CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓ It's a pleasure to spend a happy hundred minutes or so with two people as charming as Deborah Kerr and Rossano Brazzi (below left with Chevalier)—especially when everybody is so lovely and rich. The mansions they live in are simply smashing, as Deborah might say. The clothes are très, très chic, as Rossano might say—in this movie, he's supposed to be French. But with all that luxury, they've got troubles (mostly romantic). After an impulsive wartime wedding and nine long years of separation, a couple of married strangers have to get acquainted. Even their little son (Martin Stephens) is no help. In fact, let's face it, the kid's a bit of a brat! And there are a few things Deborah doesn't know about the ways of French husbands. But in walks uncle Maurice Chevalier to read her a kindly lecture. He's the wise old boulevardier again, just as lovable as he was in "Gigi." While glimpses of London and Biarritz liven up the background, it's Paris that shares star billing with Kerr, Brazzi and Chevalier. The City of Light (and Love) never looked more beautiful, a bright setting for this sparkling gem of a comedy.

ADULT

Juke Box Rhythm

COLUMBIA

✓✓ Meet Jo Morrow and Jack Jones (below right), young newcomers you'll want to see more of. Jo—very definitely a girl—recalls at first glance the delicate blonde beauty of Princess Grace. But that's entirely intentional, because Jo's cast as a Euro-

pean princess on a U. S. junket. A lanky boy with a likable grin, Jack's the son of Allan Jones and Irene Hervey, screen favorites years back. He's inherited Allan's skill with a song, and he gets a chance to show it off in the pleasant course of a yarn about a stage musical that desperately needs backers. But nobody cares much about the plot; it just serves to bring in several popular combos (the Earl Grant Trio, the Nitwits, the Treniers), a dash of dancing and a light seasoning of Hans Conried's wacky comedy.

FAMILY

Three Strange Loves

JANUS

✓✓ Flashes of interest in this brooding Swedish film are provided mostly by the talent of Ingmar Bergman. No, we don't mean Ingrid. This Bergman is a he, a director whose brilliance shines to better advantage in "Wild Strawberries" (also reviewed in this issue). The story, unnecessarily confused in the telling, centers on a former ballerina whose marriage is shadowed by memories of the tragic love affair that came first. Her problems are bad but those of her friends are worse.

ADULT

Room 43

CORY

✓ When the British are good, they're very very good (see "Room at the Top"). When they're bad . . . This thriller is all about the ancient institution that used to be called "the white-slave trade," and the plot might have been considered very hot stuff around 1910. Unfortunately, some expert players—Brenda de Banzie, Herbert Lom—are mixed up in it. Diana Dors also tries hard, as the one with the heart of gold. And a bit of strength is added by hero Eddie Constantine, a virile and breezy type. Eddie himself is an American who made good in French show business after the war. He should have stood in Paris.

ADULT



Style-support is the key to the extra crown height in "Empirette". With Bobbi it's simple as setting.



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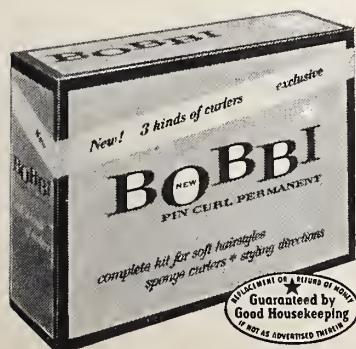


The lifted crown of "Rising Star" gets style-support from Bobbi's sponge rollers.



Bobbi's curlers give style-support for the casual, yet well-mannered look of "Aureole".

The only pin curl permanent with sponge rollers, neckline rods and pin-curlers...waves in the style you want with the support it needs.



The easiest permanent to give yourself...

Style-support... the new Bobbi magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and, of course, there's no resetting. New improved Bobbi—waves in style-support! Complete kit, only \$2.00. Refill without curlers, \$1.50.

ONLY NEW BOBBI GIVES YOU ALL 3 KINDS OF CURLERS

40 CASUAL PIN-CURLERS for easy, over-all softness in major areas.



6 LARGE SPONGE ROLLERS for areas needing extra body or "lift".



6 MIDGET RODS for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.

New medicated acne stick nips pimples in the "bud"



Acts fast to stop pimples from
"blooming" and spreading...conceals and
helps heal pimples in all stages

Never again need you watch helplessly while a small blemish grows into a big, ugly pimple. For now there's a new kind of medication that acts *fast* to heal and dry blemishes in their *bud* stage—or *any* stage. It's Senter—the new, skin-toned acne stick that soothes and helps *heal* as it conceals.

Today's most effective treatment for pimples. From the very first time you dab it on, Senter does *more* to help heal pimples than any other product you could buy before. For only Senter contains

this new combination of four ingredients that skin specialists prescribe for their patients. Senter Stick works so well—so *fast*—pimples just seem to melt away.

Easy, convenient to use. Just a quick dab with Senter Stick is all you need—nothing to get under your nails. No tell-tale medicinal odor.

Ask your own doctor. He knows this new *greaseless* formula is so effective and so *safe*. Try Senter Medicated Acne Stick—you'll be so glad you did.

HOW SENTER ACTS FOUR WAYS TO HELP HEAL PIMPLES... TO PREVENT BLOOMING, SPREADING...EVEN SCARRING

1. **Melts blemishes away**—penetrates to dissolve "sick" pimple tissue.
2. **Dries up pustules**—absorbs the oil that pimples thrive on.
3. **Helps prevent scarring**—helps heal tissue *a safe new way*—before

- permanent scarring or pitting begins.
4. **Combats re-infection**—combats the bacteria that make pimples grow and spread.



Also available in Canada

Dunbar Laboratories, Wayne, N. J.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

AL CAPONE—A.A. Directed by Richard Wilson: *Al Capone*, Rod Steiger; *Moureen*, Fay Spain; *Bugs Moran*, Murvyn Vye; *Schaeffer*, James Gregory; *Johnny Torrio*, Nehemiah Persoff; *Big Jim Colosimo*, Joe De Santis; *Keely*, Martin Balsam; *Mr. Broncato*, Raymond Bailey.

ALIAS JESSE JAMES—U.A. Directed by Norman McLeod: *Milford Farnsworth*, Bob Hope; *Duchess*, Rhonda Fleming; *Jesse James*, Wendell Corey; *Frank James*, Jim Davis; *Indian Maiden*, Gloria Talbot; *Titus Quesley*, Will Wright; *Ma James*, Mary Young.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS—M-G-M. Directed by Jean Negulesco: *Grace*, Deborah Kerr; *Charles-Edonord*, Rossano Brazzi; *Duc de St. Cloud*, Maurice Chevalier; *Sigi*, Martin Stephens; *Sir Conrad*, Ronald Squire; *Nancy*, Mona Washbourne; *Albertine*, Patricia Medina; *Hugh Palgrave*, Tom Helmore; *Guide*, Steven Geray; *John*, Lumsden Hare.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, U.S.A.—A.A. Directed by Denis Sanders: *Robert*, George Hamilton; *Sally*, Mary Murphy; *Porter*, Frank Silvera; *Debbie*, Marian Seldes; *Rafe*, Wayne Heffley; *Peter*, Lewis; *Byron Morrow*; *Mrs. Cole*, Toni Merrill.

DIARY OF ANNE FRANK, THE—20th. Directed by George Stevens: *Anne Frank*, Millie Perkins; *Otto Frank*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Mrs. Van Daan*, Shelley Winters; *Peter Van Daan*, Richard Beymer; *Mrs. Frank*, Gusti Huber; *Mr. Van Daan*, Lou Jacobi; *Morgot Frank*, Diane Baker; *Kraler*, Douglas Spencer; *Miep*, Doby Heath; *Mr. Dussell*, Ed Wynn.

GREEN MANSIONS—M-G-M. Directed by Mel Ferrer: *Rimo*, Audrey Hepburn; *Abel*, Anthony Perkins; *Nuffo*, Lee J. Cobb; *Runi*, Sessue Hayakawa; *Kua-Ko*, Henry Silva; *Don Panta*, Nehemiah Persoff; *Priest*, Michael Pate; *Cla-Cla*, Estelle Hemsely.

HEY BOY! HEY GIRL!—Columbia. Directed by David Lowell Rich: *Louis Primo*, Louis Prima; *Dorothy Spencer*, Keely Smith; *Fother Burton*, James Gregory; *Morty Moran*, Henry Slate; *Blizz*, Kim Charney; *Grace Dawson*, Barbara Heller; *Shirley*, Asa Maynor.

JUKE BOX RHYTHM—Columbia. Directed by Arthur Dreifuss: *Princess Ann*, Jo Morrow; *Riff Monton*, Jack Jones; *George Manton*, Brian Donlevy; *Bolenko*, Hans Conried; *Leslie Anders*, Karin Booth; *Martha Monton*, Marjorie Reynolds; *Aunt Margaret*, Frieda Inescort.

NAKED MAJIA, THE—U.A. Directed by Henry Koster: *Duchess of Albo*, Ava Gardner; *Francisco Goyo*, Anthony Franciosa; *Mmanuel Godoy*, Amadeo Nazzari; *Carlos IV*, Gino Cervi; *Maria Luisa*, Lea Padovani; *Sanchez*, Massimo Serato; *Juanito*, Carlo Rizzo; *Boyet*, Renzo Cesana.

PORK CHOP HILL—U.A. Directed by Lewis Milestone: *Lt. Clemens*, Gregory Peck; *Forstman*, Harry Guardino; *Lt. Russell*, Rip Torn; *Fedderson*, George Peppard; *Cpl. Jurgens*, James Edwards; *Kern*, Bob Steele; *Franklin*, Woody Strode; *Lt. O'Hashi*, George Shibata.

ROOM AT THE TOP—Continental. Directed by Jack Clayton: *Joe Lompton*, Laurence Harvey; *Alice Aisgill*, Simone Signoret; *Sanson Brown*, Heather Sears; *Mr. Brown*, Donald Wolfitt; *Mrs. Brown*, Ambrosine Philipotts; *Charles Soomes*, Donald Houston; *Mr. Hoyloke*, Raymond Huntley.

WARLOCK—20th. Directed by Edward Dmytryk: *Gannon*, Richard Widmark; *Blaisdell*, Henry Fonda; *Morgan*, Anthony Quinn; *Lily Dollar*, Dorothy Malone; *Jessie*, Dolores Michaels; *Judge Holloway*, Wallace Ford; *Abe McQuown*, Tom Drake.

WATUSI—M-G-M. Directed by Kurt Neumann: *Harry Quartermoin*, George Montgomery; *Erica Neuler*, Taina Elg; *Rick Cobb*, David Farrar; *Umbopa*, Rex Ingram; *Mohomet*, Dan Seymour.

WILD AND THE INNOCENT, THE—U.I. Directed by Jack Sher: *Yoncey*, Audie Murphy; *Morcy*, Joanne Dru; *Poul*, Gilbert Roland; *Mr. Forbes*, Jim Backus; *Rosalie*, Sandra Dee; *Uncle Lije*, George Mitchell; *Chip*, Peter Breck.

WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Randal MacDougall: *Ralph Burton*, Harry Belafonte; *Sarah Crandall*, Inger Stevens; *Benson Thocker*, Mel Ferrer.

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Child's Dress by Paul Roberts



Rings from left to right. ~ DUNCAN Ring \$750. Wedding Ring 175. ~ WAYTON Ring \$450. Wedding Ring 20. ~ MARTIN Ring \$250. Wedding Ring 75. ~ GARRICK Ring \$175. Wedding Ring 100. All Rings available in yellow or white gold. Prices include Federal Tax. Rings enlarged to show details. ©Trade-mark registered.

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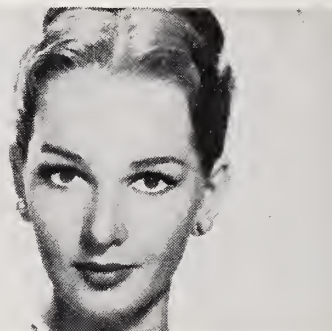
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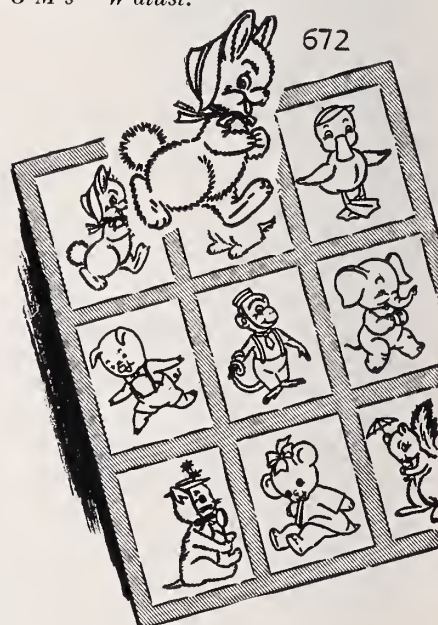


"Sewing relaxes me after work," says
Taina Elg, of M-G-M's "Watusi."



7024

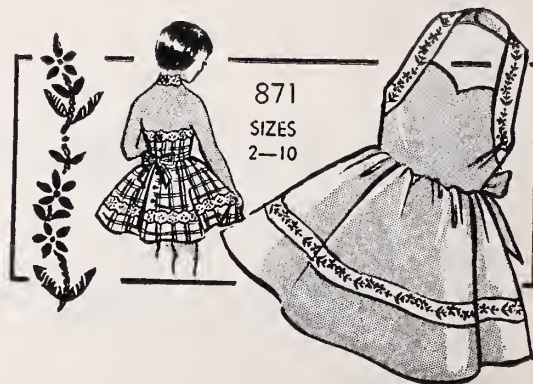
7024—Crochet directions for a 24-inch centerpiece and a 14-inch matching doily place-mat in No. 30 cotton.



672

672—Pert little characters to embroider on a crib cover. Directions and transfer of 9 motifs, 6-7 inches.

7057
SIZES
S—10—12
M—14—16
L—18—20



871
SIZES
2—10

688—Pretty tie halter in sizes Small (10, 12). Medium (14, 16), Large (18, 20). Pattern, transfer. State size.

871—Pop her into a pinafore this summer. Child's sizes 2-10. Includes tissue pattern, transfer. State size.

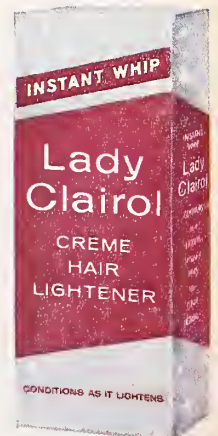
IS IT TRUE...BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN?



Oh to be a blonde
now that
spring is here!

To see how much fun life can really be . . . be a blonde, a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the soft touch and tone of it . . . the sheer bloneness of it . . . the exciting way it lights up your looks! And it's so easy! Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes!

New Instant Whip Lady Clairol is the amazingly gentle creme hair lightener that feels deliciously cool going on . . . works its magic in minutes, leaves your hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever! So if your hair is dull, darkened blonde, or mousey brown, don't just sit and dream. Toss your hat in the ring. Be a beautiful blonde, it's spring!



Your hairdresser will tell you
a blonde's best friend is

NEW INSTANT WHIP* **Lady Clairol**[®] Creme Hair Lightener

*T. M. © 1959 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada



Remember Selena, Ted, Dr. Swain and, rear, Norman and Allison? See below.



Bothered by vampires? Try garlic!

People Won't Forget Me!

I read your article "My Name is Tuesday Weld" and it sounds just like me. My name is Kathy Garlick—you know, like onion!

When I was little, my mother would tell me that people would remember me because my name was very different.

I sympathize with any strange name.

KATHY GARLICK
Youngstown, Ohio

Peyton Place

I have a special favor to ask of you. I had saved the cast from "Peyton Place" which I treasured very much. Now I find that I have lost the cast. My mother is reading the novel and would like to compare the characters in the novel with the actors. Would it be possible to print the cast for me?

MARIE MORRISON
Kansas City, Mo.

We'd be delighted.

Constance Lana Turner
Selena Cross Hope Lange
Michael Rossi Lee Philips
Dr. Swain Lloyd Nolan
Lucas Cross Arthur Kennedy
Norman Page Russ Tamblyn
Allison Diane Varsi
Betty Anderson Terry Moore
Rodney Harrington.....Barry Coe
Nellie Cross.....Betty Field
Ted Carter.....David Nelson

How Old Are We?

My girlfriend and I made a bet for next month's issue that whoever loses has to buy Photoplay. I made a bet with her that Photoplay was first published twenty-five years ago. My friend says twenty-nine. Who's right?

FRANCES SANCHEZ
Selma, Calif.

Photoplay first came out as a small news-sheet devoted to the best in films in 1911, which really makes it about forty-eight years old. Wow!—Ed.

Let's Brush Up on Vampires

I hope the following helps you Vampire fans brush up on the subject:
His powers:

1. The vampire is immortal
2. He can transform himself into a bat
3. He can become a wolf
4. He can come in a self-created mist
5. He can come as elemental dust on moonlight rays
6. He has the strength of twenty men
7. He can become so small, he can slip through a hairbreadth space
8. He can come out or into anything no matter if it be soldered, welded or brazed.

His Weaknesses:

1. His power ceases at the coming of day
2. He repels at the smell of garlic
3. He cowers and slinks away at the sight of a crucifix
4. The branch of the wild rose keeps him intact in his coffin
5. If his native soil is destroyed, he is also.

How to Destroy a Vampire:

1. By firing sacred bullets at his coffin
2. By driving wooden stakes in his heart
3. By exposing him to sunlight
4. By sterilizing his earth, by placing a Sacred Wafer or crucifix on his earth.

CHRISTOPHER HANIN
Cheektowaga, N. Y.

Boy, you sure know a lot about Vampires. Sure you're not. . . nah, couldn't be—Ed.

Hats Off

Hats off to you and to the Dick Gardners for a wonderful story, "How We Put Love Back Into Our Marriage."

I'm sure there were many who read it and were as happy as I was for them and for their family. May the best things in life be yours, Joan and Dick.

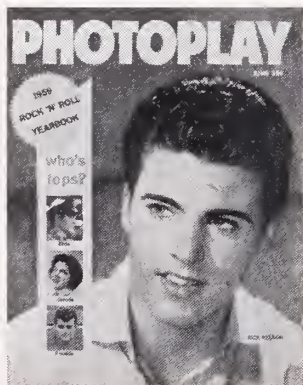
MRS. L. R. EARNST
Lamesa, Texas

Ricky Nelson

Ricky is a conceited thing,
He really thinks he's grand.
His high opinion of himself,
Is more than I can stand.
He thinks he's my dream come true,
My only shining Knight.
He thinks I'll be his willing slave,
. . . And by gosh, you know, he's right!!

ROSE PRICARICO
Elmont, N.Y.

(Continued)



KEEP COVERED!

This month's Photoplay cover was specially designed for keeping—and using. The big picture of Rick is just right for framing or for an important new addition to your scrapbook. If you cut out the seal and ribbon—with its pictures of your rock 'n' roll favorites—you'll find it's exactly the right shape and size for a bookmark. Just cut carefully, then mount it on cardboard and tuck between the pages of your favorite reading matter. We hope it's Photoplay!

Sta-Puf restores softness, fluffiness to all your loveliest washables

It's incredible how Sta-Puf® Rinse puts back the luxurious softness that today's detergents steal from fabrics. Towels fluff almost double in thickness... ordinary woolen sweaters feel like cashmere. Diapers and baby things lose their irritating scratchiness, flatwork dries almost wrinkle-free with little or no ironing needed. Sta-Puf ends embarrassing "nylon cling" in undergarments, too. Get Sta-Puf today at your grocer.

A. E. STALEY MFG. CO., Decatur, Illinois



READERS INC.

continued

Shocking!

I would be very happy if you would put a picture of Zacherley in your June issue of Photoplay. He runs "Shock Theater" in New York, but mostly stays off-camera.

LEO STELLA, JR.
Astoria, N.Y.

Who Is She?

Every now and then on television, I see a very pretty young girl, but always seem to miss her name. I remember seeing her



Here's Eugenia Paul as she appeared in "Jim Bowie" (left) and "Broken Arrow." You'll be seeing more of her.

on "Medic," when the show was about hemophilia. Also saw her on "Jim Bowie," "Broken Arrow," etc. Can you help?

FLORENCE SIMON
Queens, N.Y.

We think you mean Eugenia Paul. She's a lovely brunette who made her TV debut as a Mexican girl in "Cavalcade of America" some four years ago, and has subsequently appeared on TV screens as leads on such major shows as "Alfred Hitchcock," "Playhouse 90," "Zorro," "Tales of Wells Fargo," etc. In motion pictures she has appeared in small parts in "Hajji Baba," "Ten Commandments," "Bigger Than Life."—Ed.

Recipe for a Movie

Take one—the world's most beautiful woman—red-haired, Susan Hayward;

Fold her—into the arms of a six-foot, redheaded dynamo—Robert Horton;

Result? TNT 'n' Terrific!

SHARON ANN BURSLEY
Charlotte, Michigan

continued



Here's what Zacherley looks like. Is this why he keeps out of camera range?

confidentially...

We have two Robin Luke Fan Clubs in Hilo. The one I'm in is Chapter Nine. June Kaneshiro is our President. Our Club's name is "Rockin' Robbins."

JEAN NISHIKARA
Hilo, Hawaii

I am a Norwegian girl at the age of seventeen. My name is Divert Wiese. Some of my favorite movie stars are Natalie Wood and Elvis Presley and I have found many beautiful pictures and stories about them. I also like the Dick Clark stories very much.

Well, I must confess that I also write because I hope someone can help me. You see, my favorite actor is Marlon Brando and I think it would be very nice if I could be a member of an American Marlon Brando Fan Club.

I just discovered Marlon Brando last year after having seen "The Young Lions" and "Sayonara." He is a great actor and sooooo handsome.

DIVERT WIESE
Ole Brinchsvet 3
Paradis, Bergen
Norway

I am a Japanese girl. I am eighteen years old. My name is Hiroko Mizuuchi.

I want best American boy and girl friends. Would you please introduce me to American boys and girls?

MISS HIROKO MIZUUCHI
678 Nishikasuga-Machi
Oita-City Oita-Ken
Japan

Do you know a girl (13 years old) who would like to correspond with me and like to give me her used Photoplays? I'd like it more if she is living in New York or Hollywood. Thanks a trillion.

NIE SIK HIANG
6 Indramaju,
Djakarta 11/18
Indonesia

We are two English soldiers serving our two years National Service in Aden, Middle East. Occasionally we receive a copy of your magazine Photoplay, and we think it's one of the best of its kind.

We would like to know if it were possible, through your magazine, to get in touch with some of your American readers (preferably girls!), so that we could keep up with the latest film news, as there's not

much chance of doing so out here, as it's pretty remote.

LES & EDDIE
T/23558001 DVR GRIFFIN L.
B PLN, 2 COY, R.A.S.C.
B.F.P.O. 69
Aden

Are you fifteen years old?

I am a Swedish girl, and I have many years tried to get a pen-friend in the U.S.A. So if you're fifteen years old and if you like and are interested in clothes, films, film stars and other things a young girl can be interested in, then write to me. I'll answer every letter. I don't care where in the U.S.A. you live, just write. Perhaps my English is not so good, but I hope you understand what I write and I hope we'll be real good friends.

ASE-BRITT NYSTEDT
Gotgatan 18
Hallsthammar, Sweden

Dear all of you:

I am most eager to exchange letters with American students. I am sixteen years old and my hobby is motion pictures. I shall be counting the days till I hear from American students. I am very poor in English.

MASAKO TAKAMOTO
913 Yashima-machi
Kumamoto, Japan

I would like to sing for people and make their blue days seem gay. If there is anyone looking for a new discovery, please give me a chance.

TYNETTE PAULSEN
Galva, Iowa

Attention Edd Byrnes Fans!

Interested in Kookie (of "77 Sunset Strip")? Think Edd's the end? So do I, and that's why I'm inviting you all to join the National Edward Byrnes Fan Club. For full information get in touch with me.

ELAYNE BEAVER
755 Oakland Pl.
Bronx 57, N.Y.

I think Ricky Nelson's the greatest. Could you please tell me where I could write to him?

ANN FELDSTEIN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

We suggest you write in care of Warner Bros., 4000 W. Olive Ave., Burbank, Calif.

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Los Angeles 45

COVER GIRLS • Darla Peakes in Charmer, 11.95 • Madeline Kurtz in Fantasia, 16.95 • Chicki Stevens in Top Secret, 16.95



continued

A Swell Guy

Even up here in Canada we hear of Mr. Hugh O'Brian's kind personal deeds. A friend of mine has a retarded child in the Del Mar Hospital. Hugh O'Brian, who happened to be visiting a friend in the same hospital, heard that this small child was going to have an operation and came down to see him. It helped this youngster and gave him courage when he needed it most. Don't you agree Hugh is a shining light in the galaxy of stars?

ISABELLE MACWILLIAM
Aylmer, Ontario

Was It Judi?

Could you settle a disagreement? In the movie "Auntie Mame," who played the part of the blonde, snob girlfriend of Auntie Mame's nephew? My friend says it was Judi Meredith of the George Burns television show. I say no. Who is right?

CONNIE SMITH
Albany, N. Y.

You're right, Connie. It wasn't Judi Meredith; it was Joanna Barnes—Ed.

Recognition for Kirk

In the past few years I have written several times to tell you about the man I believe to be one of the most talented in Hollywood. He is Kirk Douglas, and it is my belief that until now he has never been given due reward for his outstanding contributions to the world of entertainment. In his recent film, "The Vikings," he brought yet another character to the screen with superb color and realism.

CAROLYN DUBLIN
Cottage Grove, Tenn.

We thought you'd like to hear that Kirk's just been voted the number-one box office star in England.—Ed.

Elvis You're Great

Elvis, you're the greatest,
Your singing is the most,
You're sincere and also wonderful,
You're liked from coast to coast.
Elvis, you're a dreamboat,
Your clothes are very keen,
You're the cutest living doll
That I have ever seen.
Your dancing is the coolest,
Your acting's beyond compare,
In fact, you know, I also think
Your voice is very rare.

LOUISE SAGONA
Houma, La.

Just for Rick

Ready to help others whenever he can,
Interested in becoming a better man,
Careful to do what's best for all,
Kidding around and having a ball.
Never a harsh word for anyone,
Everyone knows he's a lot of fun,
Lets loose when he's ready to sing a song,
Sets everyone else to singing along.
Ozzie's his father, Harriet's his mother,
And David's a real swell guy for a brother.
Now he's a big star and with his guitar,
Our boy Rick is sure to go far.

BARBARA GAUTHNEY
Paulsboro, N. J.

He sure is—Ed.

Target: Frankie Avalon

I don't think you remember me, Frankie, for we met for only a short period of time in New York City, on New Year's day. You were appearing at Alan Freed's Christmas Rock 'n' Roll Show. My girlfriends and I were waiting outside the stage door from noon to six p.m. It was bitter cold, but it didn't discourage us. You might say we set out on a mission to get your autograph no matter how long it took us. Inside the stage door we could see you on the telephone. You waved your hand as if to say, "Hello, girls." The crowd of girls were screaming, pulling their hair, and some even fainting. We thought it was our chance to get your autograph but it was too good to be true. The police told the crowd to keep moving, so my girlfriends and I crossed the street. You walked out with two other men to protect you from the

howling, screaming mob that awaited you no more than half a block away. We saw you enter an Italian restaurant on the same block. We crossed the street and waited for you to come out. I was excited, but I was also afraid to ask you for your autograph till I said to myself, "Connie, this is your only chance. You've waited six long hours for his autograph—so ask him!" You walked calmly out of the restaurant and nervously I asked you for your autograph and you replied, "Of course." I glanced at your electrifying eyes that were smiling and said to myself, "See, it was as easy as that." My girlfriends, Adleen, Ginger and Barbara, were all in a trance all the way home. They were also very happy, as I was, for, after all, our mission was accomplished.

CONNIE MCKEEVER
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Good for you!—Ed.

Just Imagine. . . .

Jack Benny.....selling banjos
Edward R. Murrow.....in a cigar factory
Jayne Mansfield....with an Italian haircut
Dick Clark.....on "Grand Ole Opry"
Pat Boone.....buying blue booties
Jerry Lewis.....buying pink booties
FRAN GELLER
Miami, Fla.

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.

Who Are Your TV Favorites? See how they compare with the votes of the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences

when they announce the EMMY AWARDS

May 6, 10-11:30 P.M. EDT, on NBC-TV

AWARD	YOUR CHOICE	WINNER
Most Outstanding Program	_____	_____
Best Dramatic Series (hour or longer)	_____	_____
Best Dramatic Series (less than hour)	_____	_____
Best Comedy Series	_____	_____
Best Musical or Variety Series	_____	_____
Best Western Series	_____	_____
Best Public Service Program	_____	_____
Best Panel or Quiz Series	_____	_____
Best Actor in a Drama Series	_____	_____
Best Actress in a Drama Series	_____	_____
Best Supporting Actor (dramatic)	_____	_____
Best Supporting Actress (dramatic)	_____	_____
Best Actor in Musical or Variety	_____	_____
Best Actress in Musical or Variety	_____	_____
Best Actor (comedy)	_____	_____
Best Actress (comedy)	_____	_____
Best Supporting Actor (comedy)	_____	_____
Best Supporting Actress (comedy)	_____	_____

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Save as you start your dream set of luxury luggage—smart Streamlite by Samsonite!

Get three dollars off regular price on the glamorous Ladies' O'Nite Case!

Add matching pieces to complete your set. Classic-designed to

stay in style. Keeps its first-trip

look! Triple-strength

construction, vinyl covering

and binding keep it out

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Satiny linings and roomy

pockets add to the

elegance. Offer's good

for a limited time . . .

only during the month

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See your Samsonite dealer
this week, sure!

SALE ENDS MAY 30!

SAVE \$3.00 . . . at the
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Select from these 5 smart
colors: Hawaiian Blue (shown),
Rawhide Finish (shown),
Crystal Green, London Grey,
Saddle Tan.

Ladies' O'Nite Case
in Samsonite Streamlite

You'll be wild about **'TIGER LILY'** ...new flower-flame red for your hair!



© 1959 Richard Hudnut

Color-keyed lips wear WARM POPPY DuBarry Royal Lipstick

DUBARRY COLOR GLO

First "foam-in" cosmetic hair coloring! won't rub off! won't stain! will wash out!

DuBarry gilds the tiger lily to bring you this new COLOR GLO *flower flame* that lights up *every* shade of hair with redheaded radiance. Gold-fired 'TIGER LILY' looks *absolutely fabulous* on brown... *dazzling* on blonde... *sparkling* on black. It surprises even red hair into brighter delight! For gray or silver hair—it's a *dare*. You have to wear it to believe it!

Why not? COLOR GLO is the brilliant new idea in hair coloring. Not a dye, not a spray, but fabulous color *foam* that won't rub off, won't stain, *will* wash out! Just foam it in after your shampoo and rinse. That's all. *Brighten the life of your hair* with 'TIGER LILY' COLOR GLO... today!

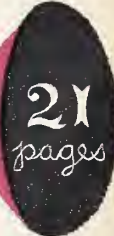


Seven highly
flattering high-
fashion shades.
\$1.50 plus tax

You may never say dye...but do color-and-glow with DuBarry Color Glo



R  CK 'n'

R  LL  

ROCK 'N' ROLL YEARBOOK

MAY 1959

Class Motto: Don't Knock The Rock

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

ELVIS PRESLEY
Honorary President

RICK NELSON
President

FRANKIE AVALON
Vice-president

CONNIE FRANCIS
Recording Secretary

DICK CLARK
Class Advisor

Who'll Top Elvis This Year?

By Dick Clark

The Junior Class:

Who's Most Likely To Succeed?

CLASS PREDICTIONS

1959 HONOR ROLL

ANNETTE FUNICELLO—
Most Popular New Girl

FABIAN—Most Popular New Boy

TOMMY SANDS—Class Idol

PAT BOONE—Most Natural

EVERLY BROTHERS—Best Teamwork

MOLLY BEE—Best Personality

The Snapshots Mom Saved
By Frankie Avalon

Our Love Song (Elvis) *By Shari Sheeley*

Were you the Girl in the Gingham Dress?
By Rick Nelson

CLASS HISTORY

"I Love You—I Never Want To See You Again" *By Connie Francis*

*This month,
c'mon,
let's take a
peek into
the crystal ball*

who'll

It's funny the way an old cardboard box and a long-distance telephone call got together to turn me into a crystal-ball gazer. But that's how it happened.

The other day at home we were going through some of the souvenirs I had managed to scrape together in high school and college. Everything was there—class pins, keys, dog-eared textbooks, school pennants and papers, and the programs from graduations. Bobbie and I just couldn't help but make a comment about each old thing we re-discovered, and little Dickie just trotted about merrily examining them after we had put them into neat piles. It sure was a pleasant way to spend a cool Sunday afternoon in the spring.

Monday morning, the phone rang and it was Photoplay. (I'll confess I played hookey from the office that



top Elvis this year?

by
**Dick
Clark**

week but, as I said, it was spring.) June's coming up, and graduation's ahead, I was reminded. "Say," I interrupted, "maybe we could have a little graduation of our own?"

Well, we've been kind of close to the music world these past few years, and although you in the audience are the real experts, we thought it might be fun to take a flyer into the future and see what else will be spinning besides this sturdy old world. So, while they're putting the little red ribbons on the diplomas, and the class of 1960 waits for the 59ers to head into the world, let's gather 'round this big wide crystal ball.

The first thing I can make out in this magic orb is a troop ship, and if you look closely you'll see that it's coming into New York harbor, past the Statue of Liberty, and now moving slowly into the pier. There are

a lot of GI's on deck waving, and that dock just seems jammed with reporters, photographers, and there must be thousands of fellows and girls waving.

One soldier up on deck is shaking hands with all of his buddies, and there he is walking over to the rail to wave at the crowd. Gee, they're really going wild, aren't they? Hey, that's our Elvis . . . Yep, Elvis Presley has finished his tour of duty over in Germany, and here he is back in the States and all ready to take up just where he left off. Now you might say that was an easy one to see . . . Sure it was. And it's easy to see that Elvis' return will keep that "big beat" rockin' along on records. We can also predict that he'll take up his personal appearance trail, and you can bet there will be plenty of time for stopovers in Hollywood to make some

more of those hit movies. But let's take a closer peek into that crystal ball and see if we can spot a rival who'll top Elvis this year. You know, it *could* happen.

We can sure see other stars hitting the trail by train or plane to California for film-work. It seems to be the thing to do these days, and don't be surprised if you bump into Frankie Avalon, Fabian, Bobby Darin, Johnny Nash, or Jimmy Clanton if you stop for a soda near Hollywood and Vine. Paul Anka postcards that he'll be there, too, and while I'm reading the card I have to check the postmark because you can never tell from what spot on earth Paul will be writing. He manages to divide his time and talents between here and Europe—and the biggest problem for Paul is to find the time to keep all of the people on both (Continued on page 94)

THE JUNIOR CLASS: WHO'S

Leading The Class:

SINGER	VITAL DATA	PERSONAL LIFE	PREFERRED LIST	HIT DISCS
 CATHY CARR	Born in New York's Bronx. 5'2" and 100 pounds. Blonde and a newlywed.	For Cathy there's been no business other than show business since she was six and began appearing on children's shows. After high school, she joined several bands, then went out on her own. A song, "Ivory Tower," then catapulted her to stardom, selling over a million records in twenty-two weeks. For a spell, she concentrated her poised efforts on night-club audiences around the world.	She collects records and has 3,000 of 'em to date.	"Ivory Tower," "To Know Him Is To Love Him," and "First Anniversary." Roulette Records.
 DUANE EDDY	Born on April 26, 1938 in Corning, New York. Six feet even. Brown-haired. Married to Carole, they have a son going-on-one.	After Duane Eddy was born in Corning, the townspeople began wondering whether their famous glassworks would be shattered by his piercing guitar. Today both "products" are prospering. Ever since his family moved to Arizona, where Duane could twang in the wide open spaces, his haunting and driving music has become the guitar standard of the pop music world.	He collects records and eats pizza.	"Moovin' n' Groovin'," "Rebel Rouser," "Ram Rod," "Cannonball," "The Lonely One," "Yep." Jamie Records.
 THE KALIN TWINS	Born Port Jervis, N.Y., February 16, 1934. 5'10", 140; black-hair, hazel-brown eyes. Herbie: Single. Harold: Married to Jonni, daddy of Susan, 2 1/2.	Since age five, when the twins entertained at the Port Jervis Fire House Christmas Banquet, the boys have been singing. Harold was in the Air Force for two years, but continued his joint efforts with Herbie by tape which traveled 16,000 miles each round trip. Ditto when Herbie was in service. They saved their pennies, cut a demonstration disc—and that was it!	The boys like to sing, sing, sing!	"When," "Forget Me Not," "It's Only the Beginning," "Oh, My Goodness!" and "Cool." Decca Records.
 CONWAY TWITTY	Born in 1934 in Helen, Arkansas, as one of four children. Married, with three children. 5'10", 170 pounds, brown-haired.	Harold Jenkins couldn't decide whether to be a baseball player or a Baptist preacher, so Conway Twitty went out and became a singer! "Harold sounds like a milkman," says Conway, "so we changed it." He joined the Army and came out as a rock 'n' roll performer. On the road, he wrote "It's Only Make Believe" in seven minutes in the backroom of a Canadian night club.	Conway still likes to play ball in off moments.	"It's Only Make Believe," "Story of My Life." M-G-M Records.
 BROOK BENTON	Born in 1932 in Camden, S.C. A 178-pound, six-footer with brown eyes and black hair. Married to the former Mary Reay, and they have three heirs.	Brook is a songwriter who wound up singing his own material. Starting as a member of Bill Landford's spiritual quartet, Brook went on to writing such hits as "A Lover's Question" and "Looking Back." Though his voice was as fine as those he was writing for, he had no success for three fruitless years. Finally, Clyde Otis was introduced to him and Brook began to bubble.	His only real hobby is songwriting.	"It's Just a Matter of Time" and "Hurtin' Inside." Mercury Records.
 BILLY AND LILLIE	Billy was born on March 9, 1927, in Newark, N.J. He's father of two. Lillie was born on November 12, 1936, in Newburgh, N.Y. She's 5'1" and single.	Leader of Billy Ford's Thunderbirds, one of the country's most unique and successful vocal groups, Billy is also one of the music industry's key talent scouts. Two weeks before he cut "La Dee Doh" he discovered Lillie Bryant and signed her to work with the group. The two are now the Thunderbirds' featured singers. Billy polished up his talent with Caotie Williams' group.	Both are on constant tour and prefer to rest and renew old acquaintances during their non-moving moments.	"La Dee Dah" and "Lucky Ladybug." Swan Records.
 THE FLEETWOODS	Barbara Ellis and Gretchen Christopher born Olympia, Wash. Barb Feb. 20, 1940, Gretchen on Feb. 29, 1940. Gary Trexel, 19, Centralia, Wash.	Six months after their June, 1958, graduation from Olympia High School, this talented trio had wowed the music world. Having met in their senior year, the trio pooled their songwriting talents, wrote the senior class show, and then wrote a song called "Come Softly To Me." A Seattle record distributor heard their demonstration disc and, within weeks, they had a hit.	Barbara: Golf, bowling, cooking. Gretchen: Fashions, sewing, creative writing. Gary: Competitive auto racing.	"Come Softly To Me." Dolphin Records.

MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED?

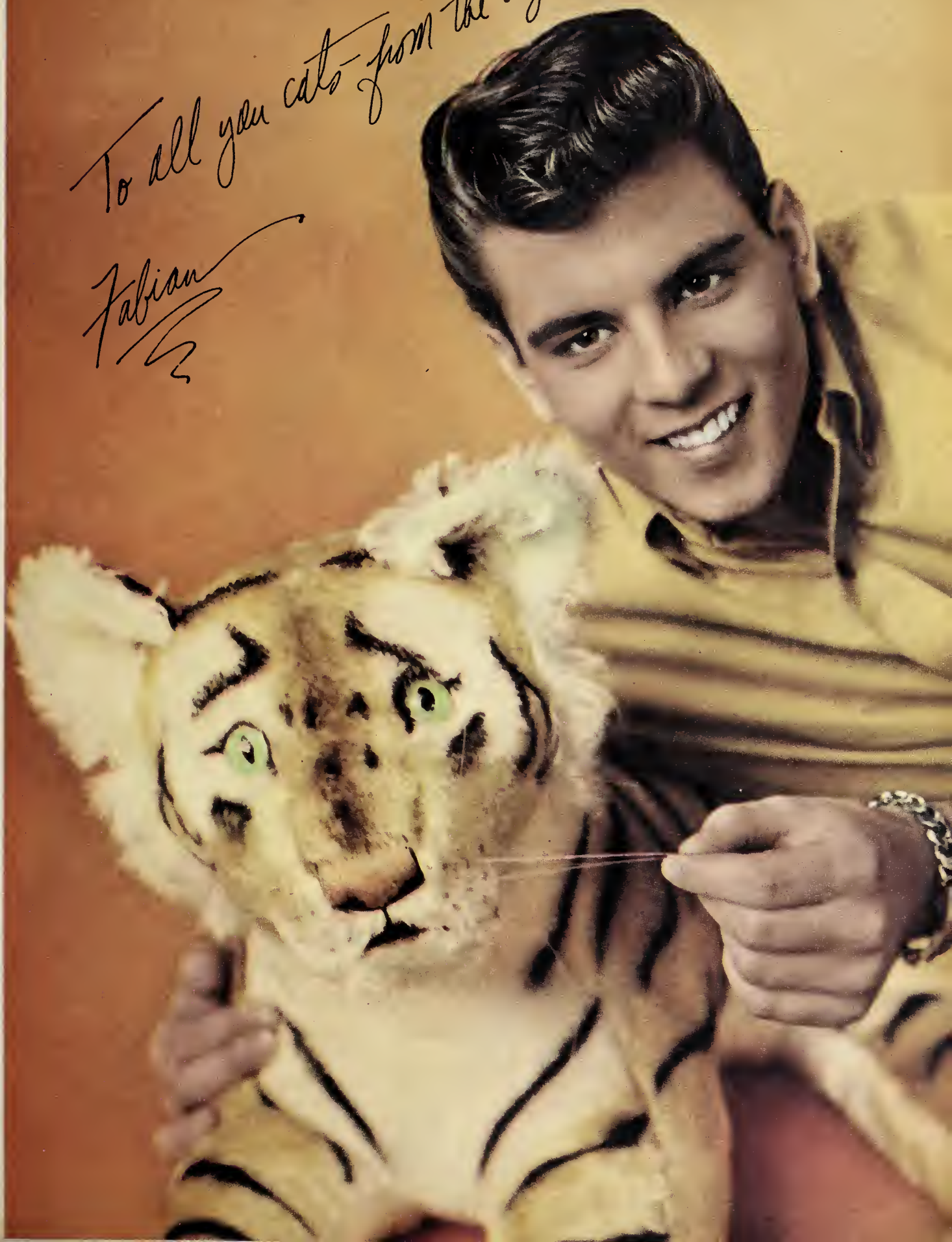
SINGER	VITAL DATA	PERSONAL LIFE	PREFERRED LIST	HIT DISCS
 BILLY GRAMMER	Born on August 28, 1925 in Benton, Ill., as one of thirteen children. 5'11". Married to high-school sweetheart for 14 years, they have three children.	Billy's been a prominent musician all his professional life, but not until he recorded "Gotta Travel On," his first disc, did he catapult into the headlines. For a year-and-a-half he served as Jimmy Dean's featured vocalist and guitarist. A celebrity in the Washington, D.C., area since '47, Billy hopes to establish himself nationally.	Billy devotes most of his spare time to his family, occasionally strumming the guitar for at-home concerts.	"Gotta Travel On." Monument Records.
 EARL GRANT	Born in 1931 in Oklahoma City, but raised in Kansas City, which he considers his home town. 5'5", 145 pounds, brown-haired, single.	Earl was working for a Master's degree at UCLA, preparing to become a teacher, when he started to sing at a nearby nightclub, The Pigalle, to earn his tuition. As a result of Earl's early appearances, The Pigalle is today a large club—it had to be enlarged three times during his Standing-Room-Only shows. Today Earl is a top singer with his own TV show in Los Angeles.	Enjoys playing the organ and the piano.	"The End," "Evening Rain," "Imitation of Life" and "Last Night." Decca Records.
 LLOYD PRICE	Born the seventh of ten children in New Orleans. Married to the former Emma Meredith, they have a son and a daughter. 5'10" and brown-haired.	His million-selling record of "Stagger Lee" was really Lloyd's seventh consecutive best-selling disc. But because he presented it to a new generation of record buyers, Lloyd was called a new discovery. Not so. Before Uncle Sam called, Lloyd had recorded such songs as "Lawdy, Miss Clawdy" and "Just Because." In the Army, after cutting five top records, he headed service band.	Dotes over his two children.	"Lawdy, Miss Clawdy," "Oh, Oh, Oh," "Restless Heart," "Just Because," "Stagger Lee," "Where Were You (On Our Wedding Day)?" ABC-Para.
 JACK SCOTT	Born in Windsor, Ont., Canada in 1937 as one of seven children. Considers Detroit his home town. Dark brown hair, 5'10", 160 pounds.	Jack had a crush on a beautiful high-school classmate and one of his best friends was sent to jail for fist fighting. To cheer up his friend, Jack wrote "Leroy." To rebound from his crush for Jimmie Kutchey, he penned "My True Love." Jack had prepared for his break by singing in Detroit and running barn dances. Now in the Army, he hopes to keep on singing.	An athlete, Jack's a fine swimmer and fisherman, but hunting is first choice.	"My True Love," "Leroy," "Bella," "I Never Felt Like This," and "Good-bye, Baby." Carlton Records.
 NEIL SEDAKA	Born in Brooklyn in 1939. Brown-haired, brown-eyed and 5'7". Single.	As a high school student, Neil wrote "Stupid Cupid" and "Fallin'." To help out his family income, Neil also taught piano, performed with a band and worked as a camp music director. His aim was to make the grade as a concert artist—till a demonstration record he made to persuade someone else to record his songs got into the hands of the man who discovered Elvis!	Songwriting is his top pastime, pressed closely by his love for swinging jam sessions with friends.	"The Diary," "No Vacancy," and "I Go Ape." RCA Victor Records.
 DODIE STEVENS	Born on February 17, 1946 in Chicago, Ill. Today lives in Temple City, Calif. She's an even five feet, 100 pounds light and blonde. Single.	Of Dodie, 13, Eddie Cantor says: "She is the greatest young talent since Garland." At five, she won three contests sponsored by the Los Angeles Bureau of Music. At six, she was being coached by a prominent teacher and appearing at countless benefit shows. In between six and twelve, she was busily vocalizing. And at thirteen, she's on her way to the top of the hit parade.	She likes to swim, then play a round of ping-pong.	"Pink Shaelaces." Crystalette Records.
 JACKIE WILSON	Born in 1936 in Detroit. Married and the father of a chorus of three. 5'6", 155 pounds, brown-eyed.	"I just gatta sing," says Jackie, "it's my life." He spends every possible minute in an effort to practice what he preaches. His dedication to the art of singing was discovered by Billy Ward of the Dominoes, and Jackie was signed as a starring member of the famous group several years back. Jackie left to try for solo success and he's now looking forward to movie-making.	He loves to swim, then dry off and write a song.	"Lonely Tears," "That's Why," and "Love Is All." Brunswick Records.

**1959
HONOR
ROLL**

Love to all
my friends!
Annette
Turnell

To all you cats - from the tiger

Fabian



Wishes,
Harry Bee

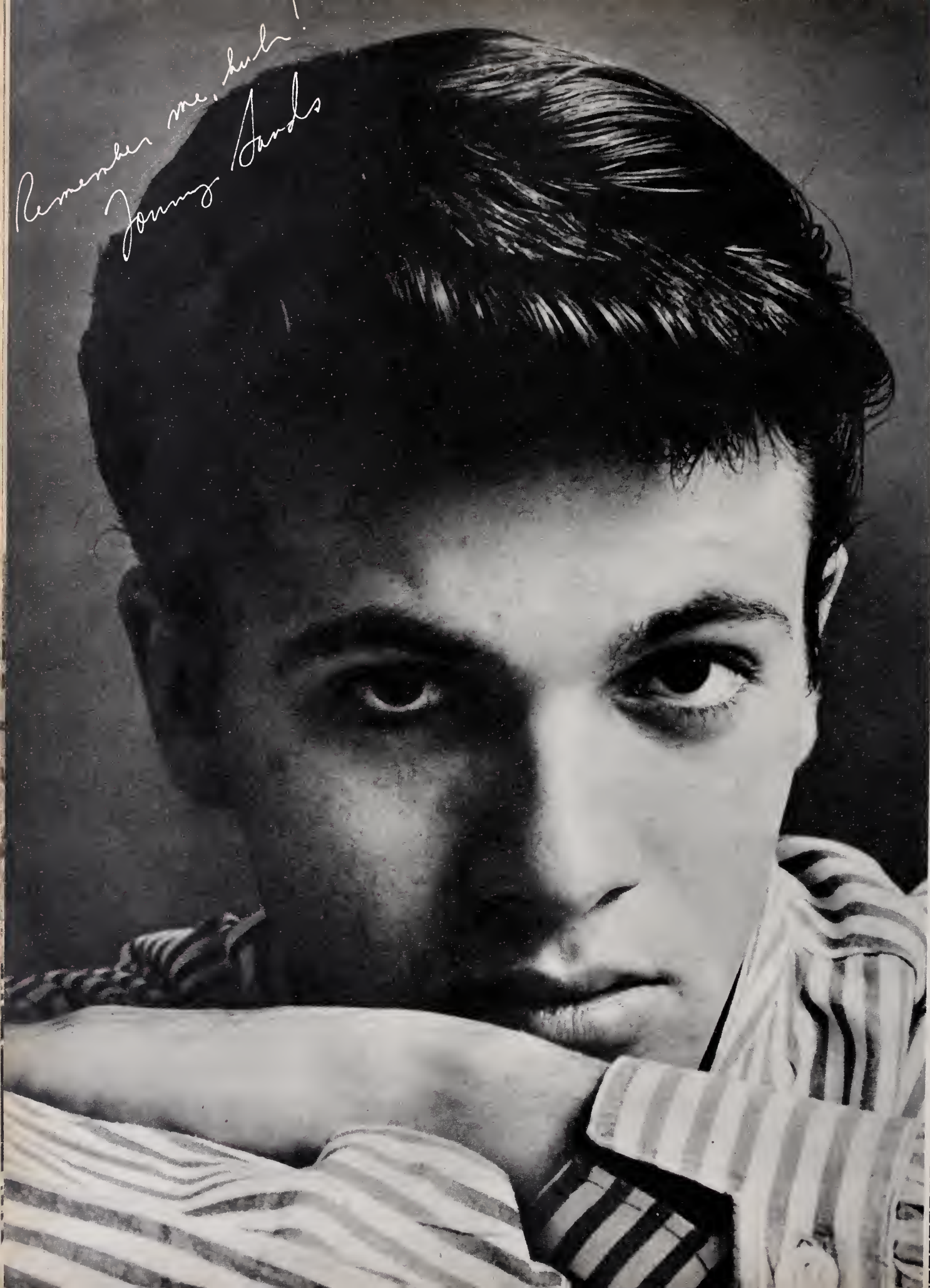


Cum Laude,
cum love—

Pat Boone



Remember me, huh!
Johnny Sands





Double love —
Phil + Don



all about me

Frankie Avalon



Wow, look at Charles Atlas. The folks always took Teresa and me to Atlantic City.



I was born September 18, 1939. Even 'way back then, I liked sweaters!



Me, in the first grade at St. Edmund's.



Guess I was eleven here. Before I got that trumpet, I was going to be a boxer.





The boys let me "sit in"
till I got my own band.



Mom and I think Dad looks a lot like
Guy Lombardo. (Dad has the
mustache.) I was on Guy's show.



Dad's always helped me
—whether it's music or motors.



I first sang with
Rocco and His Saints.
Can you spot me?



We have a new house, but it's in
the good old neighborhood.

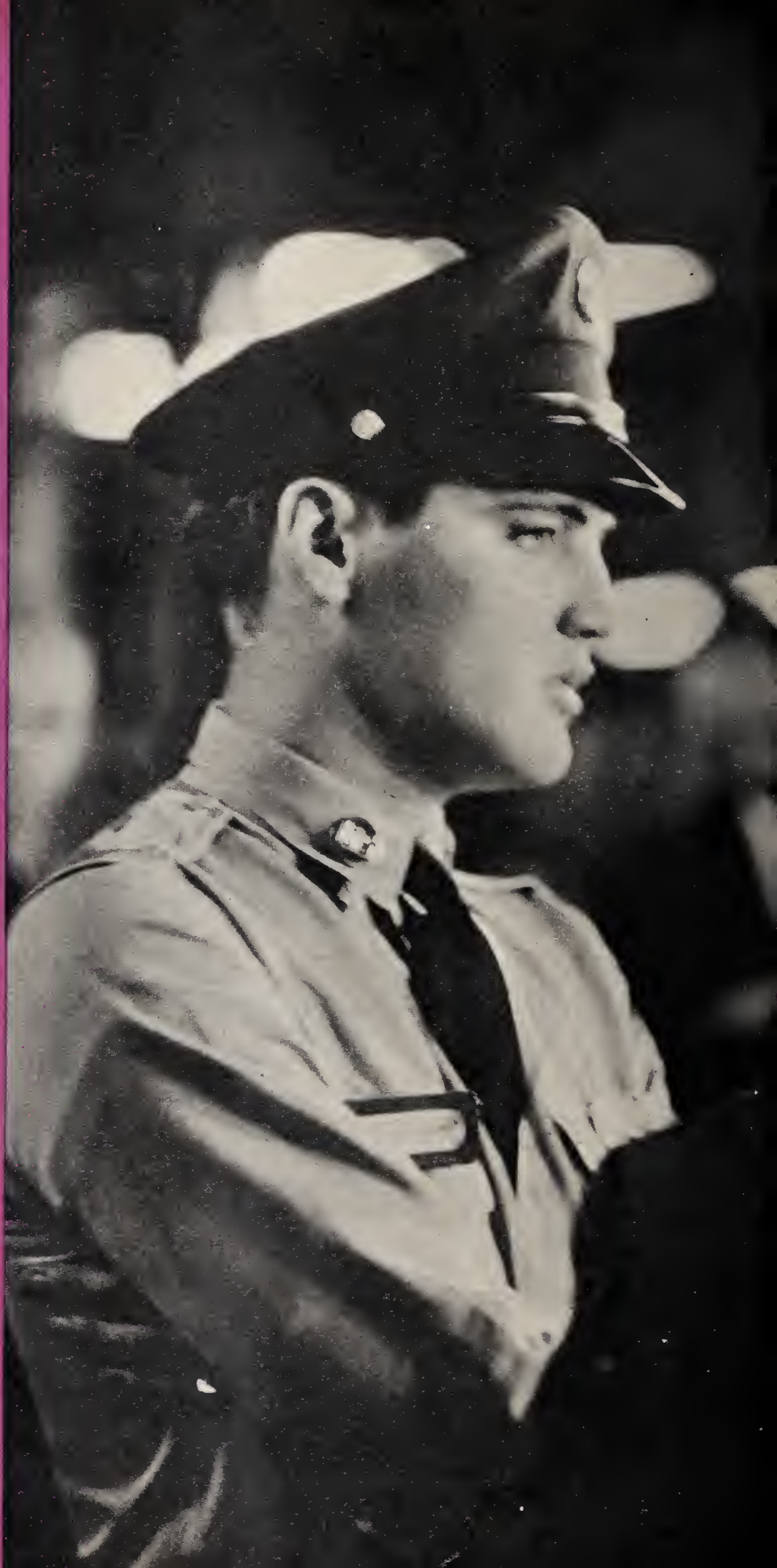


Sure wish Fabian and I had more time these
days for sharing a soda and gabbing.

Here's me—today!



ETSFord



OUR LOVE SONG

by
Shari
Sheeley



*I miss you so this time of year
When summer days grow lazy and long . . .
Elvis, I miss you most of all
When I dream I hear our love song . . .*

I'm Shari Sheeley and I'm nineteen. I wrote "Poor Little Fool" for Rick Nelson and I've written lots of other songs, too. And then I got a message from Elvis Presley in Germany saying that now I'd have to write a song for him, too. Elvis didn't specify, but I don't think I could write anything but a love song for him. I guess I've been writing it in my mind ever since I (Continued on page 88)



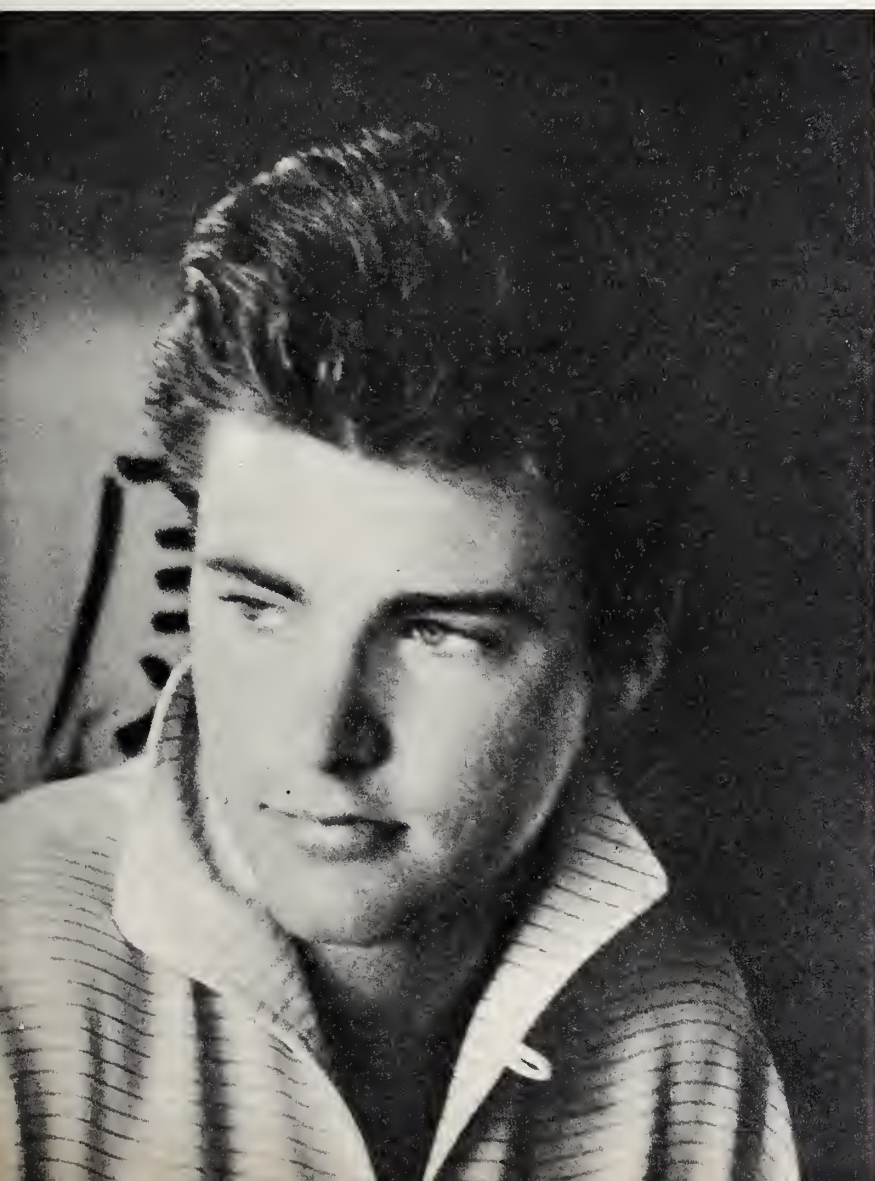
you looked so cute and friendly but they rushed me away...

RICK





WERE YOU THE GIRL IN THE GINGHAM DRESS?



There was a knock at the door of my dressing room one night while I was on tour recently, and when I called "Come in," the door opened very slowly and the prettiest little face with the bluest eyes I've ever seen peeped around. Her eyes were so wide open they looked like two round saucers, and she had beautiful long blonde hair the color of corn.

"Come along in," I laughed. And she walked into the room followed by three other girls. I noticed that she was wearing a blue and white checked dress. My mom has one in the same material and calls it gingham.

Well, they all stayed for a while and we talked. Then, when the other girls left, she sort of stayed behind, wandering around and around the room and asking all sorts of questions.

It was in between shows, and she seemed so nice I asked her if she wanted to come over to our hotel afterwards. She looked at me in that wide-eyed way and nodded her head, yes.

"Do you know (*Continued on page 99*)

by RICK NELSON
as told to MARCIA BORIE

F R A C O N N I E C I S

As I leaned toward the mirror, brushing on a new pale pink lipstick, I could see the reflection of a girl in a plaid skirt flipping through a movie magazine while she waited for her hair to dry. She was tiny, like me, and just about my age, around twenty. When she looked up, even though we didn't know each other, we smiled.

"Say," she shouted—and I remember *(Continued on page 85)*



I was in the beauty parlor, putting on my makeup . . .

when someone casually mentioned his name

and then I knew I could never forget the day Tommy told me—

“I LOVE YOU...I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN”





*BOB HOPE's
fight
against
blindness...*

"there are

BOB HOPE sat staring at the frosted-glass hospital door in front of him, through which he could just make out the silhouette of the doctor, pacing up and down, evidently mulling over the charts and papers he held in his hand. The doctor paused at the door. . . .

Bob clenched the polished arms of the chair, hardly aware of his own anxiety. "There's so much . . . still so many things I want to see," he thought to himself, as he waited for the doctor's verdict.

He looked over at the black and white moon-faced clock high on the wall, watching the sec-

ond hand as it moved very slowly around and around. Its ticking seemed unusually loud.

Then suddenly he shuddered and shut his eyes tight. He didn't want to think any more, think what it might be like not being able to see the happy faces of his audiences when he cracked a joke because somehow he knew . . . *you couldn't make jokes at just a blur.*

And he remembered the first time he'd seen the audience as a blur . . .

He had stood in the center of the improvised platform at Port Lyautey, in Morocco, looking out at sailors—hundreds and hundreds of them—gathered under the hot North African sun to see the USO troupe (*Continued on page 96*)

still so many more things I'd like to see"

by JIM HOFFMAN

Watching his family as they grow up . . . seeing the faces of the soldiers—of any audience—as he cracks a joke . . . these things mean so much to Bob. And he knew that somehow he must see . . . he had to see.



"Nobody ever carries
my books to school..."

SANDRA DEE



"In Psych I learn more about myself, but where are the boys to practice on?"

There are forty chairs in my class," said Sandra Dee, looking around the little white bungalow where she goes to high school.

"—And she's the most popular, best looking, most intelligent, best dressed, most talented and best-all-around girl in her class," added her teacher, Mrs. Gladys Hoene. Then they both laughed.

The joke is, Sandra's the only pupil in her class.

"Not so long ago, the other chairs belonged to Piper Laurie, Donald O'Connor, Deanna Durbin . . .

"In a regular school," Mrs. Hoene put in proudly, "Sandra would surely be a straight 'A' student; she's very serious about her work."

Sandra made a face. "How can you be anything *but* serious when you're the whole student body?"

School begins at 9 a.m. "But sometimes," Sandra noted, "I have to report to Hair & Makeup at seven!" There she crams under the dryer, with not a chance of her copying anyone's homework.

And there's no gossiping, reading magazines under the desk or passing notes—and worst of all, no boys!

"The men I work with all call me 'B-F' (Baby-Face)," she admitted, "especially when they see me studying Civics (her least favorite subject) between love scenes.

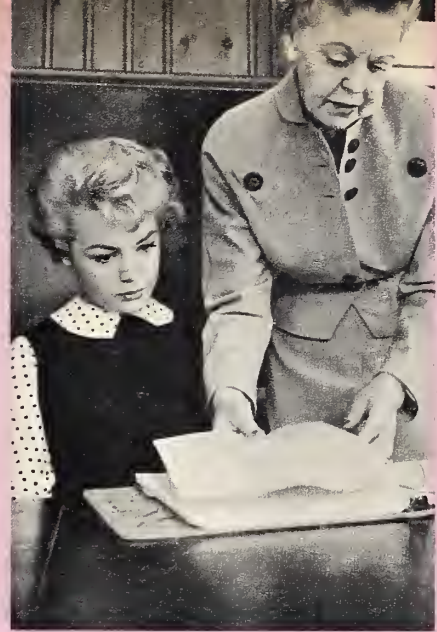
"And you should hear the ribbing I take during lunch at the commissary, too. They're always asking, 'How does your football team look this year?' and 'Just heard you're at the top of your class—and the bottom, too.'

"But it's not so bad, 'cause I love my teacher and I love French. Besides, I graduate this June, and the only thing I'll really miss is going to a Senior Prom."

We thought we caught a wistful look on her face as she buried it in a giant text, "Psychology for Living."

"The idea is good," says Mrs. Hoene, "and I like the surprise ending. But watch your punctuation, Sandra!"

"Mrs. Hoene is more than a teacher, she's a good friend. Imagine, at times we even play Rummy at our recess!"



"School's over . . . teacher walks me to 'work.'"

what do Liz and Eddie



feel when they look at these pictures?



No matter how busy he is, the moment is bound to come when Eddie Fisher sits staring at the picture that has been in his rented house, on the piano, since Christmas—a large, color photograph of his son and daughter. There is a goose in the picture and a duck—not stuffed, but real live ones—and Carrie is bending toward them with one hand stretched out, a little tentatively, as if she were ready to snatch it back if anything went wrong. Beside her, Todd squats on chubby, unsteady legs, an expression of awe on his round baby features.

It was snapped by Debbie Reynolds on the set of "The Mating Game." She gave it to Eddie for Christmas. There is no inscription across the face of the photo; Carrie and Todd were too young to write, and there is too little to say be- (Continued on page 90)

by CHARLOTTE DINTER

JAMES DARREN:

**"why is it
so tough
to make a girl
understand
how you feel?"**



Marrying young," James Darren spoke the words in a low, trembling tone, "it isn't easy. It isn't all hearts and flowers, the way you imagine it to be. A marriage doesn't succeed just by being dreamy about it. A marriage succeeds only if you're able to understand it, to work at it. Gloria and I weren't ready for it. We were just babes in the woods trying to play house. But," he added, "whether we divorce or not, I know this much. *I'll never stop loving her.*"

He paused and squinted his eyes, trying to control the tightness that choked his throat. In six months, he had changed so much that it felt wrong to call him Jimmy. He was no longer the sheepish, shy boy whose eyes used to dart nervously around like a young pup's. Now, Jim seemed to fit him more. He was thinner, more intense and yet it was more than that . . .

Outside the rooftop restaurant the drifting fog blanketed the winter-brown hills of Central Park. In a moment, he looked directly at me. "I'm going to tell you the story behind our break-up, everything that happened. I haven't told it to anyone. I don't know what's ahead, but I hope—and I pray to God every day for this—there's hope. I'm not giving up."

While the late afternoon sun, smoky from the thick vapors of fog, fell over the skyscraper skyline of New York, Jim, anxious, heartbroken, an ache of sadness in his mellow voice, unraveled the events of his tragic marriage breakup.

From the start things had gone wrong, even before they married. But he believed it would all work out. God will be good to us, he thought. We're in love, we're young—(Continued on page 102)

by GEORGE CHRISTY





*Gosh, I almost died
when a voice on the phone said,
"This is Kim Novak..."*



I brought my camera, so I'd know I hadn't dreamed it!

It wasn't the first time I'd come to New York in a lavender blouse with a precious address and a crazy idea that I'd meet Kim Novak. As president of The Lavender Flames, her biggest fan club in the East, I'd managed to pry the address from her sister Arlene at National Headquarters in Chicago. Then, at the last minute, I'd lost my nerve. . . . But there I was again, unpacking the same blouse in the same hotel with the same old dream, when all of a sudden her voice on the phone said it wouldn't be a dream anymore.

Me! Invited to a party at Kim's!

The minute I opened her door I felt at home. Even if it is a penthouse, it's not too fancy; just gracious and comfortable—like something I knew Kim would want. There must've been fifty fans (*continued*)

by FLORENCE TOUTKOUSHIAN

Age 18, Philadelphia, Pa.



At first, we all felt shy, but Kim put us at our ease.

She was so gracious as she served the punch that some of us got on line twice!



come over...I'm having a party



I was sitting on
the couch, right
next to Kim, when
the phone rang
—and Kim screamed,
“Golly, it’s my
sister, Arlene...
I’m an aunt!”





The best part was when the others had left and Kim showed us how to look prettier



...I'm having a party

continued

of all ages buzzing about with cameras, drinking lavender punch as fast as Ella Mae—in a lavender organdy apron—could serve it.

"If you don't stop stuffing yourselves," I teased, "you'll be sick when Kim comes out."

A small girl wearing big white gloves looked up suspiciously: "What kind of sick?"

"Nervous sick," said I.

The small girl giggled and popped another cookie into her mouth. How could she? I was so excited I couldn't touch a thing.

Finally she appeared, a vision in violet on a wave of sighs. Mary Anne Warzecha, a cute brunette from (Continued on page 109)



Party's over—so soon



NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK

THE WHOLE WORLD'S AGLOW WITH THE PINK FROM PARIS

It was born for the Paris collections—a new, blazing pink with a cool touch of the blues. Suddenly, it's the rage of Paris and the whole world! For this is that once-in-a-lifetime pink that gives a woman the warmth of flame, the sparkle of champagne, the indefinable something that men love. Sounds fantastic? It *is* fantastic! There's never been a pink like The Pink From Paris. Now in glowing Nail Polish, long-lasting Sheer Lanolin Lipstick, and new, creamy, Delicate Lipstick by

CUTEX®



by MARCIA BORIE

why DIANE VARSI says:

I'LL NEVER GO BACK TO HOLLYWOOD



The winding main street of the small college town of Bennington, Vermont, sloped sharply downwards as it reached into the clustered shopping center of the town. At the top of the incline and walking towards the stores—which were shadowed from the warm spring sun by the steep rise—came a bobbed-haired young girl in blue jeans and her small freckle-faced son. As they climbed over the crest of the hill and started downwards towards the stores, the boy gave his mother a friendly tug by the hand, making her run down the slope, unable to stop.

"No, Sean, no," she laughed, as her open sandals clip-clopped over the pavement and her light, empty straw shopping bag flapped back and forth in her other hand.

"But it's fun, Mommy. I like it," he said. "Don't you?" He turned his tiny face around to look up at hers.

"Yes, Sean. Yes I do—very much," she said softly.

"Then why aren't we together like this—all the time?"

"But darling we will be. I promise. Now you let go of my hand and I'll meet you by the candy store," she said, shaking off his grasp and *(Continued on page 107)*



It's the good, *young* summer time by the sea in this happy swimsuit duet.

Left; drape front, saucy side bow on woven madras stripe lastex in flame and blue.

Right; a background of "deep sea" color with black overprint on hand screened printed lastex. Green and Blue dominate. Both in Junior and Misses sizes...each about \$11.

All Sea Nymph Swimsuits have pre-shaped contour up-lift pelon bras for your natural look of loveliness.

At better stores or write Jordan Manufacturing Co., 1410 Broadway, N. Y. 18. Sea Nymph of Canada, 425 River St., Montreal.

what sort of girl does a fellow *ditt* for?

I may be young and I still go to school,
But when it comes to chicks, I'm no poor fool,
• I'm a man.

Like when I am walking along on the beach
Looking for pebbles and for some little peach
Who has waterswept hair and a bit of a tan,
And all this, you see, simply 'cause I'm a man.
I like my chicks chic when they go in the water,
Because to look pretty is what a chick oughter.
And so all you chicks, look sweet as you can,
And smile all the while and you'll catch this man.

continued



what sort of girl
does a fellow *div* for?

continued



Left: Checkered knit maillot, \$12.95; Right: low-back knit maillot, \$8.95, both by Sea Nymph. Cap by Betty Darling Enterprises.

I was pushing my bare toes along on the sand
 When I stopped for the pleasantest sight in the land:
 Two girls wearing red and roasting hot dogs
 Were catching all eyes in their neat little togs.
 Now cooking, as everyone knows, is an art,
 And also one way to a young man's heart.
 So I paused in my pursuits because it seemed fit,
 To notice that both the girls' swim suits were knit.
 One had a cat's meow cap on her head,
 The other was checkered in white, black and red.
 Both of them looked cool as a pool
 I know, you see, 'cause I'm no poor fool.
 In the background I heard a terrific male voice.
 It was me on a record—a sensible choice.
 I looked at the girl who was listening enraptured,
 And right then and there my fancy was captured.
 On second look, I noticed her suit shone with a sheen,
 And that's 'cause, so she said, it was white bengaline.
 Words can't describe the way that suit fit,
 Nor the crazy buttons up one side of it.
 She seemed far away, digging my song,
 On a dreamy trip—wish I was along.

continued



White bengaline maillot, \$10.95, Marina del Mar.
RCA Victor portable victrola.

what sort of girl
does a fellow *dy* for?

continued



Left: Woven boucle one-piece suit, \$19.95; Right: Dacron and cotton two-piece suit, \$12.95; both by Jantzen. Beach hats, Tapoo Hawes for E. Lockwood.

Farther along on the water's brink
 Where one goes in to swim, not sink,
 I spied two chicks who were looking ducky.
 (To find chicks like ducks is unusually lucky).
 Well, these little ducks were pulling a friend
 Who had 'hold of the rope on the other end.
 I like my girl chicks when they're not afraid
 To use their arms for what arms are made,
 For a lass who does more than just sit in the sun
 Is the lass that this lad finds lots of fun.
 And then I spied what these chicks were wearing,
 Terrific suits that were modest yet daring.
 One wore, said she, bouclé woven in turquoise
 With the back cut out accidentally "on purpose."
 Her friend's suit was two neat pieces of cotton
 In yellow paisley, she said—I've not forgotten.
 These cute little figures still stick in my mind,
 Chicks full of high spirits—and just my kind.

And how about the friend on the end,
 Holding the rope where it started to bend?
 This girl looked like a sweet little rose,
 And a rose is the prettiest flower that grows.
 She was wearing these flowers all over her suit
 (Her suit was a dress cut short at the root).
 She'd tied a bandana around her hair
 And, well frankly, it didn't seem fair
 For one girl to have so many feminine wiles
 That you'd burst into song for one of her smiles.

continued

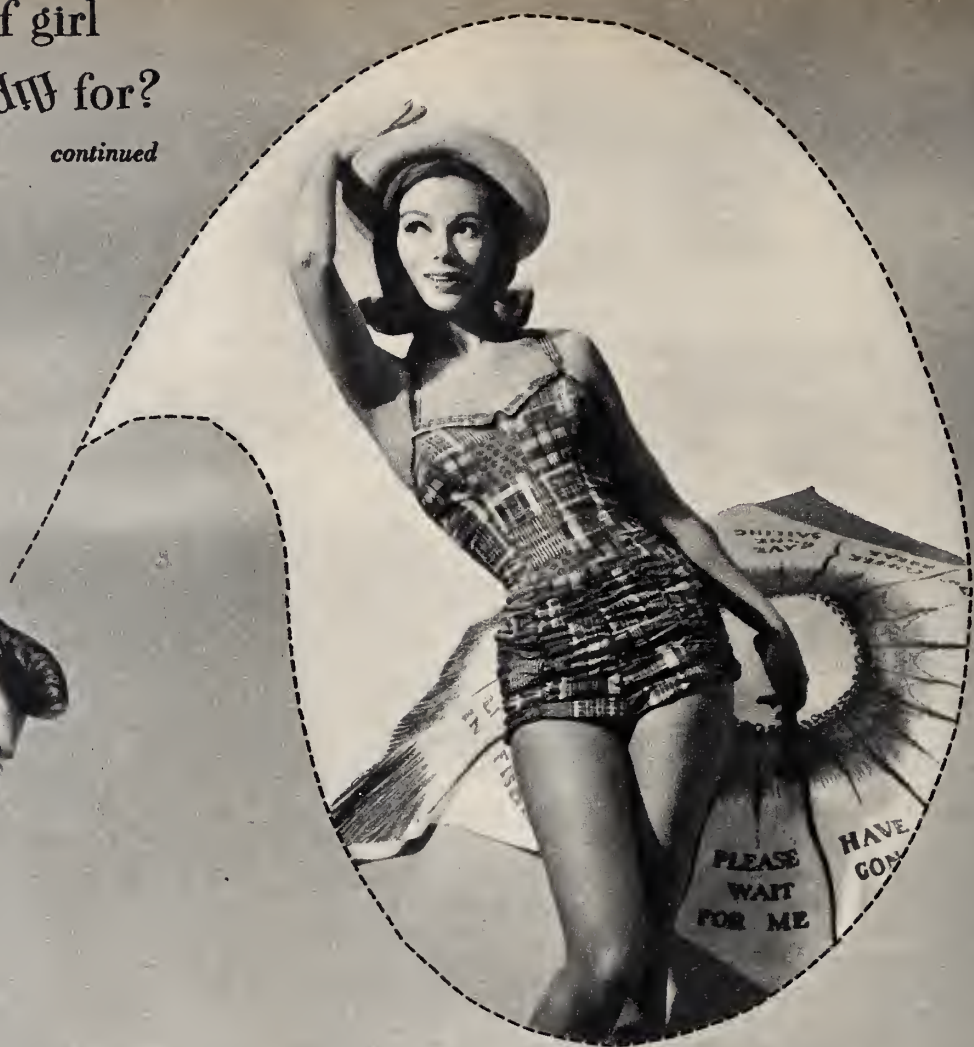
**FOR INFORMATION ON WHERE TO BUY,
 CHECK CONTENTS PAGE**

White Arnel jersey swimsuit, \$22.95, Robby Len.



what sort of girl
does a fellow *W* for?

continued



Now here's a girl who thinks like me...
A match is a catch—or it oughter be.

Multicolor patchwork maillot, \$10.95; Fabian's
matching trunks, \$4.95; Beach towel, \$3.95.
All by Catalina.



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PIPED ABOUT THE COWL NECK, TIED IN A BOW AT THE V BACK. NAVY, RED, WHITE. SIZES 32 TO 38. ABOUT \$11.

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SALLY SHOPS Los Angeles, Calif.
H. C. CAPWELL.....Oakland, Calif.
WEINSTOCK LUBIN & CO.,
 Sacramento, Calif.

GAYFERS Pensacola, Fla.
CHESTER CO......Sterling, Ill.
FRANK DEPT. STORE.....Ft. Wayne, Ind.
CORCORANS Cambridge, Mass.
MITCHELL & CO......Haverhill, Mass.
GEORGE V. BUTTNER, Plymouth, Mass.
J. L. HUDSON & branches, Detroit, Mich.

FAMOUS BARR & branches, St. Louis, Mo.
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VOGELS Long Branch, N. J.
ABRAMOWITZ.....Point Pleasant, N. J.
HENS & KELLY.....Buffalo, N. Y.
MOREHOUSE FASHION CO.,
 Columbus, Ohio

THE A. POLSKY CO......Akron, Ohio
OLDS & KING.....Portland, Ore.
POMEROY'S Harrisburg, Pa.
KAUFMANN'S Pittsburgh, Pa.
AUERBACH & CO......Salt Lake City, Utah
BON MARCHE.....Seattle, Wash.

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Sun Spots. Sleek and dramatic mid, with a steep V-neck, even steeper V-back. Built-up straps button at shoulders. Dotted Helanca nylon knit \$15.95

Flair for Imagination

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Opposite in color: **Fantasy**, a figure-flattering sheath plunging mid-low in back with built-up bodice. Large, drifting white hand print flowers on a colorful background of Helanca nylon knit . . . \$19.95

Opposite above: **Chatterbox** says gaiety with tailored elegance. Tablecloth check Lastex sheath with slimming mitred-panel front, semi-belt back \$15.95

CATALINA JUNIOR SWIMWEAR



LOVELIER BY DESIGN

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Catalina®



From the sun-terrace we laughed at the funny
two-year-old chugging along on a pair of skis...
and then suddenly, afraid, I wanted to cry—

“I want my baby...

I want my baby”

The warmth of the sun felt good against my face, and, pushing up the sleeves of my heavy ski sweater to let its rays reach onto my arms. I relaxed back into a deep canvas chair. We were sitting—Philippe (my husband) and I—on the wooden sun-terrace of a ski lodge high in the French Alps. All about us we could hear the shouts and laughter of the skiers and if I lifted my head a little I could see them trudging up the snow-covered slopes and gliding down, time after time.

Then a crunching of snow just to the right caught my attention. A funny little two-year-old with a knitted bonnet came chugging by on a pair of baby skis. The pom-pom on the peak of the bonnet kept bouncing provocatively up and down as she went and suddenly I felt I wanted to cry.

Reaching out for Philippe's hand, I turned towards him and as he felt my grasp he opened one eye sleepily and looked at me. “That . . . that little girl,”

I said, pointing a finger towards the bouncing pom-pom, “She could have been . . .”

But Philippe wouldn't let me finish my sentence, patting my hand gently and interrupting with, “It will be. It will be someday. You'll see. The doctors were quite sure you could have another.”

I tried to smile but my lips were trembling. “But I want my baby . . . I want my baby now,” I whispered.

Philippe didn't answer. There was nothing he could say. He just held my hand, understanding, I think, exactly how I felt as I watched the child chug onwards through the snow, stopping only for a second to call, “Maman! Maman!” to a young woman who was standing talking with two other ladies a little further away.

I'd wanted so much to have a little girl or boy just like the one that had passed by. The slopes seemed vacant without my baby, as vacant as I felt. And, as I (*Continued on page 104*)

by CHRISTINE CARERE





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shades so delicately
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CONNIE FRANCIS

Continued from page 56

thinking how funny it is how when your head's in the dryer and you can't hear, you think you have to shout. "Say, have you seen this story on that new singer, Tommy— Isn't he the greatest!"

My hand shook for just a second when I heard his name again. I nodded at the girl to let her know I agreed. Then I found a tissue to wipe off the lipstick where I'd smeared the outline when she startled me. I dabbed at my nose with a puff, threw my makeup kit in my bag and picked up my coat. I didn't realize that I was almost running till I heard the girl at the cash register call out after me.

"Say, Connie, what's your hurry?" she teased. "Don't you want to pay your bill first?"

"Sorry," I said. "I just realized how late . . . Here you are." I didn't even bother to put the change in my wallet. I just jammed it into my purse and walked out quickly. It took me almost three blocks to realize that I had no reason to hurry . . . that I had almost an hour before my father was to meet me and drive me home to Belleville, New Jersey. There was a Walgreen's drug store on the corner and I turned into it.

I sat there, my elbow propped up on the lunch counter, not drinking the coffee I'd ordered, just trying to understand how, after all this time, just the sudden mention of his name could make my heart go flip-flop. I wondered if all your life that's the way you feel when someone mentions the name of the first boy you love.

Tommy's not his real name, of course. I call him that 'cause he's a famous singer today and you'd recognize his real name. But he wasn't famous that day we first met two years ago . . .

I didn't like him that day. My manager, Mr. Scheck, and I had an appointment with Tommy to listen to some songs he'd written. When I got to the office, my manager led me into the bare rehearsal room where Tommy's partner was seated at the scarred upright piano and Tommy was slouched on a wooden folding chair with his feet propped up on the only other chair there. He didn't get up. He just raised his hand, moved his palm around in a slow circle and said, "Greetings. You're late!" But as they played the first song, I watched him and I thought, "He'd be nice-looking if he wouldn't scowl."

The first song wasn't my style and I said so. Tommy dropped his feet off the chair with a thud and stood up. "C'mon," he said to his partner. "Let's go."

"But don't you have any other songs?" I asked.

They played three other songs and they were very good.

"Gosh," I said, "they're great. They could almost have been written just for me."

"Well they weren't, doll, they weren't."

"I'd like to record them, especially that one you call 'My First Real Love.'"

"Sure you would," he said. "I've heard that before."

"I'll set up the recording date," Mr. Scheck interrupted. "You boys wait here, I'll be right back." And he ushered me out of the room. "He's a very talented boy," he whispered.

"That's no excuse," I answered.

But a week later I saw Tommy again, when he and three of his friends sang along for vocal background when I recorded Tommy's song. Making a record is like taking a final exam at school. You study and prepare and you do your best—and then you hope you'll pass. And when

it's over there's a let-down feeling. Sometimes, if you're alone, you want to sit down and cry. But this time, I wasn't alone.

Pushing back the blond hair that kept falling over onto his forehead, Tommy put his arms around my waist and we both jumped up and down in a crazy sort of a jig, laughing. Then Tommy pulled me over to a corner of the room.

"Connie, you're one of the nicest girls I ever met," he said quietly. "I want to thank you for giving me so much help. I hope you'll forgive me. I didn't mean to be rude."

"Oh, that's all right," I told him. "I know you didn't mean it. I . . . I wonder if you and your friends would like to come to a party I'm giving next week?"

"Sure," he said. "Thanks."

In the short week till my party, Tommy had been on a roller coaster. One of the big record companies had given him a contract and he'd sung on the most popular musical show on television. In that crazy week, he'd even found time to make a record, and he brought me a copy of it when he came to the party. I put it on the top of the panel I'd stacked next to the phonograph in the pine-paneled den.

Then, busy passing the Cokes and a cheese-dip for the potato chips, I heard someone start the phonograph and it was Tommy's record. I wanted to dance it with him, but a boy I'd dated—when I was a senior at Belleville High and my father let me begin going out on dates—asked me

before I had a chance to look around and find Tommy. It was eleven-thirty before I realized that I hadn't seen him all night. He wasn't there in the den, but when I went upstairs to look, I spotted him through the open kitchen door, leaning across our new gray formica table, talking away with his friends. But my father saw him first.

"Aren't you boys having a good time?" he asked. "Why don't you go down to the den and dance?"

"We're busy talking," Tommy snapped, twisting around in his chair.

I walked back to my party and started picking up the used paper cups, just for something to do. About fifteen minutes later, Tommy appeared.

"Well," I said, "don't you dance?"

"When a gentleman wants to dance," he said, screwing up one eye to hold an invisible monocle and bowing from his waist, "he does the asking."

My anger fled when he put his arm around me and we danced out to the center of the room. We glided slowly around the room and I felt Tommy's hand tighten at my waist as I closed my eyes and hummed along with the record, "The Nearness of You." When the record was almost over, Tommy danced over near the phonograph, picked up the needle and put it back at the beginning. I opened my eyes and smiled at him. He is good-looking, I thought, and I even liked the way one eyebrow always seemed to be raised in a question. Then suddenly, in a hoarse voice, I heard him whisper, "I love you, Connie."

And I was so startled I stopped dancing, stepping on his toes till I was able to find the beat of the music again.

"We just met," I protested. "You just mean you like me. You can't mean what you said . . . You shouldn't say that to me."

"Well, it's true," he said, "so believe what you will."

And then another boy cut in before I could say no to him and over his shoulder I saw Tommy leave.

After that, I saw him almost every day. We'd meet at my manager's office and then we'd sit for hours in a drug store, drinking hot chocolate and talking. But we never talked about what Tommy had told me at my party.

Some days, my father would come into Manhattan with me, and on those days I'd see Tommy at the office but I'd always have to go straight home with my father. I knew he didn't like Tommy, that he thought he was too flip, too "show business." Even though my father had taught me music—he'd really guided my career ever since I was twelve and I won first prize on Arthur Godfrey's "Talent Scouts"—Dad has never really felt at home with "show people." But he didn't say too much until one Saturday night about a month later, when Tommy and I were going to a party in Newark.

"A nice boy doesn't come late to take a girl to a party," my father began when the clock on the walnut sideboard showed eight and Tommy was already an hour late.

"It's snowing," I said, "and traffic's probably all tied up at the tunnel."

"If the weather's that bad," he answered, "it might be better if you didn't go out—especially with that boy."

At nine o'clock, Tommy still hadn't come. At ten o'clock, we heard a loud chugging noise outside and I ran to the window again. A battered, gasping Chevy pulled up before the house and Tommy ran out. I opened the front door.

"I'm sorry," he said breathlessly. "The traffic . . ." I heard a door slam and I knew my father had stalked off to the den.

I noticed Tommy's wet shoes were making a puddle on the carpet as my mother



began, "Connie, I don't think you should go out in this weather in that old car . . ."

She started to protest again but I edged Tommy toward the door before she could. "All right," she called after us, "but be careful. And be home by one o'clock."

Usually, it takes thirty minutes to get from my house to Newark, but that night it took us an hour and a half. We stayed at the party less than an hour, so we could get home on time. But the return trip took even longer, two hours, and even with what happened afterward I still think it was the most beautiful time in my life.

We didn't talk much. Tommy's eyes were riveted on the road as he tried to spot the dangerous patches of ice. He drove slowly, and I sat quietly at his side, but not close enough so that our shoulders touched. A great white silence seemed to be heaped up on the streets as we drove through them. The moon glowed white in a starless sky and the streetlights were just pale sentinels before buildings that had lost their outlines in the snow that continued to fall in slow silent flakes. The branches of the trees, heavy with snow, seemed to be reaching down to us. There were no other cars, no other people . . . just Tommy and me in a brand-new white world.

Then we were driving up a hill and the car stopped for a traffic light. I could almost see the lacy designs on the big snowflakes as they fell slowly before me. And then I said, "Tommy, I think I love you."

I didn't turn to see his face. A long minute passed and then I heard him say in a funny hoarse voice, "I always have something to say, but not now . . ." He took my hand and held it tightly in his on the seat between us. ". . . except I love you, Connie."

I still couldn't look at him. I watched the traffic light turn green and I heard a screeching noise as Tommy put the car in gear, but we didn't move. For five minutes, he worried the motor but it was no use. We got out of the car and walked toward the ghostly lights of a bar. It was full of men, and Tommy had me wait just inside the door while he called a cab. We waited, talking about everything except what we'd just said, till finally the yellow cab came and we got into it.

We still sat apart, but Tommy took both my hands in his. "Connie," he whispered, "you're so different from anyone I've ever known, different from the rough kids on my block, different from the other people in the business. I don't ever want to hurt you . . . I don't know why I say those awful things sometimes . . . but I try to be very gentle with you . . . honest, I try."

He held my hand all the way home . . . he didn't kiss me. When the cab turned onto my street he squeezed my hand till it hurt and he said, "Let's get married in 1961. I'll have a million dollars then and I'll never have to say 'sir' to anyone."

If Tommy had asked me to marry him on any day during the wonderful months that followed, I'd have done it. Instead, we'd meet at the office and talk for hours. We'd walk one another to appointments, holding hands and dawdling in front of the Fifth Avenue furniture stores. We'd stop someplace for a Coke and doodle "1961" all over the menus. "It's one day nearer," I'd whisper and he'd laugh.

"Connie," he asked me one day, "what do you think we'll be like when we're married?"

"The same," I teased, "only with a dozen kids."

He grinned and then the grin faded and that crooked eyebrow of his went up even higher than ever. "I don't think happiness can last, Connie, I really don't." He pushed the ice in his glass around with the straw. "People get married and then

after a couple of years, maybe the very things they fell in love with start to annoy them and they're not in love anymore—just married."

"Oh, no, Tommy, that's not so. You only think that because that's what happened to your mother and father. But it doesn't have to happen to us. Golly, my mother and father have been married for twenty-five years and they're still in love."

"Are they?" he asked. "Are they really?"

"Of course they are."

"Well, then why don't they understand that we . . ." and he smashed the straw down into his glass.

When summer came, Tommy and I both had to go on tour. We promised we'd write every day, and sometimes he'd write twice a day. Once, he phoned me from out of town. "You didn't write yesterday," he said, "and I got such an empty feeling when I went down to the hotel desk. Please, please write."

But mostly, he didn't like to call me at home, for fear my father would answer the phone. The tension at home had begun to throb in me like a sick headache and because I always told Tommy everything and wanted to share everything with him, I poured it all out to him the first day we saw each other again.

"This is the first time I ever cared what someone's parents thought of me," he said. "Let me go home with you and talk to your father."

But I wouldn't let him do that. I was too afraid and I was sure my father wouldn't listen. "Not yet," I told him. "Let's wait. Maybe . . . maybe they'll get used to the idea."

But they didn't. The tension only grew and grew, like the snowbanks that had made a private world for Tommy and me that wonderful white night. I was unhappy for my family. We'd always had such warmth and understanding and happiness. But now there were evenings when I'd run up the carpeted stairs to my room without even saying goodnight to them.

Then one day, my father and I were in Mr. Scheck's office and Tommy came in. I watched him pause a moment at the

door, then take a deep breath and walk over to us. "Hello, Mr. Franconera," he said, "how are you?" And he held out his hand.

The office was crowded, and since most of the people there knew about me and Tommy, they turned to stare. My father knew they were looking, but he refused to take Tommy's hand. Finally, Tommy let his hand drop. A flush was spreading over his face, but he tried again. "I've been wanting to talk to you, Mr. Franconera. If we could only get to know each other, maybe we'd find . . ."

"I only want what is best for my little girl," my father said, putting his arm around my shoulder. "I do not feel that you and she are suited for each other."

"But if you'd only give me a chance," Tommy pleaded. "If you'd only try to get to know me . . ."

"I know enough about you." My father's voice was loud and distinct. "I know enough about you," he nodded to a group of young musicians Tommy hung around with, ". . . and your friends."

"What's wrong with my friends?" Tommy demanded.

"I don't want that kind of people hanging around my daughter," he said. "Why do they wear those beards anyway?"

"Maybe they like goatees," Tommy said.

"Why are they hiding their faces?"

"Maybe you'd look better," Tommy flung back, "if you'd hide your face." Then he turned and started stamping toward the door. He had his hand on the doorknob when he turned around and stretched out his arm in a pleading gesture to my father. Then his arm dropped. "Oh, what's the use?" he muttered, slamming the door behind him.

My heart thumped wildly as I turned from the closed door to my father. I stared at him as he said, "I'm going to speak to Mr. Scheck about this. Wait here for me." But I couldn't wait. I ran after Tommy, only I couldn't find him.

I came to the office early the next day, and I learned that Mr. Scheck had talked to Tommy about us. I waited for him in the empty rehearsal room, and when he finally appeared, I called to him softly, "Tommy?"

He came in and closed the door of the rehearsal room. I leaned my head against the shoulder of his gray jacket. "I love you," he said, so softly that I wonder now if he even meant me to hear it. Then he pushed me away.

"Connie, I don't want to see you any more."

"I know what you're going through, I know how . . ."

"You're in my way, Connie. I can move faster without you."

"You don't know what you're saying. You're upset. Let's wait and . . ."

"No," he said. "We're finished." And he walked out.

I felt numb. The next day when we met again, I saw he wanted to say something to me, but I'd been hurt and that made me walk out of the office. The next time we met he was with his friends and I was rude to him. And then he was rude to me. And we were never alone again. And that was the end of it . . . almost.

. . . Because there in that drug store, perched on a stool and staring at the signs advertising the sandwich specials, I knew I had to think about it, that I had to understand why it happened the way it did.

Now it's all over. I know it's all over. I was hurt, but I wouldn't have missed it. I hope love happens to me again. I hope it happens again soon.

THE END

M-G-M PLATTER STAR CONNIE CAN BE SEEN ON "THE JIMMIE RODGERS SHOW" ON NBC-TV, TUES., 8:30-9 P.M. EDT.

WHERE TO BUY

To buy fashions shown on pages 73 to 78 write manufacturer or nearest store listed below.

Sea Nymph knit maillots

COLUMBUS, OHIO F & R Lazarus
NEW YORK, N. Y. Saks-34th Street
WASHINGTON, D. C. Hecht's
or write, Jordan Mfg. Company
1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Marina del Mar elasticized bengaline maillot

COLUMBUS, OHIO F & R Lazarus
FORT WORTH, TEXAS Leonard's
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. The May Company
or write, Marina del Mar
10201 Anza Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Jantzen paisley and boucle suits

DENVER, COLO. The May Company
or write, Jantzen, Inc.
Jantzen Center, Portland 8, Ore.

Robby Len Arnel jersey swimsuit

ALLENTOWN, PA. Somach's
FORT WAYNE, IND. Frank Dry Goods
HARTFORD, CONN. Sage, Allen
or write, Robby Len
1410 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Catalina patchwork maillot and matching men's trunks

FORT WORTH, TEXAS Stripling's
Maillot only:
NEW YORK, N. Y. Oppenheim, Collins
ST. LOUIS, MO. Famous & Barr
or write, Catalina, Inc.
433 S. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Calif.

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Pond's Moisture Base

OUR LOVE SONG

Continued from page 53

first met Elvis the summer of 1956. I was sixteen then, and just going into my junior year at Harbor High School in Newport Beach, a coastal town some forty miles south of Hollywood.

A few months after my sixteenth birthday I got a car and, the day I received my license, I suggested to my sister Jody that we celebrate by taking a ride up to Hollywood (I'd never been there, even though we lived so close). I'd read Elvis was staying at the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel while making the movie "Love Me Tender" and I said to Jody, "Let's go and visit Elvis." Of course, he didn't know us and we had no idea how we were going to get in, and that first time we tried we were turned, quite definitely, away. But we managed to make friends with some of the boys who played background for Elvis, and they kept inviting us back to listen to records and talk. And by the end of a week of driving to the hotel each day, we were real good pals with them.

Then one thing led to another, and finally Jody and I got to meet Elvis himself. For some reason, that first time we met, Elvis and I seemed to hit it off quite well, and from then on Jody and I had an open invitation to visit him every time we came to Hollywood. Elvis stayed on right through until October and all that time we must have seen him as often as three times a week. Then every time he came back into town to make a picture he'd let us know. Soon we became part of "the group" that surrounded Elvis.

I remember one Friday night when we all went to see "Pajama Game." We left the hotel in two cars. When we got to the show, Elvis parked at a gas station across the street. One of the boys went over and bought tickets for everybody. As usual, we had called first to find out what time the show broke. We'd timed it so that we would arrive after the crowd had gone in and the picture had started; that way the theater would be dark. Elvis didn't like to cause a commotion. Usually our system worked, but that night somebody goofed. We all waited at the gas station, then made a break for the door after we thought the lights had gone down. About two minutes after we got inside, the house lights went on. We were all walking slowly down the aisle, but when the lights went up, Elvis made a fast dive for the nearest seat and landed in a lady's lap. He apologized, took the one next to her, and slunk away down in his seat. The rest of us scattered all over the theater. It was intermission and while people were out buying popcorn and stuff they played records. The first record that came on was "Don't Be Cruel." That was followed by three other Presley records. The manager knew Elvis was there and was trying to be nice, but Elvis got embarrassed. I was sitting way down front, but I could hear a voice in the back calling out, "Ah, lay off that Presley music. C'mon, put on somethin' else!" It was Elvis heckling his own tunes!

The lights finally went down. But it was too late. The word had spread via the popcorn girl, the ushers, the girl at the box office. Even though the picture had started, it seemed like a big parade was in progress. About three fourths of the audience walked up and down the aisles—all looking for Elvis, while pretending they'd lost their seats. After about a half hour of this, when Elvis realized we couldn't enjoy the show and neither could the

rest of the people, he just stood up. That was our signal. Like soldiers, we all stood up with him and marched out to the lobby. Then we stopped, while Elvis went through his usual ritual—like a scoutmaster checking on his troop—counting, "One, two, three . . ." When he was sure all of our group was together, we made a dash for the cars. We never did see "Pajama Game."

When we got outside, it was raining. We drove off, heading back to the hotel. The car radio was on. Suddenly a deejay said, "Here's Elvis Presley's latest, 'Jailhouse Rock.'" Elvis put on the brakes, pulled over to the curb, turned up the radio full blast and then, while the rest of us sat in the car, he got out in the middle of the street and started doing the dance routine that went with the "Jailhouse Rock" number in the picture. He was having such a good time! It was lucky the street was deserted. Anybody coming by would have thought a boy standing in the middle of the road, the rain pouring down on him, dancing, was a candidate for a booby hatch—but it was just Elvis' way. Sometimes he's like a little boy. When the number was over, he jumped into the car and we zoomed back to the hotel. He was so tickled, like a kid playing in a mud puddle.

There's one night I'll never forget. A local TV show had been sponsoring a contest to find a "new Elvis Presley." The contest had been going on for weeks, and that night they were having the run-offs to pick the winner. The program was called "Rocket to Stardom." There had been a lot of publicity about it. We all had our hamburgers and Cokes in front of the TV set, so we could watch the show. There were about a dozen boys—short Presleys, tall Presleys—all varieties, with three things in common: sideburns, a guitar, and lots of motion.

It was really something, watching Elvis look at other people imitating him. He got a real big kick out of it. About half way through the program a guy strutted out on stage trying to act like Elvis, but he was so extreme, he looked like a peacock. Elvis didn't like the way he was behaving. When the boy strummed the first few bars of "Don't Be Cruel," Elvis stood up, plunked on an imaginary guitar and started singing along with him.

Then he shouted, "Watch it, boy, you're never goin' to make that next note, not at the rate you're goin'." Sure enough the boy missed the note and Elvis broke up laughing. He ran around the apartment saying, "I told him he wouldn't hit that note!"

He really enjoyed that show. He picked out one boy as the best. "He sure doesn't look like me but he's got a pretty voice. I sure wish he'd find a style of his own. I bet he'd really go places. I think I'll call him and tell him I think he's got a great voice."

Incidentally, Elvis worships talent in people. He's a big movie and TV fan and is particularly keen about rooting for the underdogs—the ones just starting out. He has hundreds of records I'm sure nobody has heard of. Elvis makes a practice of buying records on little labels that nobody else buys. He always says, "I don't want those guys to get discouraged, so I keep buyin' their records. Maybe someday they'll hit!"

One night we were all sitting around listening to Johnny Mathis records. Then we heard noises coming from Elvis' bedroom. He went to investigate. He found two little girls and was shocked when they told him they'd climbed up eight floors on the outside fire escape just

to see him. We were in the next room, but we could hear him bawling them out.

"Golly," he said, "why you little baby girls could have fallen and really hurt yourselves, and all on account of me."

When he brought them in the living room, they were in a trance. They'd finally gotten to see their idol, and there he was bawling them out. But they were so happy they cried with joy, until the tears rolled down their cheeks. But Elvis was pale. He kept looking out the window, straight down to the ground, almost a hundred feet below and shaking his head and saying over and over, "Why I never would have forgiven myself if you'd been hurt on my account."

Then he asked them if they were hungry. They nodded. He ordered Cokes and hamburgers and sat and talked to them for about an hour. Finally he looked at his watch and said, "It's too late for you to be out. Now go on home before your mommas are worried to death."

He walked them to the door. They were just about to leave when one took a package from her handbag and gave it to him.

"Elvis," she said, "we . . . we want you to have this." He unwrapped their present. It was a gold mesh expansion belt. He just stood there. He was so touched he didn't know what to say. Then he gently kissed each of them on the cheek, said thanks, and sent them off home.

He really cares about his fans. When they left, he sat for a few minutes not saying a word. Then he remarked, "Can you imagine those little sweet babies spending their money buying me a gift? Gosh, the kids are wonderful to me!"

I've seen Elvis stand for hours in the rain signing autographs and then bawling out the little girls for being away from home so late. That's why it used to hurt him so much when he'd read things in the paper about him being a bad influence on youngsters and teenagers. It used to practically kill him. "What will my Momma and Daddy think when they read that story?" he would say. His love for his family is something I've never seen before. No matter where we were, every night he always put through his call to his folks. He'd excuse himself and go in and talk for a half hour or so. He missed them terribly when he was away from home. When I heard about his mother's passing away last year, I knew what he was going through—he loved her so.

Every so often Elvis and I would sit over F by ourselves and talk about things. At the time I was already a teen-fashions model, but I didn't particularly enjoy it. I used to tell Elvis that I wanted a career, some kind of work in Hollywood so that I could get my family to move to town. I used to get depressed and tell him I wanted very badly to have a career, to do something creative.

He used to sit and listen to me for hours. He was never too busy to listen and advise me. He had no idea I was interested in getting into songwriting, I didn't myself at that time, but I'd always loved music and been interested in it. We would sit for hours and he'd tell me about the record business, all the ins and outs. How you go about getting a song recorded, what demonstration records were. We would discuss trends in music, what made a song popular with the kids. And everything he told me I absorbed, never realizing that one day I'd take all of what he said and make it work for me. That's when he kept repeating over and over, "Shari, you say you want to be an actress. That you'd like to have a career, but that you are afraid and that you don't know how. Well, honey, all (Continued on page 90)

NEW SUNSHINE YELLOW SHAMPOO...

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New SHAMPOO PLUS EGG, by Helene Curtis, actually leaves curls far livelier, far springier! That's because it *conditions* as it cleanses . . . so very effectively even limp hair instantly gains new bounce-back beauty, new spring, new sparkle. Every curl is curlier, every wave is wavier. Only Shampoo Plus Egg rinses so fast, so clean. And highlights? Like washing your hair in sunshine!

Continued from page 88

I can tell you is just do what I did. Just have faith in yourself and faith in God and nothing will stop you."

I used to watch the way he treated so many people with kindness and respect, the way he used to be so grateful to his fans. He used to say, "Shari, I'm only human. When I wait backstage to go on and I hear all that screaming and I know it's for me, well, sometimes I feel as if my head is going to get real big with all that kind of fuss and stuff. Then I think that my daddy drove a truck and that but for the grace of God I'd be drivin' one too. Then I say to myself, 'Elvis, the day you lose your head, then that's the day when you should go back and start drivin' a truck.' You have to have humility, Shari," he would tell me. "You can never forget who put you where you are and how many people would like to change places with you."

Elvis is afraid of very few things, but the fears I remember him having were deep ones. He used to be afraid people wouldn't like him, especially older people. He kept feeling that they'd judge him by the stories they read, that they wouldn't give him a chance to show them what he was really like. He used to say, "I love those little girls who are my fans, but I sure am afraid of their folks and the rest of the older people. They just don't like me."

He'd purposely avoid going to parties he was invited to because he was afraid people wouldn't accept him, except as an oddity, as a curiosity. He's so deeply sen-

sitive that he preferred staying away from places where there was the least chance he would be disliked.

That last trip he made to Hollywood, during the filming of "King Creole," was very hectic. It was Elvis' best part to date, his most dramatic role. He wanted desperately to do a good job, but he had lots on his mind. Right after he finished the film, he was to be inducted in the service. He wasn't afraid of the Army itself, he was only scared about how the other guys would take to him. One night we were all having dinner, and one of the boys still in the group, without meaning to, started talking about some of his experiences in training camp and how rough it was on all the guys. Then he said, "Gosh El, if that's the way they treated us ordinary GI's, *what will they do to you?*" Elvis got pale. I went over to him and he just sat there and finally he looked at me and said, "Shari, do you think they'll give me a chance? Do you think they'll get to know me before they make up their minds about me, or will they hate me because I'm Elvis Presley? I sure want to do the best I can to be a good soldier. I just hope to God they let me."

It was time to say goodbye. That night when Jody and I drove back to Newport we were very quiet. Elvis was going away—for two years.

Two months later, I had "Poor Little Fool" published. By that time Elvis was in Texas at Ft. Hood. But one night the phone rang. It was George Klein (a disc jockey friend of Elvis'). He said, "Shari, I just got through talking to Elvis. He tried to call you but your line has been

busy for an hour and he could only hog the phone booth so long. He asked me to call you and tell you he just heard about your song. He said he was so thrilled when he found out you'd written, 'Poor Little Fool' that he forgot where he was, and right in the middle of the barracks he started jumping up and down shouting, 'My friend Shari wrote that song!'" George went on telling me what Elvis had said. Naturally I was thrilled. At last it seemed as if I really had a future.

So many things have happened to me since that summer of 1956 when I started out to meet Elvis. All of it has been wonderful, but one of the most wonderful things of all was the night in Nashville, Tennessee, when I received an award for having written "Poor Little Fool." It had sold over two million records. When the program was over, I heard someone call my name. I turned. It was George, and he'd come all the way from Memphis to see me. We sat and talked. Then George said, "Shari, I talked to Elvis in Germany last night and he gave me a message for you. He said, 'Tell Shari when I get home I expect her to write a song *just for me*. Tell her not to forget that I'm counting on a Sheeley song.'"

And I'm counting the days until Elvis returns. I've got tunes and words running around in my brain, but I still haven't come up with a song that is just right for Elvis. I have to think of something very special—because he's a very special person to me. THE END

EL'S LATEST FOR RCA-VICTOR: "I NEED YOUR LOVE TONIGHT," BACKED BY "A FOOL SUCH AS I."

LIZ AND EDDIE

Continued from page 63

tween Debbie and Eddie now. But to Eddie Fisher, there must be a message in the photograph, a message he sees more clearly each time he looks. *These are your children*, it must say, *caught in a moment you missed—because you weren't there to see.*

Ridiculous, he tells himself. He picks up the photo in its silver frame—now, almost angrily, he puts it down on the piano again. Absolutely ridiculous. Of course he wasn't there. Even when he was married to Debbie he was away from home a good deal—what man sees much of his kids in the middle of the day anyhow? And it wasn't as if he were cut off from them now. He sees them every week, sometimes almost every day. He talks to Carrie on the phone. They probably hardly realize he doesn't live in the same house anymore. Debbie has seen to that, in her usual fair way; she has even told a reporter that she never thinks of her children as fatherless: "They have a father, a devoted, loving, wonderful father," she said. Well, he doesn't know if he is wonderful or not—but loving, that he can vouch for, that he'd always be.

That's what makes it so very difficult when on impulse, at a moment such as this, he wants to see them so much. He looks at his watch. It's too late to see them now—too late to call and ask permission, to give Debbie a chance to get out of the house if she wants to before he comes to do the thousand-and-one things that somehow have to be done now before he can see his daughter and his son.

Sharply, Eddie turns away from the picture. He strides to the phone and dials automatically. "Liz?" he says into the receiver a moment later, "Listen, let's do something. . . I think I'm coming down

with the blues. . . And, listen, Liz, bring the boys, okay?"

They took them to Disneyland. Michael Wilding, age six, held his mother's hand. His brother Christopher, four, trotted beside Eddie, chattering away, pointing at things. Looking down at him, Eddie thought Chris looked a little like his father, Mike Wilding. A nice guy, Mike. Liz had asked him to her last party and he had come with his wife. The Wildings had stayed late to talk, to offer Eddie a ride home. Funny, how Liz always managed to stay on good terms with the men who had loved her.

At Chris' insistence, they went on half a dozen rides. On the carousel, a photographer spotted them and, obligingly, Eddie and Liz and the boys held still for photographs, smiled, waved, cracked jokes. Finally the newsmen left. Liz, holding Mike, Jr. on her lap, ran her hand through her dark curls. "It's good to be back on speaking terms with the press," she remarked. She turned to smile at Eddie. "You feeling better, honey?"

"Sure," Eddie said. "I feel fine." He reached for Chris' hand.

But even as he swung Chris down from his seat, followed him across the green lawn to the next turning, twisting ride—he knew. Tomorrow the picture would be in the paper. He would open it and see his own face smiling back, his arms around Liz Taylor's handsome sons, posed against the child's wonderland. And he would look from that picture to the one in the silver frame, and he would wonder, as he seemed to wonder more and more these days—what had his own children been doing that day? What new adventure had made Carrie's eyes sparkle fire? What new word had little Todd learned to say?

What had he missed—this time?

The picture on the piano is not the only picture Eddie Fisher sees in his mind—sees and tries to forget. There are

others, more painful than that. There is the picture of the living room of the home he shared with Debbie—as it used to be, as it is now. It was a room planned for entertaining, for welcoming friends, for two adults to read in, talk in, listen to music in. There were carefully arranged flowers in the silver vases when Eddie lived there, crystal dishes of candy and nuts on the coffee tables. It was a room kept carefully clean, carefully prepared—always ready to receive the visitors Eddie had brought home in such numbers. Debbie hadn't approved of his friends, but her home was always prepared for them.

And now? He had been appalled the last time he walked into that room. Oh, the furniture was still there, the flowers still bloomed in the vases, but—in front of the sofa, Todd's playpen stood. On one chair Carrie had dropped crayons, a clay set, a broken doll. A huge stuffed elephant blocked the entrance, a dozen coloring books littered the floor. For a moment he had thought: Something must have happened to the children's rooms, that's why the living room is full of their stuff. But it didn't seem that way. It seemed somehow as if the living room had become a nursery weeks ago, as if it would still be this way weeks ahead. Why? Debbie had always taken such pride in keeping a neat home. Why?

And suddenly, without asking, he knew. Because this was a home without guests. A home no one visited any more. Family came, of course. The oldest, closest friends, like Camille, who lived with Debbie for a while—they came. But they weren't visitors. They had been there a thousand times, could pick their way through the toys, past the playpen without noticing or caring. They didn't have to be tidied up for.

And there were no others.

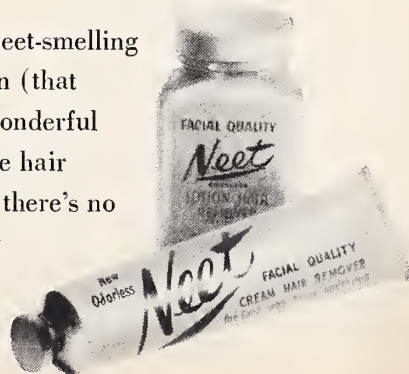
There were no young men, coming for the first time, to take Debbie out. "I don't want to go back (Continued on page 92)



shave, lady?...don't do it!

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Neet



Continued from page 90
to the world of dating," she had told someone recently, and her voice had been almost afraid. "I can't even think about it now—"

There was no new love, as there was for Eddie. "Marriage?" Debbie had said. "Marry again? People keep asking me that. Pretty soon I'll start to laugh."

True, they said that on the set she was as bouncy, as bright as ever. They said she clowned even more than she used to, made jokes, worked hard on her roles and harder on her charities—"the same old Debbie," they said.

And yet, a thousand times a day, the picture of that living-room would flash before Eddie's eyes. A room belonging to a young woman pulling her world in around herself, closing out strangers. A room in which playpens and stuffed animals left no room for a new life, a new love.

A room that was somehow painful to Eddie Fisher to remember, when he wandered through the exquisitely decorated rooms of Liz Taylor's \$150 a day bungalow. He was happier in these adult, uncluttered rooms. He liked the parties, he liked the expensive furniture, he liked the perfection, he needed those things. And yet, disconcertingly, suddenly—

He would see Debbie's living room again. "Look at Eddie," someone would hiss then. "Hey, Eddie, cat got your tongue?"

He would shake himself. The picture would vanish—almost. "I'm fine," he'd say. "But this party's a drag. Turn up the music, somebody. Come on, let's make some noise!"

Yes, there was a lot of noise in Eddie Fisher's life these days, drowning out the thoughts he didn't want to think, the memories that wouldn't go away. There was singing—his own voice, singing past hits for the benefit of his friends, because he wasn't quite ready yet to do another record—there was laughter, there was the sound of parties in full swing. On the night Debbie filed for divorce, there was the sound of champagne corks and waiters' voices—he had taken Liz out to dinner that night and they had eaten caviar with their champagne. "Uncalled for, vulgar, tasteless," the newspapers had called it. No matter how much in love with Liz he is, they said, Eddie Fisher should have realized that the filing of divorce papers is not a cause for celebration, for what looks like gloating and triumph. The official destruction of a marriage that brought two children into the world should be marked in silence and in sorrow, not in public revels. What was he trying to do, slap Debbie in the face—again?

The answer was no. He hadn't wanted to hurt her, he hadn't meant to seem triumphant and brutal. He had been trying to protect himself from silence and memory that evening, trying to make the future he envisioned with Liz—the future of gaiety and sophistication, of Mike Todd—evenings—come true at once.

But somehow, the harder he ran, the more he laughed, the greater his devotion to Liz' three children became—the more painful the little things became.

Like strong little threads, they tied Eddie Fisher to his past.

To break those threads once and for all, he did the hardest thing he had done since the morning he walked into Debbie Reynolds' room and told her that the stories were true, that he was leaving her for Elizabeth Taylor.

He asked a favor of her.

"Debbie, I want to get a Nevada divorce. Will you consent?"

Her voice on the other end of the phone was calm and controlled. "Why do you want it? We've already been granted a

California divorce. I don't understand . . ."

He was sure she knew why, but he put it into words anyway. "Because the California divorce won't be final for a year. I—Liz and I want to get married sooner. If we got a Nevada divorce, we could—"

There was a long silence. At the end of it, Debbie Reynolds said slowly, "You can do as you like, Eddie. But I can't sign any papers. I feel it would be embarrassing to Todd and Carrie to one day find out their father had two wives at the same time."

"Debbie—" Eddie said.

"I wish you luck . . . and happiness," a small voice whispered.

The next day, Debbie was caught up in preparations to make a picture in Spain. She had said she would not leave her children under any circumstances. Now she told herself it would only be for a short time. Their grandparents would take care of them.

The studio made the arrangements quickly. Within days, Debbie was at Idlewild airport in New York, changing planes for the trans-Atlantic flight. Newsmen clustered around her, asked her about the rumors of the Nevada divorce. She told them what she had told Eddie, word for word. "I haven't given my consent to a Nevada divorce," she added, "because I don't believe in it, but then I don't think my permission is necessary. . . . At first, I thought Eddie would come back to me. . . . I wish Eddie no ill will, but then I don't want him back now either. . . ."

They were the words of a woman who has been badly hurt. Those who know Debbie Reynolds believe they were the first step toward real recovery, taken at last.

Eddie Fisher read them in Hollywood and knew they were true. According to the laws of California, he could not marry Liz until the year was up. If he did, it was even possible that the authorities would charge him with bigamy.

And yet he accepted a job singing in Las Vegas, Nevada, at the Tropicana, a job scheduled to last four weeks—only two weeks short of the necessary Nevada residence requirement for a divorce. A few days before he arrived to begin his stint, Liz moved into a ranch house that's a ten-minute drive from the Tropicana. She was there when Eddie took his first bow on the night-club floor. That was the night they announced, officially, that they were engaged, saying that they hoped they could be married very soon—before they both left to go to Europe. Liz stayed at Eddie's side and smiled at him—she laughed with him and danced with him. And she even made it possible for herself—by adopting Judaism as she'd planned to before Mike's death—to pray with him. Everyone who saw them knew they were deeply in love. Even those who had been shocked the most now wished them luck.

And knew—as Eddie Fisher knows, as Liz Taylor knows—that they will need it. They will need it most of all when their eyes fall on certain photographs . . .

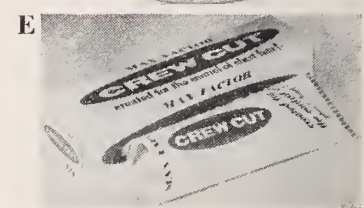
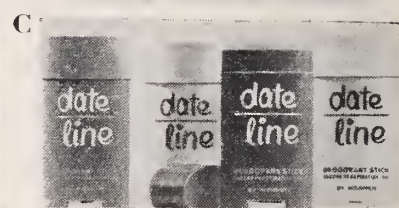
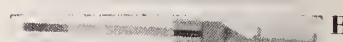
As Eddie turns from the picture of Todd and Carrie to the holiday mood of the picture showing himself and Liz with her two sons, what must he think? If the price of happiness is two lost children, a thousand painful memories, then perhaps it may never be paid in full. Eddie Fisher, for all his new happiness, for all the good luck that the forgiving world now wishes him, may go on paying that price for the rest of his life.

THE END

DON'T MISS DEBBIE IN M-G-M'S "THE MATING GAME" AND WATCH FOR HER IN M-G-M'S "IT STARTED WITH A KISS," AND TWENTIETH'S "SAY ONE FOR ME."

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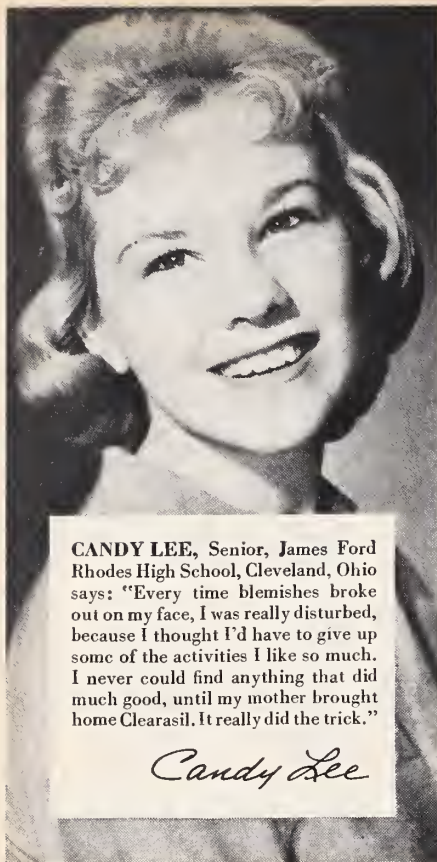
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CANDY LEE, Senior, James Ford Rhodes High School, Cleveland, Ohio says: "Every time blemishes broke out on my face, I was really disturbed, because I thought I'd have to give up some of the activities I like so much. I never could find anything that did much good, until my mother brought home Clearasil. It really did the trick."

Candy Lee

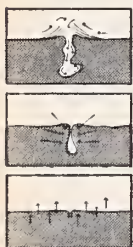
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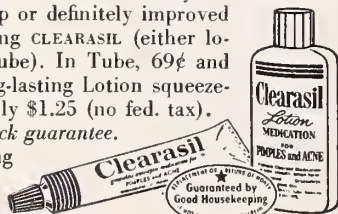
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LARGEST-SELLING PIMPLE MEDICATION
BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

WHO'LL TOP ELVIS?

Continued from page 39

sides of the Atlantic—and Pacific—happy.

I can also predict that no matter where you are—Hollywood, Calif. or Hollywood, Fla. or points in-between—if you come across my fabulous friend, Fabian, he'll have a few schoolbooks somewhere in the vicinity. With most of the stars it's a problem signing autographs, and while Fabian shares that pleasant duty he's also got to find time to fill in test papers to keep up with his schoolwork. Fabian's very serious about his singing career, and he's just as serious about his studies.

That's a problem that a young artist has and one that you don't hear too much about. Fabian keeps pretty busy with his personal appearances, but his teachers make sure he doesn't forget them. He doesn't, either. You're liable to find him going through one of his books at the oddest times and in the strangest places I know. Why, just the other night we were on our way to make a personal appearance together and we stopped off for a snack along the way. There I was trying to make stimulating conversation between bites—and what was Fabian doing? He had his head buried in an algebra book getting ready for a test. Now I wish I had been that way . . . but there I go again, so let's predict Fabian will finish high school with flying colors, hit records, and happy profs.

Neil Sedaka is another of our young fellows with nothing but good in the future. He's been coming up great in the past, and with his all-around talent—he's a terrific songwriter as well as performer—Neil can't help but become a bigger and brighter star.

All of these handsome and talented guys are going to help make popular music even bigger and better than ever. It's an amazing experience to watch it grow, and next year I wouldn't be at all surprised if more than \$500,000,000 worth of records passed over the disc counters across the country. That'll be enough to keep you dancing for a few hours, won't it? But maybe you'll be spending some of that dance time with some steps you'll have to learn from grandpappy.

I refer to none other than that grand old style they call "The Waltz." Uh-huh. You heard right.

Well now, wait a second. Honest, I haven't gone off the track. I can see that "Waltz" train coming up, and the gang sure seems to enjoy it. No, I don't think it'll push the jitterbug steps out of the

picture, and straight dance styles won't change that much, but there is plenty of room for one more—believe me—specially if that one more is a graceful "one-two-three-turn."

First time I noticed it was when we played "The Chipmunk Song" by David Seville last Christmas on "American Bandstand." You know the fellows and girls will try anything, but the usual steps just didn't work out with the music. At first, almost everybody stood around and waited for the number to end while just a few hardy souls tried to fit in the regular steps to the strange rhythm. Nothing worked out until someone, I forget just who it was, tried gliding along waltz-style. That was it . . . it fitted perfectly . . . and then another couple tried . . . then a third . . . soon we had a crowded dance floor again. What's more we had dusted off a style that a lot of us had forgotten—or never known. The big thrill though is the fun we all had doing it, and it's a pleasure to report that our mail tells us it's just as much fun to all of you.

I hope it's as much fun as watching the development of a new star. That's always a pleasure, and if you watch closely in the months ahead you are sure to get what I mean. We often think it just happens overnight, but Tommy Edwards can tell you it doesn't. A few years ago, all of us in the business knew Tommy as a real fine guy with plenty of talent. He was just looking for the right song, one tailored for Tommy Edwards, and stardom. I don't have to tell you that he found it.

"All in the Game" . . . Yep, Tommy knew it was, and that proved to be the title of his ticket to a gold record. This was really a case of two veterans getting together, because back around the days before World War One, this was popular as "Melody in 'A.'" (Incidentally, if you collect odd facts, this is about the only song hit we can remember that was written by a Vice-President of the United States, Charles Dawes.) So, using Tommy as our guide, we'll forecast that another veteran show-business personality—one who has worked long hours perfecting style and practicing technique—will come out of hiding and make it real "big" before too long. We've got a candidate. She's—yes, that's right, *she*—pretty, talented, and a wonderful girl with a vocal style all her own. We've been playing her records, but as yet the real big song hasn't come along. Why don't you try to "discover" her along with us? It shouldn't be too long now.

How about a clue? No fair, that would be cheating, but we'll help you narrow down the field by saying we don't mean

Tommy Leonetti Speaks Out About THE JUKE BOX RACKET • Plus 26 Portraits of TV's WESTERN HE-MEN

Jimmie Rodgers • Danny Thomas
Garry Moore • Ralph Edwards

in the June TV RADIO MIRROR on sale at all newsstands



Connie Francis. No sir, that gal has already come into her own these past few months . . . and it just didn't happen for Connie overnight either, although it almost seems that way. I guess the reason for that is Connie just burst into brilliance with "Who's Sorry Now?" I remember the first night Connie did that number on the show. The music was familiar, but that magic Francis touch made it sound so very new. Then when Connie came back with "My Happiness" . . . well, there wasn't any question. This is a "star."

We've been chatting about new "stars" but have you noticed the songs? That's right, many of them are the top standards of a few years back. In a new arrangement, and with a beat here and a beat there, you're really snapping them up. And this big welcome home for old musical alumni is a trend that's going to continue. They may be "old favorites" but when The Platters did "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" and Billy Williams came through with "Nola" you couldn't help but consider them "new." You know there are plenty more "gold" records locked in the music files, and in the future months you'll be hearing them done in new arrangements and by new voices. If you hear any muttering in the wings, that must be from the young writers hoping for their chance, too. Don't worry, fellows, . . . it's an old show business saying that "There's plenty of room at the top." That's as true in the musical world as in the business world.

Here's another angle of the crystal ball, and if it seems a bit cloudy let me tell you what's behind those shadows. It's nothing but rumors. You know, rumors—things we hear about that never happen . . . or things that are supposed to have happened but didn't. Well I'll bet we'll have plenty of them in store for us, but I hope none are as wacky as the ones we heard last year. Yoicks . . . every time I think of them! Remember the one about Frankie Avalon? For about twenty-four hours, just everywhere you turned last winter someone was sure to whisper, "Hey, did you hear . . . Frankie Avalon was married the other day!" Every whisper was backed by a solemn nod that you couldn't doubt, and many of the young girls I met that day looked as if they had lost their best boyfriends. Most of them assured me they had.

Yessir, it was real blue around the office that morning. That is, it was until we were able to get Frankie at home. I don't think I ever heard a more amazed answer in my life when I asked, "Frankie, any truth to the rumor you've been married?" I guess you really can't blame him for being surprised, and his "No" sure made life worth living again for about a thousand young ladies I could name.

Then there was the crazy rumor that Fats Domino had taken sick and died. You can imagine how he felt denying that one on our "American Bandstand" show.

It's amazing the way these stories come up, but they do, and you'll be hearing some this next year. Best way is to do as Steve Allen does. He keeps a scrapbook with all of the untrue stories about him pasted inside.

Gosh, it's going to be a lot of fun waiting to see if all of these predictions really do come true. Just to make certain that at least one does, I think I'll toss in a real easy one. And that is that when the songs of the future are written, sung and recorded—the young folks of these United States will still be dancing to them.

See you next month.—DICK

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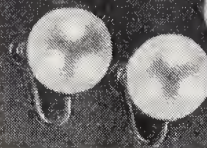
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BOB HOPE

Continued from page 59

from home. He looked out at them, but suddenly he couldn't see their individual faces. They all ran together—a fuzz of faces, a blur of uniforms.

The sailors guffawed and cheered. On the platform, he had waited for the noise to die down. Then suddenly he began to feel dizzy, too. He had to hold on to the microphone with both hands. Their white uniforms fused into one pulsating wave, but he kept talking, talking, talking. He introduced the last act, singer Molly Bee, but instead of standing on the side as usual while she was singing, he went over and sat on a chair at the side of the stage.

In Spain, the next stop of this whirlwind, thirteen-day Europe and Africa Christmas tour, he remembered having another attack of dizziness. But again he just ignored the dizzy spell in a staccato of rapid-fire gags.

In Frankfurt, Germany, the dizziness came once again, and with it the blurring and fuzzing. He had been chatting with some officers and their wives at a reception for the cast at Gen. Francis W. Farrell's home when that spell began.

He excused himself and went upstairs. There he doused his face with cold water, looking at himself in the glass and joking uneasily. "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, perhaps I'm really not well at all." A few minutes later he returned to the party. But through the crowd he singled out an Army doctor and walked over and started talking to him.

After a while they left the room—so quickly and quietly in fact that no one saw them go. Once upstairs, the doctor had asked him to lie down on the bed and the examination began.

And when it had finished, he remembered joking, and saying, "I have one request. Send my body to the Lakeside Golf Course." But the doctor hadn't laughed. He hadn't even smiled.

"I'd like to have a chance to really examine you," the doctor had said instead. "A few days in our hospital here . . ."

"No," he'd interrupted. "Impossible. We're headed for Berlin and then Iceland and then home. Impossible. But what's your verdict?"

"Extreme fatigue," the doctor had answered. "That I know for sure. As for anything else, I'd have to . . ."

"You'll have to hear it from my doctor at home," he remembered telling the man. "I'll have him write you. Fatigue? That means I need sleep." He closed his eyes. "But thanks, doctor. Thanks a lot. Close the door gently when you leave, and don't rattle your stethoscope."

A half hour later he was back at the party, but he carefully avoided the doctor the rest of the evening.

And no one except the doctor knew about his attacks of dizziness and failing sight. He kept on going . . . he learned to lean back in the reclining seats of the planes, close his eyes, and try to sleep. At first his dreams were blurred and fuzzy—*sunspots in my sleep*, he thought, *they're after me*—but then faces came sharply into focus . . . Dolores, his wife . . . and then the kids, Nora, Kelly, Linda, and Tony . . . five loving faces . . . and he smiled.

All five of them had been waiting for him when he landed at Lockheed Air Terminal, waving as the big plane settled down on the runway. And they had had a Christmas tree with them—an untrimmed tree that they were waiting for him to

help decorate. He'd kissed them all, even though the boys protested.

"Good to see you," he'd said, looking slowly at each one of them. "Great to see you."

"But you knew we'd be here," Dolores laughed. "We always meet you . . ."

"Great to see you, just the same," he remembered repeating, laughing very loud.

"If I didn't know better, I'd say you've been celebrating," said his oldest girl, 19-year-old Linda.

"It's a private joke," he'd explained. "Strictly Moroccan. Untranslatable." Then, noticing the puzzled look on the faces of his family he laughed again, a quieter, more typical laugh, and said, "Let's go home and trim the tree."

He'd promised the doctor in Frankfurt that he would see his own doctors in America . . . and he did. He could picture them now, pleading for him to rest, explaining the poor condition of his left eye. After that he'd really tried to follow the doctors' orders, and in a short while his blood pressure had come down, but the clot in his eye didn't clear. The drugs seemed to drain him so much that he couldn't even play 18 holes of golf any more.

Then came the night of February 10th, 1959. It was a nationwide TV show. He was right in the middle of a line, ad-libbing and laughing, when his face froze. He touched his left eyebrow, once, twice, three times. Then he laughed again and struggled to finish the line. As the laughter of the studio audience blotted out his own, he said, barely audibly, "I'll be right back," and walked off the stage.

In the wings, he slumped down at the side of the stage and buried his head in his hands. This is the first time, he remembered thinking, that I've ever walked off stage in the middle of a show when I wasn't supposed to.

He could hear the show going on. The dancers danced, the singers sang. But out of camera range he saw the director and producer running frantically around, signaling and scurrying, trying to cover for their missing star while in the corner, his back to all, he lay helplessly slumped over in his chair.

But fifteen minutes later he was back out on the stage, facing a blurring, fuzzing audience, gazing into the relentless, blinking red eye of the camera. He joked, he ad-libbed, he laughed. Off on the side, however, he could see one of his doctors, who had hurried to the studio, waiting to examine him . . . yet again.

The next day there had been another thorough examination. "You've lost fifty percent of your vision," the doctors told him. "You must take it easy. If you don't . . . you may lose the sight of your eye . . . completely."

"Yes," he'd said, "I'll do what you say. I'll slow down."

And then, near the end of February, the doctors called a halt to his five-drug-diet, explaining that he was becoming far too weak. And then they gave it to him straight: the eye was in worse shape than when the blood clot in the vein of the left cornea had first appeared. They suggested . . . then they insisted . . . that he go to New York and see one of the country's top eye specialists, Dr. Algernon Reese, chief of the Institute of Ophthalmology at Columbia-Presbyterian Hospital.

He agreed to go.

But before he left Hollywood, there was one thing he had to do. NBC-TV was taping a "Manny Sachs Memorial Show," a tribute to the man who had helped so many entertainers get started in show business, a man who had been one of his own true friends. And in memory of Manny . . . well, a guy couldn't duck out

on that show . . . not on Manny Sachs.

So the day before he was to fly to New York to get the verdict on whether he would see or not see, he'd worked on a show . . . for Manny Sachs. In rehearsal, he'd jumped around a little too much, got a bit careless, but he shook off his dizziness.

Then suddenly the show was on, with "Thanks for the Memory" cueing him on stage. He ran out before the camera but a wave of dizziness pounded in upon him, more violent and insistent than anything he had ever felt before, and he almost fainted. He staggered and almost lost his balance. Then somehow he continued through his sketch, in slow motion, working foot by foot as if he were an amateur in summer stock following chalk marks on a barn-theater floor.

The next day at the airport in California, a crowd gathered to say good-bye. "It's awfully hard for me to slow down," he told them. "I don't want to become an invalid, or even a semi-invalid." Then smiling, he remembered to add, "My own medics have just got a little panicky and suggested I see Dr. Reese—one of the best eye men in the world. From now on, I'm going to do just what my doctors tell me. Because I've got so many things I still want to see." And he had taken a long look at his children, gathered to one side, and at his wife. Then he'd boarded the giant airliner. Soon he was winging his way to New York—to find out . . .

He didn't sleep on that plane, not at all. Sure, he remembered lying back and closing his eyes, but all he could do was think about what was ahead of him in New York. Blindness . . . not to be able to see the faces of the people out there in the audience . . . the fellows and the girls in the Armed Services . . . looking up at him . . . laughing.

Then he'd opened his eyes again, gotten up, stretched his legs and walked slowly through the plane. A Marine sergeant sitting in an aisle seat had said, "Hi."

"Hi," he'd answered.

"I saw you in Korea in '57," the soldier said. "It was great. Kind of like being home on Sunday night and turning on the TV set. Only better."

"Thanks."

"You'll be going overseas next Christmas again, won't you, Mr. Hope?" the sergeant went on. "You're like Santa Claus for us."

"No. I'm not really Santa Claus. With this nose, I'm more like Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer." Even now he could still see the startled expression on the soldier's face at this terse remark.

I didn't really answer him, he thought. I don't even know the answer yet myself, he decided, looking at the frosted door.

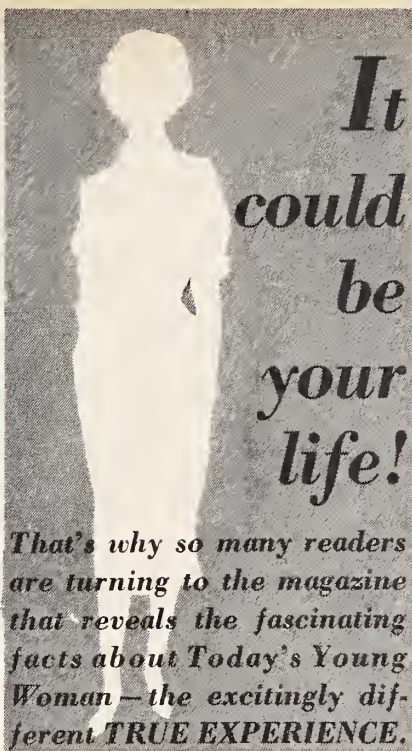
As soon as he had landed he had come straight to this hospital for lengthy examinations by Dr. Reese and his associates. They'd thumped him, and X-rayed him, and tested him. They'd flashed lights in his eyes, put drops in his eyes, magnified his eyes. They'd attached eighteen wires to his skull, charting his brain wave and made him lie still in bed for hours.

Then about a half hour ago, they'd asked him to sit in the waiting room and he'd found a place, just in front of the frosted-glass door of the examining room, where he could see the silhouette of one of the doctors pace up and down . . . up and down . . . up and down . . .

Suddenly the door opened, and the break in the stillness made Bob turn abruptly in his chair.

"Tell me, Bob, when does your son graduate from college?" the doctor was asking, coming towards him.

"Mmmm . . . in . . . not for a few years



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yet," Bob answered, surprised. "Why?"
"Well, I'm sure you must be looking forward to seeing it," he said kindly. "And you will."
See it . . . Bob was beginning to understand what the doctor was trying to say. "And your eldest daughter? She must be at an age when she's thinking about getting married—you'll be able to see her wedding, too, Bob." See her wedding . . . see the graduation . . . and in time, maybe, even grandchildren?

Bob looked up at the doctor, and for the first time in weeks, a smile came naturally and easily. Then he followed him back into the examining room and listened to the full verdict.

He did not have glaucoma, the doctor told him. He did not need an operation, because with care, with rest, with a slower pace, and with continued use of drugs, it was very possible that the blood clot in his eye would dissolve and that full sight would be restored to his eye. Miraculously, a vital area behind the cornea had not been injured.

The doctor went on talking but Bob didn't hear him anymore. To himself, over and over again, he said, "There are still so many things I'm gonna be able to see; there are still so many things I'm gonna be able to see; there are still so many things I'm gonna be able to see."

" . . . and you must cut down on your schedule," the doctor concluded.

Bob meant to thank the doctor, but what came out was the same phrase, "There are still so many things I'm gonna be able to see."

The doctor grinned. "Yes, Bob. But remember, only if you take the warning about slowing down. You can't continue at such a pace." His face took on a very serious expression and he was looking straight at Bob.

"Yes, doctor. Of course, of course," Bob muttered, thinking of the busy schedule he had ahead of him. "Sure . . . I'll take it easy . . ."

When Bob got back to his hospital room, he made a phone call—to Dolores and the younger kids in California. Then he talked to his daughter Linda at St. Louis University in Missouri, and to his son Tony who had come up from Georgetown University in Washington, D.C., to be near him. And finally he talked to his brother George.

When he put down the phone at last, he was all smiles. He packed quickly, stuffing four large sacks with the more than a thousand fan letters and telegrams he'd received just during the two days he'd

been in the hospital. Then he shook hands with the nurses and attendants who had helped him during his stay. "Sorry I have to hurry off," he told them, "but I'm busy with some new plans. Gotta be on the moon to make jokes when our GI's land there. Sure, there's life on the moon. The GI's will be there and where there are GI's there's gotta be me . . . And besides, where there's Hope there's life."

At Idlewild Airport he told the newspapermen about "slowing down." "I'll not hop around so much," he said, "on stage . . . or over the world. Sure, I'll do my TV shows, and benefits, and the Academy Awards . . . and a movie this summer. My Christmas shows overseas? Of course, except maybe we'll cut it down from four shows a day and not keep jumping overnight from one place to another. Have to do those shows. A Marine sergeant insists on it."

Then he became serious and said, "You know, when you're lying flat on your back in a hospital you often get what the doctors call a 'ceiling philosophy.' You begin to realize that taxes and money and some of the other things you worry about are not so important after all."

"Five people actually offered to give me their eyes while I lay there . . . their eyes," he said. "They really meant it . . . And right across the way from my hospital room was a youngster who'd had one eye removed. . . . I can see just fine with only one," he assured me. "I'll be able to see you fine on TV."

"He reminds me—that kind of courage reminds me—of the boys I've seen in all those hospitals overseas. The boys I'm going to see again this Christmas. . . . As long as fellows like that want to see and hear me, I'll be up there pitching. . . . I want to do that right to the end. In fact, when they're taking me to the cemetery, I hope they'll open the box for a moment and let me tell a couple of jokes . . . just for old times' sake."

The newsmen laughed and, as he climbed up the stairway into the plane, Bob watched them and felt good. "See, I haven't lost my touch," he remarked to the stewardess, pointing down at the men.

She grinned and was about to answer him . . . but her words became lost in the roar of the engines. THE END

BOB'S LATEST IS "ALIAS JESSIE JAMES" FOR U.A. (REVIEWED ON PAGE 20). HIS TV SHOW WILL BE ON FRIDAY, MAY 22, FROM 10 TO 11 P.M. EDT, OVER NBC-TV.

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The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are:

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Name.....Age.....

Address.....

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.

6-59

RICK NELSON

Continued from page 55

where I'm staying while I'm here?" I said.

She nodded again, jerking back a lock of blonde hair that had slipped over her cheek.

"Maybe you would like me to call your folks and ask them if it would me all right?"

She just stood there and kept nodding yes. Then just as I was going to ask the number, someone came in and told me they were waiting for me onstage.

I got up and said to her, "Don't go away—please. Stay until I get back. It'll only be a few minutes, and then we can phone your folks."

She smiled and said, "Yes," very quietly.

All the time I was onstage I kept on thinking about her, standing there in that pretty gingham dress, and afterwards I raced to the dressing room as fast as I could. It was empty. She was gone. And I realized I hadn't even found out her name. Then I decided she must have gotten tired of waiting and she'd probably be in the hotel lobby when I got there.

When I walked into the hotel, I found that the lobby was empty except for a few elderly couples. I asked the desk clerk if there were any messages for me. He laughed and said, "Yes, about six hundred girls called and they all send their love." I smiled weakly and went to sit in a straight-backed chair facing the front of the hotel. Everytime the revolving door spun around, I imagined my girl in gingham would be walking through—but everytime it was somebody else's girl or

guy. I waited more than an hour. She never showed up. I left a message with the desk that I would be in my room if anyone asked for me.

I went upstairs. The other boys in our group were sitting around, eating and watching TV. I called home and talked to the folks. Then I just sat. I wasn't hungry. I wasn't sleepy. I wasn't much of anything. I kept wondering why, why she hadn't come. Was she afraid? Wouldn't her folks let her? Why hadn't she at least left a message? And why had I been so preoccupied looking at her that I hadn't even gotten her name? I went back down to the lobby. I sat and waited some more. About one in the morning I gave up. She obviously wasn't going to come. I went upstairs and tried to get some sleep. I couldn't. I got out my guitar and spent the rest of the night sitting in the corner of our suite, strumming softly, knowing I'd never see her again, because in the morning we'd be off to some other town . . . and I began thinking, thinking about other cute girls like her I'd met on tour, and how I never had a chance to get to know them. And how lonely it was, away from home, even in the midst of all the wonderful people who always welcomed me and came to hear me sing.

And as I began to think back over these past two years, I suddenly felt I wanted to tell you all what it's really been like, traveling around the country and singing to you. It's kind of tough trying to explain. I can tell you of some of the crazy things that have happened, but when it comes to the serious side, how can I explain the loneliness of it all, jumbled together with the wonderful feeling I get when I arrive in a strange town—a place I've never been to before—and find hun-

dreds of girls waiting for me with my name sewn all over their skirts and blouses, and hear them shout my name and see them carrying a banner saying "Welcome Rick"? Or what you feel inside when a little girl in a wheelchair is pushed through a crowd and she looks up, smiles and says, "Would you sign my autograph book?" And you know how much of an effort it must have been for her to work through the crowd just to see you.

I'm not a person who shows my emotions easily, anyway not when I'm with a large group of people. I've been accused of being too untalkative and I guess maybe that's partly true. But even if I don't say too much, I do have feelings. I do care if people shout my name and I can't shout back theirs because I don't know it and probably won't have an opportunity to stay in that town long enough to find out. When I get into a town I want very much to walk around, see what the city's like, meet some of the people . . . and don't think I don't feel pretty silly sometimes when I find myself surrounded by two dozen policemen, sent to protect me from a crowd of girls!

But honestly, this police protection is as much for the girls as it is for me. In past tours of rock 'n' roll singers, people have been hurt when the crowds get out of hand. So there has to be some control or everybody would wind up trampling over everybody else. And, speaking of trampling, it reminds me . . .

We'd landed at the airport of one particular town to find about three thousand people waiting for us to get off the plane. I guess the local police hadn't expected such a mob, because the crowd wasn't organized like it usually is, and we just couldn't see anything but people.

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So you can imagine it took quite a while of saying hello and signing autograph books before I got through and to the hotel.

Well, I couldn't have been in my room five minutes before the phone rang. I picked it up and a woman's voice said, "Rick Nelson?"

"Yes," I answered. It didn't sound like a young person.

"You should be ashamed of yourself—kicking girls in the ankle."

"Kicking girls' ankles?" I said, surprised. I didn't know what she was talking about.

"Yes—just half an hour ago. At the airport. In all that mob, you kicked my daughter's ankle with one of those heavy shoes you had on, and it was bleeding so much we had to call a doctor, right there." She sounded awful mad.

"Gee—I'm sorry," I said, remembering the chaos there had been. "I didn't do it purposely."

"I should hope not." "Is there anything I can do, Mrs. uh . . . Mrs. . . . ?"

"Fenton," she prompted. ". . . anything at all?"

"Well, the least you might do is apologize to my daughter yourself."

"Is she with you right now?"

"Yes, Mr. Nelson. She is." And I heard her calling to someone.

"Hello, I'm Sally," said a thin, high-pitched young voice.

"Hi! I'm Rick. I'm awful sorry about your ankle. I didn't realize I'd put on my heavy . . ." And just as I was about to say the word "shoes" I looked down and to my amazement found I had on my soft-sole tennis sneakers! I just didn't know what to say. But I had to finish my sentence. "Let me know how it is," I said finally, feeling completely baffled.

I just couldn't understand how I could have hurt her so much, and she must have called me back about six times to report on the progress of her foot.

She sounded kind of cute, and a few times I wanted to say, "Sal, why don't you come down and see the show?" But it didn't seem right to say that to someone who'd told you she was hurt so bad she could hardly walk (even though I was pretty certain she wasn't).

Then, the day we left town, a pretty girl with a little button nose and deep brown hair tied back in a ponytail, came running toward me across the airport. When she caught up with me she was all out of breath.

"Hey—not so fast," I joked. "Take it easy." She was pushing her way quite determinedly through the crowd.

"I just had to say goodbye to you, Ricky," she panted. "And thank you for being so concerned about my foot." Then she smiled shyly and ran (limp-less!) away before I could say anything, dashing along like some high-school track star, her coat flapping as she went.

I tried to shout out, "Come back. I'm not mad. You should have said you wanted to meet me." But she disappeared too fast, and at that moment I was rushed away to catch my plane.

I thought about her for quite a while after that. She'd reminded me so much of another girl, that girl in gingham.

But talking of phones, it seems people always find out where I'm staying even before I get to a town, and the board at the hotel is flooded with calls for me. The rest of the hotel guests are upset because nobody can get a line out to call. But I must admit the operators take the whole thing good-naturedly.

One time, one of them told me, "The girls calling you use every trick in the book. Why one girl cried when I told

her I couldn't put her through. She screamed that she was your cousin and that you were expecting her to call. I finally told her if she was a relative of yours, then the best thing would be to come directly over to the hotel and go right up to your room. That I'm sure you would be only too happy to see her. I thought that might clear my line."

She laughed and went on. "But five minutes later the girl called back and used a deeper voice—this time saying she was your aunt!

"But the teenager who called you this morning really took the cake. Why, that one called six times and I bet you can't guess what she tried to pull!"

I shook my head.

"Well this one got on and said, 'This is long distance. I have a call from Hollywood for Mr. Rick Nelson from his mother. Would you put Mr. Nelson on, please.' Then there was a pause and she came back on again using a different voice and said, 'Rick? Rick?' I just said, 'Listen, young lady, I've been a switchboard operator for ten years and I know all about those phony long-distance calls. Now please hang up.' But she kept calling back, saying she was your mother. Then she put some boy on the phone, and he said, 'This is Ozzie Nelson, I'd like to talk to my son, please.' Imagine thinking I'd fall for something like that!"

I didn't have an answer for her because the manager came up to me with an urgent telegram.

I tore it open and it said, "Rick. Please call us immediately. The operator won't believe we're your parents. We've been trying to get through all morning. Love, Mom."

But it's not only the phones we have trouble with on tours—it's meals as well. Now I'm the sort who can eat almost anything, anywhere, at any time. But when I get hungry, I sure get hungry. So you can just imagine how I felt when one time it was a case of missing the train if I stopped to grab some food. But I figured there would be a dining car on the train, so it wasn't too serious . . . until I found out there wasn't one!

We were really late that time and zoomed into the station just as the train was starting up and jumped on the nearest car without noticing it didn't have any windows. We started walking through and couldn't see anything but sacks of mail, boxes and crates. So we just kept walking, hoping to find some signs of civilization (and food) sooner or later. We passed through two cars, then stopped dead in our tracks. On the floor were half a dozen long, thin, wooden boxes—coffins! Nobody said a word. It sure was eerie. Finally we found the one and only pullman car on the train. We unloaded our junk and then continued the quest for food. We kept walking and walking until finally we met the conductor.

"Pardon me, sir," I said. "Could you please tell us how to get to the dining car?"

"Well, now, son, that would be mighty difficult, seeing as how this here train don't have no such thing as a dining car," he chuckled. We all laughed politely—

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hungry or not we couldn't let him see we didn't think what he said was funny.

"But don't let that worry you all none," he went on. "Why at our next stop there's a little cafe that serves the best five cent cup of coffee in the country. And they have roast-beef sandwiches that are a whole meal by themselves. It's only a ten minute stop, but I'll have the porter get off and get what you want."

We ordered nine roast beefs, six Cokes, some milk and candy bars.

"Excuse me," I said, "but just how long is it until we get to that stop?"

"Well, let's see," he said, taking a big gold watch out of his pocket. "It's now 11:32. Train's due in there at 4:30—if we're on time."

"Four-thirty tomorrow morning!"

"Yep," he grinned.

We headed back to the pullman car. Five hours until mealtime. I climbed into the upper berth intending to keep myself awake by practicing my guitar. But when one of the guys handed it up to me, there was no room to move my arms. So I gave up that idea. But I was too hungry to sleep and decided to pull up the window shade and watch the towns go by. And I just sat there, making up crazy names for the places we passed. Then I got tired of that and concentrated on looking out at the tiny farms, wondering what sort of people lived in the houses and why so many stories were told about farmers' daughters. Then, somehow, all my thoughts kept turning into the image of a big roast-beef sandwich, mixed up with a picture of that blue-eyed girl in the checked dress, offering it to me, begging me to eat. . . .

"Better get up, we'll be there in ten minutes." I felt someone shaking me. I turned over, mumbled something about not wanting any old beef sandwich, and went back to sleep.

"No, sir," the porter said, shaking me again. "It's not ten minutes to the sandwiches, it's ten minutes 'til your station!" I opened one eye and looked out. The sun was streaming in. I must have fallen sound asleep!

"I sure want to thank you for the dinner," the porter was saying.

"You're welcome," I muttered. "Dinner? What dinner?" Suddenly I realized what he was saying.

"Why me and the conductor just couldn't let all nine roast beefs go to waste; so we divided them between us and ate them. We tried to get you up, but you were beyond wakin'."

I threw on my clothes. I was in Minnesota! We were scheduled to play three shows at the twin cities (St. Paul-Minneapolis). I grabbed for my electric razor and gave myself a quick shave. And was I hungry!

I guess I've made these stories sound like pretty good fun. Touring is, at times, although, as I said, it can get mighty lonely. And so it would be great to have a girl to date in each town I go to, not any big romance or anything like that, just a nice girl to go to a show with, to take a drive with, or to talk to. Someone to tell me, "Gee, the show was good, Rick." It would mean so much. So many times I've seen girls, like the one in gingham, that I would have loved to really meet and say just a little more than "hello" to—but we've always been separated, either I've moved onto another town or they've gotten swallowed in the crowd, or else they feel shy and disappear before I can do or say anything.

THE END

BESIDES HIS RECORD HITS FOR IMPERIAL AND HIS PARTICIPATION ON "THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET" (ABC-TV, WED., 8:30-9 P.M. EDT), RICK WOWS 'EM IN WARNERS' "RIO BRAVO."

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JAMES DARREN

Continued from page 64

in our teens—and there's a wonderful future ahead. Jim (he was Jimmy Ercolani then) dreamed of being a singer in the clubs, and Gloria Terlitsky wanted to be his wife, to look after him, bear his children, give him courage to pursue the career his heart desired.

All through their courting days in South Philadelphia, when Jim went to pick up Gloria at her redbrick row house on Daly Street for a drugstore date or a picture show or just an evening of talk, he wondered if perhaps they weren't too emotional. But, then, he thought, love will make things right. Love is magic. Nothing can go wrong with love behind you.

"And, of course," Jim said, "we had the problem of security, which every young couple faces. Would we be able to pay rent, buy food, a few pieces of furniture? But that didn't worry me so much. We could live on love. It did worry Gloria's parents, though.

"And with her parents, much as we tried to avoid it, there was another conflict. Gloria was Jewish and I was Catholic. Her parents never openly said anything, but I had heard they didn't want her to lose her faith, her heritage. I never faced her parents with this. Maybe I should have. Instead, I started pretending it didn't exist. But it did. And now I wish I had had the guts to talk about it before the marriage."

Love and a strong liking for the same things pulled them together. Gloria and Jim loved to listen to smooth "pop" music—especially Frank Sinatra's vocalizing. They enjoyed ballroom dancing. On Saturday night they looked forward to seeing a good tearjerker movie and eating a pizza pie in a nearby pizza parlor afterward. Their love grew, and they rushed right into marriage.

"We just couldn't stand to be out of one another's sight. If we weren't together, then we were talking on the telephone about anything and everything. I wanted to know Gloria better than I knew myself. And Gloria wanted to know me like a book.

"But that was our mistake. We wanted to know too much!"

Quietly, the black-uniformed waitress served fruit salad and coffee. Jim waited until the waitress left. Then, he looked at me again with his bright, dark eyes and said, "Gee, but we were young. I was nineteen when I married Gloria, and what I didn't know—and Gloria didn't either—was that love isn't possession.

"Sure, we were happy for a while. When baby Jimmy was born two years ago, I was delirious with happiness. Someone to hold and love and teach things to. Someone who'd grow up and be our gift to the world. Gloria and I were in seventh heaven about Jimmy, and he took our minds away from ourselves. But, all the while, we kept clutching at one another, pulling harder and harder, only because I guess we were young and didn't have much experience in life. We needed each other for support. And that's what destroyed our marriage—ruined it. This fear of standing alone. We wouldn't allow it. We leaned on each other for everything and ended up being prisoners—slaves!—instead of husband and wife."

Never, except when Jim was working at the studio, would they allow one another a moment alone. It wasn't right to be left alone even for a minute, to go for a walk by yourself, to visit a friend for part of an evening while the other one babysat with young Jimmy. Every-

thing was together . . . together . . . together . . .

"One night I awoke," Jim told me, "and I had this terrible need to cry, but I couldn't. It was an ache. Why? Well, that night I told myself I couldn't cry anymore. I no longer had any real feelings. Everything was pretend. I didn't want to hurt Gloria with troubles that bothered me so I covered them up. They weren't important, I would tell myself, and I'd bottle them up in my heart until finally that night . . .

"I dressed quietly in a pair of blue jeans. I don't remember the time. It was around two or three past midnight. Gloria and baby Jimmy were sleeping, and I took my car and raced it for ten minutes down Riverside Drive in Glendale. I just had to. I wanted to speed in the dark for hours, to run away. But I felt so guilty feeling this way, driving even for ten minutes without Gloria, that I went right home and got into bed and shook all night long from my need to escape."

The next morning Jim didn't tell Gloria he'd gone out to race his Porsche. But a few nights later the same overpowering urge pulled at him again. He slipped out of the house and sped his car for fifteen minutes. Speeding released him. It lifted the lid for a few moments from the tight emotional trap around him.

"Yet, all the while, I kept wanting to cry, and I couldn't. I wanted to cry over Gloria and myself. We were turning out to be nags. Instead of growing and trusting each other, we wanted every single minute of our day accounted for. If I were late from the studio because of heavy traffic, I had to go into a long explanation and apologize. If Gloria wasn't home the very minute I came home from work—maybe she was visiting a neighbor, it upset her and she'd be rattled all through the evening. We made stupid and unfair demands on each other; only because we didn't know any better. We didn't know what I'm beginning to believe now: love must never be desperate. Love must always be founded on deep trust which comes with growing up."

Weeks later, Jim said, he was summoned one morning to play a screentest—a love scene from "The Girl on the Via Flaminia"—with a new Columbia starlet, Evie Norlund. Suddenly, in the midst of the filming, he broke down and cried.

"There I was, trying to act like a lover, and I realized in that instant that I was a failure. I no longer had any real feelings. Everything was hidden, clammed up inside. I hated myself for being such a fake, for having lost myself. After I cried, I went and played the love scene better than I'd ever played anything before. Some heavy, crushing weight was lifted for a moment. And I went home that night hoping I had a clue to what was wrong with my marriage."

But Jim learned you can't change the patterns of three years of marriage overnight. "Besides, I was scared. I didn't know if being yourself was right. Maybe one had to go through life faking and pretending. And I don't care what anyone says. It's so tough for a guy to tell a girl how he feels when something's going wrong. I sensed Gloria and I had lost the personalities that attracted us to each other in the first place. We were so busy giving in to each other that there wasn't any individuality left. That's why I felt so useless as an actor. A friend of mine who knew all about my nervousness gave me a copy of "The Prophet" by Kahlil Gibran. He told me I looked unhappy. There was great wisdom in the book, he said. And I read a verse in it that hit home: something about the pillars of the temple standing alone. And when you drink wine with your love, it said, you don't always drink from the

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I WANT MY BABY

Continued from page 82

watched her disappear in the distance, I remembered, quite clearly, that day, the first time we had known for sure I was pregnant. . . .

It was a brisk day, windy and impatient, as Philippe and I, late as usual, hurried by taxi through the busy business section of Paris to keep our appointment with the doctor.

"Do you feel all right?" Philippe looked apprehensively at me, and I wanted to shake my head yes, but somehow I knew he knew.

"No," I answered instead, wishing I could lie to him. "I'm sick. . . . I feel awful. . . . I. . . ."

"We'll get out and walk the rest of the way. Maybe the fresh air will help," suggested Philippe, calling to the driver to stop.

"Mmm. . . ." I agreed.

Philippe got out first and then helped me, kind and attentive and worried.

"I'm sure it's not too bad. Maybe I'll feel better tomorrow," I told him. And he paid the man and took my arm as we began walking up the tree-lined boulevard. "Perhaps I've just been doing too much over Christmas," I sounded confident enough but inside I was frightened. Because I couldn't remember the last time I'd felt quite so sick.

"Do you think it might be a baby?" Philippe and I had already discussed this possibility, and now he must have been thinking it would cheer me up.

"That would be wonderful," I smiled weakly as we walked on silently, Philippe holding onto my arm and guiding me gently along.

The doctor was very busy that day—and besides, had been called out on an emergency—and a slim, dark-haired young nurse asked if we'd mind waiting a while.

"That's quite all right," Philippe told her as she showed us into the reception room.

Picking up an old copy of "Elle" from a low table in the center of the room, I settled myself in a deep armchair while Philippe walked restlessly around for a few minutes, then also chose a magazine, and came to sit beside me.

I flipped through the pages but couldn't concentrate, wondering all the time what was wrong. Was it a baby? Maybe. . . .

"What would we call it?" I asked Philippe, suddenly, as though he had been able to read my thoughts.

Looking up from his magazine, Philippe stared steadily ahead for a moment, then replied, "Yves is a nice name—if it's a boy."

"Yes," I agreed, and then thought of it together with our last name which is Nicaud. "Yves Nicaud," I said slowly. "That sounds quite musical. And what about Catherine, if it's a girl."

"Or Isabelle?"

And we found ourselves playing the name game that all young couples play when they first realize a new member of the family might be on the way.

"Philippe. . . ? What if. . . what if I'm not. . . what if. . . ?"

"Darling, don't worry." He spoke very softly, reaching out to tuck a stray curl under my scarf and smiling the way he always does when I'm worried or frightened.

"I expect you'll want the nursery blue and white," he said lightly, evidently trying to lessen the tension.

I had to laugh. Ever since we first met and married three years ago while work-

ing on a film together, it had always been a big joke between us. "Blue and white I adore but I can't stand green," I had said.

"And it will have to be modern—we can't have antique furniture like in the rest of the house," I said.

"It'll mean goodbye to our guest-room plans then," Philippe concluded. "Anyway, that room will look much nicer as a nursery."

"Oh—Philippe. A baby—how can you be so sure?"

I noticed Philippe glance up every now and then at the big grandfather clock by the wall and as the slender minute hand neared the half-hour mark Philippe closed his magazine and placed it back on the table.

"Darling. . ." he began. And I knew the rest.

"Go ahead, you can't be late for the show—I'll be all right," I said quietly, knowing he had to make curtain-call on time. But suddenly I felt myself becoming terribly tense at the thought of being left all alone. I was afraid.

"You'll call me at the theater as soon as you've seen him? Promise?"

"Yes, I promise."

The room seemed very quiet without Philippe and my mind began forming all sorts of horrifying pictures. I've been afraid of being left alone since I was a small child in France during the war when I used to be terrified that the Germans would take me away.

Then, as I sat there all alone, flipping nervously through the shiny pages on my lap, I couldn't help thinking of all the other women who must have waited in this very spot wondering and wondering. . . . the things that I was wondering.

The door clicked open. I turned to look. It was the white-coated nurse, smiling, and saying, "Mme. Nicaud. Would you please come this way. The doctor will see you now."

Getting up slowly, I left my magazine on the chair and turned to follow her out of the room, feeling my heart beat just a little faster than usual as we walked through the hall into the doctor's office. Then I saw him, sitting behind his wide oak desk at the far end of the carpeted room.

He was a well-built man with greying hair and a relaxed expression that made me feel at ease almost at once.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so long, Mme. Nicaud," he said, getting up and coming around the desk to shake my hand.

Then began the questions and the examination and finally, finally. . . somehow the wonderful words he was saying seemed to be coming from very far away. . . . "Yes, Mme. Nicaud. There's no doubt. You are pregnant." Then he added, "But you are extremely run down and you must go straight home to bed at once and rest. The vitamin and iron shot I have just given you will build up your strength but you must promise to get rest and more rest."

"Oh—I will, I will," I assured him, twisting impatiently in the chair, anxious to call the theater and tell Philippe the news.

I think the doctor must have known what I was thinking because he laughed and said, "Go ahead. Use my phone. I know you won't listen to a word I'm saying until you speak to your husband."

My hands were trembling as I dialed the number and I must have been so excited that for a brief moment I couldn't remember the last two figures. As I listened to the phone ring I looked down at my watch. It was 10:15. He should be offstage by now for it was almost intermission time.

"Ambassador Theater—stage door," growled a voice at the other end.

I asked to speak to Philippe and it seemed an eternity before I heard that familiar "Hello" at the other end of the line.

Then he said "hello" again and then again. Because all of a sudden I just couldn't speak. Somehow the words just wouldn't come out. Finally I stuttered, "Philippe?"

"Yes, darling. What . . . what did he say?"

Philippe sounded so excited, so impatient to know.

"It's true . . . I'm . . . I'm . . . really going to have a baby," I blurted out and I could feel tears coming into my eyes.

Philippe's parents were visiting us from their home in Jura, in Eastern France, at the time, and I couldn't wait to get home to tell them the news—and also to call my own mother.

A taxi dropped me right at the door of our apartment house, and as I went up in the elevator I began thinking of how I would tell them, having a magnificent time rehearsing the scene to myself.

Taking the key from my handbag, I opened the door and walked inside. Philippe's mother and father were sitting quietly in the living room and as I went in, they both looked up. Then, before I had a chance to say anything Philippe's mother screamed, "You're going to have a baby! That's what the doctor said! I can see it written all over your face!"

She ran over to me and began hugging and kissing me and Philippe's father came over to kiss me too.

Then she called out for Adele, the family cook who's been with them since Philippe was five years old. "Adele, Adele!" She cried. "We've wonderful news. Christine's going to have a baby."

I still had my hat and coat on.

Adele, a large, plump woman, came waddling out of the kitchen and almost knocked me over in her shower of affection. "A baby!" she screamed. Then, hands on hips, she told me firmly, "You should have a girl. Girls are much easier to raise than boys and don't get into so much mischief."

"I'll make sure it's a girl just for you, Adele," I promised, laughing.

"Now, I must call my mother," I told them, maneuvering myself out of the excited group and walking towards the telephone which stood on a low table in the hall.

"Maman!" I said excitedly as I heard her voice. "I'm going to have a baby!"

"At last I'm going to be a grandmother!" she screamed, and, not letting me get another word in, continued, "Are you sure you're all right? Should I come over right away?" She asked so many questions.

"No, Maman. I'm quite all right. I'll see you first thing in the morning."

Then as we hung up I heard her mumble, "Now where did I put my knitting needles." She's always so practical. And I knew how thrilled she must have been because she'd been placing all her hopes of being a grandmother on me, since my only brother is very much younger than I, and, of course, not yet married.

I heard a patter of paws behind me and turned to see Fortiche, our cocker spaniel, wagging his tail almost as if he, too, wanted to congratulate me. And he began running around and around in circles, confused, I think, by all the excitement.

I pointed a finger playfully at him. "Fortiche," I said, "you'll just have to get used to not being the center of attention anymore." And from the way he

whined as I spoke, one could really believe he'd understood.

I was actually a little worried about having him around with a baby in the house, but everyone assured me that cocker spaniels are angels with children.

Then the front door opened and it was Philippe. I ran to kiss him.

"So it wasn't just wishful thinking," he laughed.

"And we will have that blue and white nursery after all," I said.

"With a blue and white crib, blue and white toys, blue and white . . ." We were laughing so much.

"And we'll take him—or will it be her—to Hollywood with us. . ."

"He's got to spend some time in Paris, though. . . ." As he said this, Philippe looked serious for a moment.

"And I'll sew wonderful little things for the baby while we're waiting. . . and stay with you here in Paris. . ."

"You can even write that novel you've always talked about. . ."

"And . . . and . . ." There was so much to say. . .

"Christine! Christine!" Someone was shaking my arm and I was brought sharply back to the present. It was Philippe. "Do you know you're laughing all to yourself?"

"Am I?" I said rather wistfully. Because now there was nothing to laugh about any more.

The shock that shattered all our dreams came about six days after that wonderful night when we'd first known I was pregnant. . .

It was evening, cool and clear, and one of those nights when all Paris seemed to sparkle with excitement and life. From our apartment high in Montparnasse I could see over the rooftops and hear the cries of the people, happy people, in the streets.

I was resting in bed, chatting with my mother. Philippe was at the theater. Beside me on the quilt lay the patterns and pieces of fabric for a baby's playsuit.

"Maman. Pass me that white thread," I said. But as she picked up the spool from a round table beside her and held it out to me, I was suddenly struck by a sharp pain.

"Maman!" I cried out.

"What's wrong?" she screamed, rushing to the bedside as I began to groan and twist.

"I . . . I . . ." But I couldn't speak.

Then, still twisting from side to side in an effort to stop the agonizing pain inside of me, I watched my mother as she went over to a small table by the side of the bed and telephoned the doctor—without saying another word. She looked terrified. "He's coming right over," she said, finally.

I couldn't stop turning and turning as though an inner sense told me that by moving I would lessen the pain. But it got worse and Mother had to call to Adele to help hold me still.

It seemed so long before the doctor arrived. He looked very grave, and, as he examined me, he kept nodding to himself in a way that made me very frightened.

"It's not . . . I'm not . . . I'm not going to lose my baby," I managed to whisper. I was so afraid.

He didn't answer immediately. Then he said, "I can't be too hopeful for you."

I wanted to cry. And I think, for that one moment, I really wanted to die.

They carried me downstairs into an ambulance. The physical pain was terrible and all the while I kept thinking of Philippe and how at that moment he must have been such a happy man, enjoying the feeling that he would soon be a father. We

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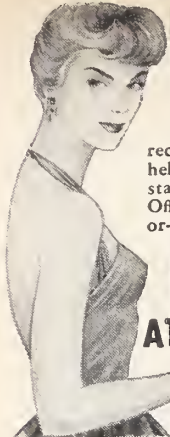
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couldn't contact him immediately because he was onstage, so he didn't know what was happening to me . . . so he didn't know that all our plans seemed to be evaporating into mere dreams . . . that Fortiche might have to wait a long time for a new playmate . . . that there might now be no point in turning the guest room into a nursery.

Then all these thoughts became a jumble in my head until I must have fainted, because the next thing I remember was finding myself lying in a narrow hospital bed and opening my eyes to see Philippe standing by me.

He looked so solemn, so downcast, that despite his cheerful, "Hello. Did you sleep well?" I knew that what I'd dreaded most had happened. And I started to scream hysterically.

"I want my baby. . . . I want my baby," I cried, and the tears came streaming down my face.

The doctor came to the bedside. He took my clenched fist in his hand and started speaking softly. "You mustn't cry . . . you must be brave. . . . Your husband is just as upset as you are, but he's calm . . . you must be calm too. . . ." But I just went on crying. I couldn't help it.

Then he changed his tone and became firm. "Think of the other patients in the hospital. Some of them are far worse off than you. It's not fair to keep them awake by your screaming."

So gradually I calmed down and stopped crying.

Philippe stayed with me all through the night, holding my hand tightly as I kept waking from a fitful sleep of nightmares.

"What if I can't have any more?" I screamed out, time and time again.

And each time Philippe would answer softly, "You can. The doctor assured me you can."

I tried to believe him. . . . I wanted to believe him but I was haunted with the idea that this miscarriage had done something to me so I couldn't have another child. And I kept thinking about the baby I could have had, being tormented more and more each time I heard a baby cry down the hall. I envied their mothers.

"Philippe—you're not angry with me?" I said at one point that night, feeling as though I'd let him down.

"Of course not. Take the idea right out of your head," he scolded. But I couldn't stop worrying.

They were the most anguished hours of my life. I could not reason with myself, my fears seeming to grow all out of proportion.

The next morning the doctor came to see me, and my mother was with him. He drew up a chair by my bed.

"I hear that you don't think you can have any more children," he said, kindly but firmly.

"Well . . ." I stuttered.

"Well, don't worry," he interrupted. "You're quite all right. You're just the unfortunate result of fatigue and excessive exertion before pregnancy—it happens every so often. But I want you to know you're one of the healthiest specimens I've ever had the good fortune to treat. You were just physically run down and your body didn't have time to get its strength back."

I smiled but inside I felt vacant and lost. I wanted my baby now . . . not in the distant future. And in the back of my thoughts I could hear him droning on . . .

"You must take a long rest," he was saying. "Try to go to the mountains for a few weeks when you get out of the hospital and in four months you can start thinking seriously of starting a family—with no qualms at all."

Then he left me alone with my mother. Philippe had already gone home for a few hours to rest.

For one of the first times in my life I felt completely hopeless—almost dead, and could find nothing to say to my mother as she chattered to me.

There was nothing to plan for any more. . . .

A shiver ran right through my body. I opened my eyes and found that the sun had gone behind the snow-topped hills and that it was getting very cold. I looked up and saw there were only a few skiers left on the slopes.

I patted Philippe gently on the arm and he opened his eyes. "Wake up, darling," I said. "Look at the time—it's almost six."

I pulled down the sleeves of my ski sweater and zipped up my top jacket.

"But I was having such a good dream," grumbled Philippe, playfully, as he lifted himself reluctantly from the deck chair. I took his arm and we walked slowly back to the hotel . . . the two of us, alone.

After my vacation I should like to make another film. I'm going to Hollywood soon and with Philippe busy with his new play—the French version of "Reclining Figure"—the doctor's time period should pass swiftly.

And then, perhaps, I won't feel quite so sad.

THE END

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DIANE VARSI

Continued from page 71

laughing. And as she watched him run on, with his arms outstretched and making zooming noises like an airplane, she smiled a wonderfully natural smile . . . and looked quite radiant. "Hey—not so fast," she called.

Two college students, passing by, turned to look at them. They recognized Diane. "She's the girl who suddenly left Hollywood," one remarked quietly to the other. Then two more girls, in Bermuda shorts and light sweaters, stopped to say "Hi" to Diane. They knew her too. She was already enrolled at Bennington College. She smiled back and caught hold of Sean's hand as she reached the bottom of the hill.

Diane knew no real quick answer to her sudden walk-out from Hollywood, nothing she could tell the girls briefly in reply to the question she knew they wanted to ask. Because it had all started many months before. . . .

It was late afternoon and Diane was sitting at her dining-room table busily studying her lines. Over and over again she said words to herself, each time further submerging the person she was with the person she was supposed to be. She'd already read half a dozen books to help her further understand the girl she was portraying. She studied until she knew the character intimately. She knew the way her character would react to situations, the way she'd walk, stand, sit, lower her eyes, smile. She knew because in her deep study a change had taken place—she was this girl, Ruth Evans, twenty, a co-ed at the University of Chicago, and engaged to a young law student. And her story was "Compulsion."

Suddenly she felt a tug at her leg. Unconsciously she put her hand out to fight it off, and again she felt a tug and heard a small, child-like voice say, "Mommy . . . Mommy go away."

Diane stood up, shook herself and looked around her. She stooped over and lifted the little boy who had spoken into her arms and held him tightly. Then setting him down, she walked into another room and turned on the lights. It was dinner time. Where had the day gone? Almost trancelike, she went into the kitchen and started preparing dinner. She cooked the vegetables, got out the bread, the milk and the red jello that the little boy loved. Then suddenly the noise of the icebox door slamming shut brought her back into the world of reality.

She sat looking at the little boy—at her son—while he ate, laughing again and again at his funny white milk mustache. But inside, the words he'd said would not stop running around in her mind. It wasn't the first time he'd tugged at her leg, or climbed up into her lap and said simply, "Mommy . . . Mommy go away?"

And as she thought, she began to realize what his words meant. He didn't mean that she was about to leave the house. What he meant was that for the past few hours she had become some other person. He had watched her lose herself so completely in her role that he saw not his Mommy but a stranger, someone he did not know, a person called Ruth that he had neither heard of nor could understand.

After "Compulsion" she decided to take a rest and she was placed on suspension by her studio until she did a pilot for a new 20th TV series called "Whodunit."

And then it happened. The last night

of the "Whodunit" filming, she and the cast had worked overtime. It was one in the morning. She was tired and soaking wet, having been in a studio water tank for nearly three hours. This was a big scene, the scene where she is murdered by having her head pushed under the water and held there until she drowns. They'd done the scene again and again and always there was something wrong. Then she'd been told, "Try it one more time."

She started to protest. It was almost two now, and she was no longer able to sustain herself. She said she did not want to do the scene again. Inside she had a premonition that she mustn't do the scene again. But there were dozens of other people there dependent on her part. She couldn't leave. Once more the actor who had to push her head underwater did his job. She felt herself going below water and as she went down her head struck something hard. . . . She gasped for breath and rose to the surface. . . . Her head had evidently struck one of the wooden pilings of an ocean pier. When she reached the water's surface she began struggling, but the actor, thinking Diane was still playing her part, and knowing her usual authentic intensity, put his hand on her head again as he was supposed to in the scene, and pushed her underwater. Again she hit her head and again she gasped for breath and struggled to the surface. This time when she came up she covered her face with her hands. The cameras continued to roll. What a dynamic performance, everyone thought. Again the actor's hand reached out for her—but this time she turned and swam away. The director called "Cut." She got out of the water and without a word she turned to walk off set. And as she did so she took her hands away from her face. They all stood stunned as they saw blood gushing from a gash in her forehead and the bridge of her nose. Only then did anyone realize Diane had not been acting—she had been really hurt.

Yet she was more than physically hurt. That day Diane made her decision. She had to leave Hollywood, to get away from acting which had always been so emotionally painful and harmful to her.

On Saturday, the 21st of March, on a side street in Santa Monica, California, a few miles from Hollywood, a white frame house stood quiet, empty, waiting for its family to return. On the front lawn, a profusion of purple and magenta flowers grew wild. The mailbox was overfurnished with letters. Inside the house, the large living room was still full of furniture. A guitar was propped up on one of the chairs, waiting to be strummed. And on the polished wood floor, a red and white stuffed dog was stretched out forlornly, as if waiting for someone to play with it.

From all indications, it seemed as if the family of the house had just gone away for the weekend. Yet, two days before, early on a Thursday morning, Diane Varsi and her son, Sean, had walked down the front steps of that house and had headed for the airport—not just for a weekend, but presumably forever.

The decision to leave Hollywood had not been a sudden one. It had been well thought out, well planned. Yet she'd told no one. Twentieth Century-Fox, Diane's studio, was caught completely unaware when she walked into the office of executive Lew Schreiber, just two days before she left town, and calmly informed him that she was going. The next morning all Hollywood read the news over its coffee cups. A trade paper announced that Diane had "stormed into the front

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office and told 'em she's giving it all up and going back to Vermont to write a book." The basic fact was true; but she hadn't stormed in, nor did she plan to write a book. She'd walked in quietly and said she was just leaving. And she'd done it while on the threshold of a brilliant career—she'd just finished "Whodunit," got rave reviews for her TV debut in "Playhouse 90," had the picture "Compulsion" still to be released, was talked about for key roles in "The Best of Everything" and "Stage Door." And her studio were even considering a sequel to her first triumph, to be called "Return to Peyton Place."

To the press she explained, "It has nothing to do with the studio itself. I just don't want to act anymore or be a part of this business. I don't like some of the ways of Hollywood, but my reasons go deeper. It is the performing itself that I object to. I find it destructive to me. I don't see any reason to be miserable just because other people say I should go on with my career. If I have any talent, I will try to find some other outlet for it that will make me less unhappy."

The news spread rapidly. While Diane prepared to leave, the town was buzzing.

The brief statement she'd made was complete as far as it went. It was all she could say. She could not speak of the inner torment, the unhappiness, the loneliness. Were there words to explain?

During recent interviews she was always polite but seemed a little unhappy when writers delved into her past. "Why do you always have to ask about my past?" she questioned. "Why not talk about today or tomorrow?" For the past was painful for her to talk about, yet she did so because this was part of the job of being an actress. And so she spoke of her early days in San Mateo, of her mother's illness, of the time her father left them, and how she was shunted back and forth between schools, convents, desperately seeking love, affection, desperately wanting to belong to a group as well as to a family. And so they learned of her days and nights of torment and tears. She told and retold how it seemed as if nothing she could do was right, as if no one loved her, or understood her or cared. Only her grandfather, Joseph Varsi, seemed to believe in her, to encourage her.

It was hard to delve into the past and speak of the early marriage that became a disaster, hard to speak of the discovery of her pregnancy just as the marriage broke up. Yet Diane knew why the writers kept asking her about it because all of it had led up to the fascinating Cinderella story of her discovery and her one picture jump to fame and stardom in an Academy Award nomination.

Over and over she told about the day she and a friend left her home in San Mateo and hitchhiked to Hollywood. . . . How without fear they had stood out on a highway thumbing their way to a new life. . . . How they had decided to go on to Mexico but had somehow stayed in Hollywood. Settled in a small apartment, she told how her grandfather had sent money when she wrote to him to say that she had decided to stay in Hollywood and study acting. He had sent her monthly checks, encouraged her, was proud she had decided to settle down. She retold the story of her acting coach, Jeff Corey, bumping into director Mark Robson, who was casting the role of Allison in "Peyton Place," and how Jeff had recommended her and how she'd gotten the part that every young actress in Hollywood wanted and how in a matter of months she was transported from Diane Varsi, young vagabond, former folk singer, hitchhiker

from San Mateo, into Diane Varsi, movie star. She told how the cast thought her aloof but how inwardly she was really just shy, overawed with the tremendous import of what had happened to her and most of all just plain scared. Each morning she would walk on set and say, "Am I still in the picture?" Or, "Haven't I been fired yet?" And while the rest of the cast and crew spent their off hours relaxing, she'd stay in her room reading and re-reading the book and the screen play and analyzing and re-analyzing the character of Allison until she was Allison.

And there were always questions about her son, and her second husband, James Dickson, whom she sued for divorce in August of last year. Jim, who is still her business manager, took her to the airport when she left Hollywood that day in March. Then there was always the question, "Do you like acting?" And always the same answer, "No. It is not satisfying. I am miserable."

And all the while she read constantly—to discover things about herself, about life. She studied the works of the philosophers, the dogmas of different religions, the teaching of Yoga.

No story ever written told fully of her wonderful warm sense of humor, her ability to laugh at herself as well as at the humorous things she saw around her. No one spoke fully of her fantastic devotion to her son nor her futile attempts to overcome the personal quirk in her makeup that would not allow her to shake off a role while she was filming.

During her third picture, "10 North Frederick," Diane suffered what the papers called a nervous breakdown. She went to a hospital and for a week she was quiet and still and then the following Monday she was back on the set. The public read of the breakdown but did not read about the subsequent crying. They did not read how she fainted during a dance sequence for "Dingaling Girl," the TV play, nor could they know that the calm, offbeat exterior was just a cover for an inside that was screaming with agony until it could scream no more, until the agony turned into a quiet resolution to leave, to forget, to seek solitude. They did not know that after her week in the hospital she had sought professional guidance and had gone to an analyst for help. And he had agreed with Diane that at least for the time being acting was not the right thing for her. And when finally she made her decision to go to Vermont, she went quietly to tell him of her plans before breaking the news publicly.

After the awful struggle she had playing the role on "Playhouse 90," she told another friend: "I can't stand it. I thought I could keep control of myself. I've tried . . . my God I've tried. But I just can't go on like this. I'm leaving. I'm getting out before it's too late." The friend thought she was just upset, overwrought, he did not take her seriously. But the first week in March, Diane Varsi called the real estate agent and told him she would be leaving and that he was free to rent the house. The second week in March, she packed all her books and records and made arrangements with friends to stay with them in Bennington, Vermont—only at the last minute deciding to take an apartment there instead.

The idea of New England intrigued her. She'd grown to love the serenity of Maine during the filming of "Peyton Place." By the third week of March she'd made all the arrangements, paid all outstanding bills, taken Sean to the doctor for a check-up, and then she called her theatrical agent and told him.

She called a few close friends, her stand-in Joan Dyer, and her long-time friend Carol Eastman, also an actress. Her ex-husband, Jim Dickson, already knew.

She explained she was leaving. She managed to arrange her time so that she could spend an evening or at least a few hours with each of those closest to her.

By Tuesday of the third week in March, her records, record-player, books, linens and dishes were on their way via railway express to Vermont. The other things she left behind to be sent on later. That same Tuesday evening, she knocked on a neighbor's door. Could she borrow a few blankets, hers were all packed? And she said goodbye and walked back into her white frame house.

When she got inside she looked at a clipping, dated March 18th, that someone had sent her about her decision. It said she was going to write. She smiled to herself. For years she had sought release in writing, in jotting down bits of poetry, short stories, in rhyming words, words which helped express how she felt and yet in this too, as in acting, she was undisciplined. Maybe someday, Diane thought, I will be equipped to write, but not now.

A reporter called. Somehow he'd reached her private number. "Is it true, Miss Varsi," he said, "that you are leaving Hollywood to get married? That you have a secret admirer with whom you are very much in love? A man you will be joining when you leave here?" Diane was noncommittal, polite, but she said nothing except, "I have nothing to say."

And yet, as Diane hung up, she had an odd feeling. Was it possible that one of the reasons for her decision to leave was her devotion to a young actor now back East touring in a play? Was it possible that in him she would find part of what she was searching for? Was she ready again for permanent love? Were the scars of two unsuccessful marriages too deep to make her risk a third plunge, at least for now? Would people find out about her newest romance? Could she see him on her way to Vermont without the glare of publicity shining down on them? She didn't know. She'd have to chance it. But one thing was sure. After seeing her family in San Francisco, she was planning to make a brief stop before landing in New York and then going on to Vermont. Was the person in Chicago a key to what lay ahead?

On Thursday morning, March 19th, Diane Varsi and her son Sean left Los Angeles International Airport. At the terminal with them were Diane's friend, Carol Eastman, and her ex-husband James Dickson. Also there were a battery of photographers and reporters. As she walked up the steps leading to the plane, she clutched Sean tightly. When she got to the top step, she did not hesitate, did not falter, did not turn to wave goodbye or to take a last look at the city which had been her home for the past two and a half years. There was no use looking back, because there was no turning back. The die was cast and the decision made. THE END

DIANE'S IN TWENTIETH'S "COMPULSION."

KIM NOVAK

Continued from page 69

Brooklyn broke the spell with a "Hi, Kim!" Then we all talked at once: "How do you do your hair?" "How do you choose your clothes?" "How do you do everything?"

Then the most wonderful thing happened. By some miracle there was an empty space on the couch, and she came straight over and sat next to me. The first thing she did was look at my name-tag, where, for lack of space, I'd only been able to scribble "Florence T."

"Florence T..." She paused for a fraction of a second, then added, "Why, you must be Florence Toutkoushian. Are you wearing it?"

"It" is a pearl ring I once sent her as a gift. She'd returned it with a note explaining that, since the studio chose all her jewelry during the making of a picture, she'd hate to have to just drop it, neglected, at the bottom of her ring box. "Will you do me a favor," she'd written, "and wear it for me?"

As if I'd ever take it off again! To be recognized and appreciated and encouraged like that was almost more than I could bear. It made up for all the disappointment I'd felt the other time, the first time I'd come to New York for a weekend, determined to meet Kim...

I'd asked the hotel desk to bring my breakfast at six o'clock, and an hour later I was standing across from her building, looking for a set of windows with lavender drapes. I just stood there with a bunch of birthday violets in my hand.

Finally, I noticed the doorman sizing me up, and, with all the dignity I could muster, I strode across the street.

"Would you take these up to Miss Novak, please?" I blurted, handing him the violets before he could question me.

"Sure thing. Want to bring them up in person?"

"No!" I almost shouted, suddenly afraid. That would be a nervy thing to do, I thought. Gee, she might even be in the bathtub or something.

After he had delivered the bouquet, the doorman came down to find me warming myself in the lobby.

"I'm afraid you can't stay there, Miss..." "Can't stay there. And there I was—sitting right next to her then, and she made me feel as if I could've stayed as long as I'd wanted to.

That's the special thing about Kim, making you feel welcome and being really interested in what you say to her. When she talks to you, you *know* she's doing it because she wants to, not because she's supposed to. And the funny thing is, I'll bet she made every girl in that room, at one time or another, feel she was talking to her personally—privately.

"Guess what?" she announced with sudden gayety. "Arlene's just had a baby girl, at last!"

This was great news, for we all know as much about Kim's sister as we do about Kim. Operating Fan Headquarters hadn't always been easy for her, what with two husky little boys running her ragged all day. A girl—at last!

Then, as if to complete the picture, at that very moment the telephone rang... Chicago calling... It was Arlene, just home from the hospital with little Kristy Ilene Malmberg (K.I.M.). A hush fell on the room as the two sisters talked.

"Better watch out for your job," joked Kim. "If those kids get to be too much for you, Florence is liable to take over!"

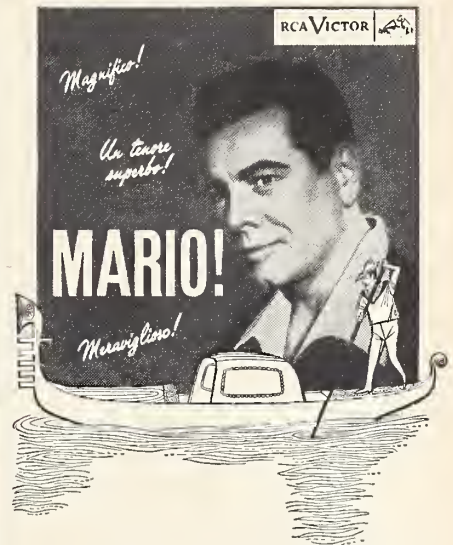
I nearly died... my very secret dream, to work for Kim. Everyone was so absorbed, I don't think anyone noticed how I blushed. We all felt like "family" sharing a tender moment.

For everyone, then, let me thank you, Kim. Thank you from the bottom of our hearts. THE END

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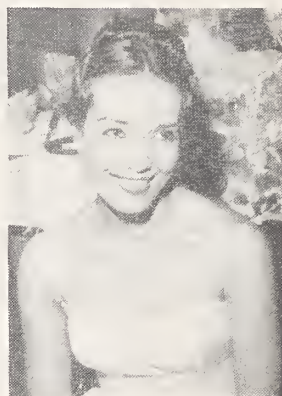
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INSIDE STUFF

Foreign Awards: Anna Kashfi Brando was the most attractive woman of all at the Foreign Awards gala, wearing an exquisite white bouffant gown. She brought forth a faint gasp of "aaaah" from the sophisticated audience. And I could see she was trying hard not to show the strain of her divorce. When David Niven went up to accept his Best Actor award, there was a unanimous "hear, hear," and a general good feeling that at last this gentleman of wit and talent had really been recognized.



Anna Kashfi, looking superb, was all smiles.

Dick's first movie: On your mark, get set, ready to go, go, go to see Dick Clark's first movie, "Cher Papa," which he'll make for United Artists. Dick has also formed his own unit, Drexel Productions, for future movies if "Papa" clicks. And who says it won't...

Watch for: Dean Jones, who is being transformed into an M-G-M singing, dancing, and acting star. Dean, a former Methodist minister, clicked like castanets all over Europe in his movie "Handle with Care" that scarcely drew a ripple here. But watch Dean closely for the future... Cesare Danova in "The Man Who Understood Women." Tall, dark and romantic, Cesare's been waiting two years for this chance. And he's made a fine job of it... Stephen Boyd who co-stars with Susan Hayward in "The Snow Birch." And you'll see him too as Messala in "Ben Hur." Recently divorced by his English wife, Steve is the coming dreamboat and never let it be said I didn't warn you.

They're Talking About: The exciting housewarming party Gary Crosby gave in his new hillside bungalow home which he bought from actor Kurt Kreuger. Guests explored everywhere—including the swimming pool! And it so happened that they had a double reason for celebrating. Tommy Sands was flying the next morning to Australia for a busy round of night-club engagements. (Yes, he's even popular "down under.") The home itself is an attractive one with huge glass windows overlooking the pool, a bar in the den, cozy chairs and comfortable couches in the living room—all compact and done in excellent taste. "I intend this house to be the sort you can live in—not only look at," teased Gary as he watched his friends peer from room to room. "You know," he added. "A homey sort of home."... The way Rick Nelson is teased about all the different girls he takes out. "And why not," says the indignant Rick. "A fellow's only nineteen once in his life." And I have to agree with Rick. "Anyway," Rick told me, "there's really only one rival my dates have to worry about—and that's this." He pointed to his guitar, and then embraced it playfully. "What about all I've been hearing about your driving?" I joked, remembering remarks I'd heard about the way he spins along some of the highways. "Well, it's not really true at all," he said quite seriously, inviting me for a drive. Scrambling for my bus, I called out, "I'm really quite convinced, Rick!"



Dreamy Stephen Boyd plays papa on location.

Twosome: Been seeing more and more of Sandra Dee out with Lindsay Crosby—but only on weekends.



I spotted the Efrem Zimbalists, Jr. at Foreign Awards gala.



... Also Jane Powell and her husband, Pat Nerney ... and



Carol Lynley (top) told me about her egg diet, but Jill St. John stuck to her specialty: MEN.

Boys, Dates, Diets: Jill St. John was sitting thoughtfully in front of a plate of chocolate peppermint ice-cream when I reached the studio dining room just a little late for our lunch date the other day. "What are you thinking about?" I asked as I sat down. "Dates," she answered simply, in her straight-forward way, digging a spoon into the ice-cream. "What about them?" I said. "Well, I've decided there are two kinds—those you shake hands with at the door and those you kiss goodnight. I shake hands with Tom Neal," Jill babbled on, "'cause we're old friends. I shake hands with boys on a first date and with boys who are just-fun dates. Lance is the other kind. There's just no one like Lance after all," she smiled, displaying the identification bracelet that **Lance Reventlow's** mother, **Barbara Hutton**, had given him years before. "And now it's mine," she explained.

"It's pretty," I told her. And she smiled. At that moment our little talk was interrupted by the loud unwrapping of kitchen paper coming from the other side of the table. It was **Carol Lynley**, my other luncheon companion, fumbling into sheaves of wax paper. I must have had a questioning look on my face because, without my saying anything, she said, "It's hard-boiled eggs. They don't have them on the menu so I brought them with me—for my diet." Then she added, "would you like me to bring you some tomorrow?" "No, I've another luncheon date then," I said. "But thank you all the same." Then a voice next to me cut in with. "But Carol—aren't they fattening?" It was Jill. "No more than chocolate ice-cream," quipped Carol.

"My mother's very strict about dates," Sandra told me. "She always makes Lindsay promise to have me home by eleven." Then Sandra cocked her head to one side, and, with a sort of spaniel look, said, "But someday, Miss Hamilton, I'll be eighteen and then I'll be able to go to parties and stay up much later." "What does Lindsay think about it?" I asked. "Oh—he's very good. He always gets me home on time," she said and then she added, "but maybe sometimes I wish he wouldn't. It's kind of early."

Troubles: **John Saxon** has been looking rather forlorn lately so I asked him what was wrong. "It's my beard," he sighed. "I'm so beard weary I have fights with myself not to shave it off. I had to have it for 'The Big Fisherman' and each time I've shaved it—I've had to grow it again for retakes." But even though I assured him he looks good in a beard, he didn't seem convinced. . . . **Jerry Lewis** has a problem too. It's about the new baby (due in November). I really think he would like to have a girl this time. He's got four boys! I do know that if the new baby is a girl, she'll have a pretty pink wardrobe all ready for her. Jerry chose it with loving care right before Patti's last trip to the hospital—just in case!

What's Happening: It's been a month of distinguished visitors. The **Duke and Duchess of Windsor** came into Hollywood for a few days and created quite a stir. And then we had two Indian visitors—producer **V. Shantaram** and the lovely Indian star **Sandhya** who came here for the Sam Goldwyn Award for their film "Two Eyes, Two Hands." There was something so wonderfully serene about them.

It won't be long before the return of **Elvis Presley**, and he's certainly not been forgotten while he's been away. There's quite a line-up of work waiting for him—a movie for Hal Wallis, another for Twentieth Century-Fox and a third for M-G-M, to say nothing of personal appearances and TV guest shots . . .

I admire the way **Barry Coe** and **Edward Byrnes** look after their fans. Barry, in addition to answering his monumental mail, gets out a monthly news sheet to his fan clubs. And Ed is so anxious to please, he has two full-time secretaries helping him sort and mail his letters.

I lunched with **Debbie** just before she left for Spain and she kept the conversation away from **Eddie** and her personal problems except to say, "It's all behind me now and I look forward to a happy, busy life." Liz and Eddie have set the date for May and then will head for Europe. Debbie will be back home by then. (continued)



Newly-chic Leslie Caron chatting with Shirley MacLaine . . .



George Nader kept Loretta Young posted on the winners.

INSIDE STUFF

continued

Looking Back: So many of you have asked me what it was like in the Old Days that I'm going to take a few lines each month to talk about them—and the stars I knew. I think one of the greatest was (and is) Clark Gable. And my first recollection of him goes way back to 1930 when he got a job as a studio page-boy and used to hang around the sets asking questions upon questions. He was a tall, lanky young man with great broad shoulders and a ready smile—a friendly sort of boy, quiet, courteous and determined to get on. He'd know us all by name. Then when he got his first part, in 1931, in "The Painted Desert," he told me, "I'll give myself five years. Then they'll be tired of me. That's about all you can count on. But maybe by then I'll have enough money to see the world. That's what I'd like to do." Twenty-five years later he's still at the top (and he's seen the world). "Have the movies found another Valentino?" I remember the reviewers saying of him at the beginning. And I watched Clark rise in just months to the top of his profession. I think his greatest role was as Rhett Butler in "Gone With the Wind." But he's made so many films—



Remember Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh in "G-W-T-W"?

almost sixty. Whenever I think about Clark, I marvel at how he finds time for a word with all of us, despite the fact that he's rubbed shoulders with royalty. His marriage to the late Carole Lombard was one of Hollywood's most fabled romances. Today, Kay Spreckles (wife No. 5) says he's always complaining, "I wish everyone wouldn't keep saying I'm dead." Don't miss Gable in his new film, "But Not for Me." —CAL YORK

The Good News People: James MacArthur, who dropped by to say goodbye to me before taking off for England and the movie, "Kidnapped," is one of the best-mannered and most natural young men in the business. I'm sure his mother, **Helen Hayes**, and his bride Joyce think so, too. Joyce, who has been appearing on Broadway in "Tall Story," goes with James to England and later to Jamaica for Walt Disney's "Swiss Family Robinson" . . . **Brad Dillman**, winner of a Foreign Press Award for international stardom and the proud parent of two young Dillmans, is exactly the type you would like best to climb Mt. McKinley with. If you grew weary, Brad would probably get behind and push. He's that gallant.

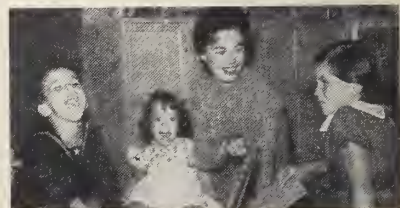
It's a Roman wedding for **Ernest Borgnine** and **Katy Jurado**. And a happy honeymoon in Capri for the beaming Katy and the slim trim groom who took off 35 pounds. Wish it could happen to you!—SARA.

Cal York's Jottings: Fernando Lamas and his beautiful wife **Arlene Dahl** reconciled after a brief parting. The reunion came about when Fernando offered to help Arlene move into her new home and just stayed on himself. . . . **Shirley MacLaine** received several TV offers for herself and four year old daughter Sachie after their pictures appeared on a national magazine cover. So far, Shirley has refused them all. . . . **Marlon Brando**, who has been directing and acting in "One-Eyed Jacks" for months and months, has had it as a director. Marlon will stick to acting in the future. And that future includes **Anna Magnani** and **Joanne Woodward** in "Orpheus Descending." . . . Replacements seem the order of the day with **Lee Remick** replacing **Lana Turner** in "Anatomy of a Murder" and **Jean Simmons** taking over **Sabina Bethman's** role in "Spartacus." Lana's walkout was due to a disagreement over her wardrobe with director **Otto Preminger** but no one is certain why the lovely German Sabina was ousted. . . . The death of **Lou Costello**, who brought happiness into thousands of lives, saddened Hollywood and the world that loved him. Lou, with his pixie-like charm, will be greatly missed. . . . **Peter Lawford** claims he receives five times the fan mail for his "Thin Man" role in the TV series than he did in movies. So Peter, who is **Sinatra's** closest pal these days, is a mite skeptical about a movie return. Maybe Peter better stick to Thin Manning for a while longer. . . . Wishes do come true. Ask **Barbara Stanwyck** who sat week after week glued to her TV set fascinated by **Robert Horton's** performance in "Wagon Train." A friend told Robert of Barbara's admiration—and the two have been dining and dating ever since. . . . The British press seems to have almost totally ignored **Deborah Kerr** when she went over to England to see her children. . . . **Leslie Caron** will have three weeks in Italy with her husband **Peter Hall** before beginning "For Each the Other." . . . I hear **Bob Wagner** and **Natalie Wood's** new home has a salt-water pool. . . . Reconciliation is expected soon for actor **Jack Palance** and his wife, Virginia. . . . I'm told that **William Holden** bought a hotel while out in Africa. . . . And everyone's talking about the new twosome of **Millie Perkins** and **Dean Stockwell** who met recently while in San Francisco.

Happy Mother's Day



Even the stars enjoyed celebrating it. Left: Ann Sothern was with her daughter, Patricia. Below: Shirley Temple and her children had fun.



Above: Gale Storm took her four on a boat trip . . . and (right) Jane Withers showed her famous doll collection to daughter, Wendy.





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